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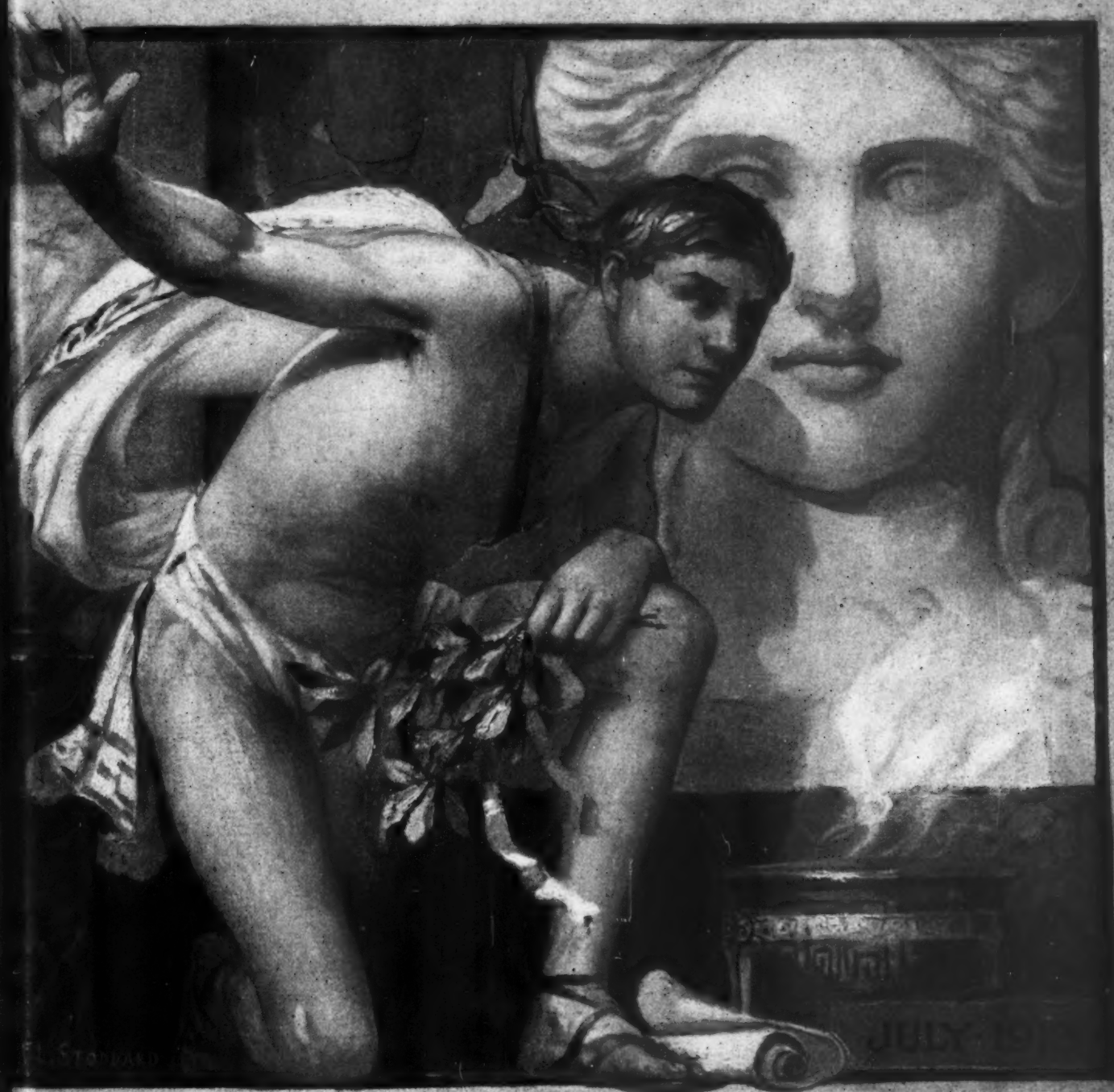
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EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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VOL. LV.

JULY, 1913

No. 1

A Review of the World

Chills and Fever on the Stock Exchanges.

WHEN the compass begins to wobble, even a Columbus may turn pale. Our national compass seems to be a bit wobbly these days and the Stock Exchange has been showing signs of panic. Just how the business man should lay his course for the near future has become a puzzling problem with more than two unknown quantities in it. A reconstruction of our whole tariff schedule is a serious enough thing. The proposed remaking of our whole banking system is in many respects still more serious. But more serious than either, and more disconcerting, is the readjustment going on in the relations between government and large industrial enterprises. It is this that is springing surprises upon us week after week and bringing upon the stock exchanges a case of chills and fever. There is that noted captain of industry, Charles M. Schwab, for instance, who employs 20,000 men at Bethlehem—not of Judea. A cable from Berlin last month reported him to have been saying that at the rate union labor is now marching in this country he will consider himself lucky if, fifteen years hence, his property is intact and his life spared. There is H. S. Priest, of St. Louis, attorney for the receivers of the St. Louis and San Francisco railway system. Investing money in American railroad securities just now, he says, is like taking the gambler's chance, because of the legislative exploitation to which the railroads are now subjected. All business, he goes on to say, is in a halting condition for

the same reason. It needs emancipation from legislative influence. "It has been pursued until it is a nervous wreck." Colonel George Harvey finds that development of natural resources in this country has practically ceased, and "the business of a mighty commercial country is, in a comparative sense, at a standstill."

A Bewildering Series of Events for the Business Man.

JUST what policy the present administration is going to adopt in regard to the trusts is still a matter of uncertainty. Several confusing things came to light last month. The attorney-general's course in trying to reopen the case against the tobacco trust by means of a graduated excise tax on any company doing more than a certain amount of business each year was regarded at first as incredible and then denounced as intolerable. The final passage of the sundry civil appropriation bill with the clause forbidding the department of justice to use any of its appropriation for prosecuting labor unions or agricultural organizations for violations of the Sherman law, elicited protests equally emphatic. The testimony elicited by the Senate Committee in West Virginia, showing that martial law had been declared at the request of the labor union leaders, and man after man tried, condemned and sentenced to state's prison by courts-martial while the regular courts were in session, was a bewildering development. The action of a federal grand jury in the same state, in indicting the labor union leaders for conspiring with

mine-owners of other states to restrain trade in West Virginia in violation of the Sherman law was another astounding piece of news. Then came the Minnesota rate decision, following close on the failure of the Frisco system, with its 7,500 miles of railway, and for a time it looked as tho Wall Street would blow up. "The wearied business man," said the *Wall Street Journal*, "toiling to make a living for himself and his family and his work-people, wishes he could have something like finality in the never-ending assault upon efficient business conditions."

The Supreme Court Speaks— A "Wild Stampede" Ensues.

THE plight of the railroad man is beginning to excite an especial degree of sympathy. So far have we come from the days of the haughty railway magnate with his "public be damned" attitude, that the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* admits that the railroads "are in a suppliant mood toward the public" and "willing to submit their claims to judicial consideration and accept what a fair and reasonable judgment will allow." The *Chicago Tribune* sees "a decided reaction in their favor," indicated by the veto of a full-crew bill in Oklahoma and the approval of an important merger in Texas. The decision of the Supreme Court last month on the Minnesota rate case is regarded by the *Journal of Commerce* as "the first step in a momentous adjustment of state and national jurisdiction." Two important questions were considered in this decision and in the subsequent decision a week later on rate cases in



THE CRIME OF BEING A BUSINESS MAN
—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

Missouri, Oregon, Kansas and West Virginia. One of these questions relates to the never-ending controversy over states' rights; the other relates to the basis of physical valuation for railways. It was this decision that threw Wall Street into what the papers called "a wild stampede" in one direction one day and into another "wild stampede" in the opposite direction the next day. Or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the headlines in the newspapers created the first stampede and the decision itself created the reaction. For the opinion handed down by Justice Hughes is long and closely reasoned, and the views taken of it are strangely conflicting.

Penalizing Efficiency in the Railway Business.

WHAT the court decided was that the rate of two cents a mile fixed by the state commission of Minnesota for traffic wholly within the state and a maximum freight rate fixed by the same commission were legal for two railroads—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern—and illegal for a third—the Minneapolis and St. Louis. The reason for this is that the latter railway proved that such rates would leave it no profit and were therefore confiscatory, while the other two railways failed to show that the rates would be confiscatory in their case. The subsequent decision of the Court in the Missouri rate cases was similar. In the case of some railroads the rate was decreed confiscatory

and in others not. The apparent effect of this is that several rates may exist at the same time in the same state, an inefficient road being privileged to charge more than an efficient road! But as a matter of fact, the N. Y. *Times* points out, this permission for some roads to charge a higher rate than others is "an illusory kindness," inasmuch as economic experience shows that "there can be but one rate between competition companies or competitive points." In other words, shippers will not pay one road the higher rate when they can pay another road the lower rate for the same service. The economic effect of the decision is to establish the state rate for all roads, at least for all competitive points.

The Supreme Court's Decision in the Railway Rate Cases.

BUT the political effect of the court's decision is more fundamental. The railway attorneys argued that the fixing of any rates by the state for interstate railroads is illegal since Congress has sole power to regulate interstate commerce, and if each state is to be allowed to fix its own rate a conflict must ensue. The decision on this point has been awaited with keen solicitude. If each of the forty-eight states can fix their own rates independently of each other and independently of the federal regulations, the complexity of the situation for the trunk lines is apparent at a glance. What the court decides is that Congress has the power to fix rates; but until Congress exercises that power, the state can make rates. "The court," says ex-President Taft, in commenting on the decision, "holds that Congress has complete power to control interstate commerce and to regulate it, and that this necessarily includes the power to regulate such business within state lines as affects indirectly interstate business. But the court holds that until Congress acts in respect to such business within the state it must be left to the action of the state. It further holds that the present interstate commerce act does not cover or seek to regulate such state business by its terms, and that in no other statute has Congress declared its intention to take over control of this class of state business." Until Congress, therefore, takes further action, each state can

regulate the rates for all railroads on intrastate traffic, provided it makes rates that are not confiscatory and which do not interfere with the interstate regulations already in force. As the interstate commerce commission had made no claim of such interference in the Minnesota or Missouri cases, the court refused to nullify the rates. On October 14th another set of cases is to be argued, in which the interstate commerce commission has claimed that interference with the federal regulations ensues from the action of state commissions in Texas, Alabama, Florida and Louisiana. The decision on these cases is necessary to a complete understanding of the future situation of the railroads.

Conflicting Views on the Effect of the Court's Decision.

WE ARE fortunate to be able to give our readers almost any kind of comment they want on this decision of the Supreme Court! It is, says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "an advance toward the railways' chief desire—the orderly regulation of both state and interstate rates." It is, says an official of one of the roads affected, as quoted (without being named) by the *Wall Street Journal*, "the worst blow the railroads have received in ten years." In the judgment of another high railway official, Newman Erb, the decision will "go far to establish confidence the world over in American railroad investments and should be helpful in the present condition in restoring confidence and general prosperity." Mr. Erb believes that other state legislatures will undoubtedly be deterred by the decision from making rates. But as the interstate commerce officials view it, according to the N. Y. *Evening Post* correspondent, "the net result of the court's decision will be to stimulate rate-making and rate-reduction by every State Railroad Commission or Legislature in the country," and will give courts and lawyers all they can do in the near future in determining just when a rate is confiscatory and when it is not. As the *Buffalo Times* looks at the matter, the decision "is a distinct victory for states' rights." As the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* (and most other papers) look at it, it is "a strong assertion of the doctrine of nationalism as opposed to the doctrine of states' rights." The *Brooklyn Eagle* finds that the Court has "cleared the atmosphere," and the *Toledo Blade* finds that it "has made the question more difficult and forbidding for the average citizen and brought new complications into the labors of lawyers, railway men, shippers and experts."



"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES"
—Murphy in San Francisco Call

The Supreme Court
Gives a Broad Hint
to Congress.

IN THIS wide variety of opinion one gets an idea of the confusion that prevailed last month not only in Wall Street but in business and legal circles generally as to the effect of the decision. But a careful study of these varying views seems to reveal that the favorable comment is made by those who are considering the ultimate effect of the decision and the adverse comment is made in contemplating the immediate effect. The immediate effect is to make certain a diversity of rates in different states and even to make possible a diversity of rates within each state. Not forty-eight different legal rates for the country but two or three times that many are conceivable, and a separate case for the courts might conceivably arise for each railroad in each state, as to whether a rate is confiscatory in its particular case. The ultimate effect may be the direct reverse of all this. The decision may result in one rate for the whole country if the broad hint of the Court to Congress is taken. The confused situation thus needs to exist only until Congress makes up its mind to regulate intrastate as it now regulates interstate rates!

Putting the Railway Question
Back Into National
Politics.

AS ONE corporation lawyer puts it, the Court took the position of "refusing to skin any skunks for Congress." The decision, says the *Wall Street Journal*, clears the way for Congress to act; but "who supposes that Congress is going to take

it or be able to take it during the next half dozen years? A Democratic Congress surely won't; and would such a Republican Congress as we had before the last election, with a strong insurgent Republican element ready to make common cause with the Democratic members, do any better?" The *N. Y. World* (Dem.) is unable to see any reason, however, why a Democratic Congress should balk at such legislation, for it is "not in conflict with any known principle of the Democratic party"; and the Progressive *Chicago Tribune* sees no reason in the world why Progressives should balk at it. "This decision," it says, "so admirably free from ambiguity or legal metaphysics, presents to Congress a question with which it is the duty of that body to deal as promptly as due deliberation and wise determination permit. We have been shirking this issue ever since the establishment of the regulative principle. We can afford to shirk it no longer." The *Tribune* goes on to say:

"The railroads have complained that we have not known our own minds; that we have subjected them to incompatible policies; that they are being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of regulation and enforced competition, of general regulation and local discipline. The railroads have been in the main right in this complaint. It is to be devoutly hoped this issue may be determined without partisan division, without selfish, short-sighted local interest, without demagoguery or misguided devotion to shibboleths. Perhaps no greater responsibility confronts Congress to-day than to face this question with the honesty, foresight, and courage of statesmanship."



"WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF US?"

—Kemble in N. Y. Evening Sun

One of the unfortunate things about the decision, says the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.), is that it may thus "throw the railroad-rate question back into national politics."

The U. S. Senate Decides to
Investigate West Virginia.

EVERY question that arises nowadays in national politics seems in one way or another to impinge upon that "twilight zone" where the end of the powers of the state and the beginning of the powers of the nation merge more or less indistinctly. The dispute with Japan has brought that zone clearly into view. The Minnesota railway rate cases have done the same. In the regulation of the trusts the same region stands out clearly in all the discussions. And now the troubles in West Virginia between the miners and the mine-owners has resulted in action by the United States Senate which goes further, according to Senator Bacon, than anything yet done to break down the rights and powers originally reserved by the states. "It is the first time in the history of the country," says the *News and Courier* of Charleston, S. C., "that Congress has ventured to undertake an investigation of the official acts of the executive authorities of a sovereign state." Opposing the act for the appointment of a commission of inquiry, Senator Bacon said:

"If the time has come when the official acts of a state through its courts cannot be depended upon to establish and do justice and maintain order; if the time has come when that particular function which the Supreme Court of the United States times without number has said

to be the function of the state can no longer be left to the states; if the time has come when the states can no longer be relied upon to accomplish and perform that duty, then we have reached the sad period when our dual system of government is a failure."

But the appeal of Mother Jones prevailed over the Senator's arguments.

A State of War Declared in West Virginia.

THE coal strike in West Virginia was begun in April of last year. Three times during the next ten months pitched battles ensued between armed forces—the miners on one side, the mine-guards on the other. Three times was martial law declared, and offenders were summarily tried by military commissions and sentenced to the penitentiary. The ordinary courts seem to have been open all this time, but for some reason failed to cope with the situation and were ignored by the commissions. Twenty-five or thirty murders had been committed and no prosecutions had been made in the regular courts, according to the then governor, Glasscock. The final "battle of Mucklow," as it has been called, and the arrest of Mother Jones, traveling organizer of the United Mine-Workers of America, first woke the nation up and brought the contest into the newspaper headlines. Mr. Michelson writing for *Everybody's* and Mrs. Fremont Older writing for *Collier's* described the scenes in lurid colors that compelled attention. Now the whole country has been amazed to learn the details of what has been going on for over a year, as witnesses have been summoned before the Senate committee to give their testimony. There have been cases where the courts-martial, or military commissions, have sentenced men for longer periods than the maximum sentences imposed by the criminal laws. One man was sent to prison for seven and a half years for perjury. Others were sentenced for four and five years for "interfering with officers." Forty-nine men were tried at one time by one of the military commissions. "There was no opportunity for a man to get a new trial on the discovery of new evidence, no opportunity to get bail, no possibility of a stay of execution." Ex-Governor Glasscock explained that the long sentences were imposed for "moral effect." He had an understanding with the commission that if they would make the sentences heavy he would see that they were afterward suspended!

Putting the Constitution of a State in Cold Storage.

BUT the real surprise of this West Virginia drama lies in the fact that both Governor Glasscock (one of the seven governors who urged Mr. Roosevelt to become a can-

didate for President) and his successor, Governor Hatfield, took the step of declaring martial law at the urgent solicitation not of the mine-owners but of the miners themselves and their labor union officials. The operators were the ones who protested against this course. There seems to be no room for doubt on this point. Preceding the Senate investigation, a committee of Socialists, including Mr. Debs and Victor Berger, made inquiry into the situation and reported as follows:

"He [Gov. Hatfield] had inherited martial law from Gov. Glasscock, and the reason he permitted it to remain effective was because he was requested to do so by the union miners themselves, to prevent them and their organizers from being assaulted and beaten up by the Baldwin-Feltz thugs in the employ of the mine-owners. This statement of the governor was subsequently verified by all the officials and organizers of the United Mine Workers."

This Socialist committee vindicates the present governor—Hatfield—but blames his predecessor; yet the latter gives the same reason for his action that Governor Hatfield gives—the desire to protect the miners from the mine-guards supplied by a detective agency. "There was a reign of terror," says Ex-Governor Glasscock, and he considered martial law an "absolute necessity." The Supreme Court of the State upheld the legality of his course, but one judge dissenting. This has brought forth caustic and open criticism of the court. "I have great respect for courts," remarked Senator Cummins, one of the Senate commission of inquiry, "but that is the most extraordinary thing"—referring to the decision—"I have ever heard in all my life." "I am going to ask to have it"—the decision—"printed," said Senator Kern, "as a Senate document, because it exposes the iniquity not only of the conditions in West Virginia but of the court itself." Apparently the constitution of the state was set aside temporarily as well as the courts. It declares that the writ of habeas corpus shall never, under any circumstances, be suspended, either in war or peace, and that no citizen not in the military service shall ever be called on to answer before a military court for a civil offense, even under the plea of necessity.

"The Wreck of a State."

NEWSPAPER comment on this condition of affairs in West Virginia seems, for the most part, to be held in reserve, pending the report of the Senate committee. But the *N. Y. World*, which was one of the first papers to send a special correspondent to the seat of trouble, expresses itself editorially without re-

serve. Far more serious, in its opinion, than the proclamations of the two governors or the disorders and assaults of the strikers, is the course of the State Supreme Court. In two judgments (Nance and Mays, and Paulson, Batley, Boswell and Mary Jones), it accuses the court of having "falsified facts and falsified law openly, defiantly, arbitrarily." The basis of the court's decision was that Kanawha county was in a state of war, and was to be considered as "enemy country," or conquered territory, over which the governor had a right to exercise practically unlimited power. Says the *World*:

"The territory placed under this terrorism is not conquered, is not belligerent, is not menaced by a foreign foe and is not 'enemy country.' It is a part of what once was free America. It is inhabited by those who once were free Americans, most of them peaceable. Every authority but one quoted in defense of this tyranny by the West Virginia court refers to actual war, to districts occupied by hostile armies, to regions battle-stricken in which the courts were no longer open, to territories invaded or conquered by armed hosts. The one exception is that of the State of Colorado against the Western Federation of Miners, and the record even here has been distorted in its presentation. What Colorado did in that emergency was to sustain the civil authorities by force of arms. What West Virginia has done is to suppress and supplant the civil authorities by force of arms."

"Martial Law Must Stop at the Door of the Court-Room."

SUCH a situation, says the *World* further, concerns every inhabitant of the United States, for "if a republican form of government may be wrecked in one state it may be wrecked in forty-eight states." The judgments of the court are "the boldest assertions of autocratic power ever recorded in the United States." The *N. Y. Evening Post* is one of the papers that has reserved its comment until the Senate inquiry is finished; but it gives, with evident approval, a digest of some of Senator Borah's remarks before the Senate in discussing this case:

"When public order cannot be preserved by the ordinary officials, let the soldiery be called in without hesitation. Let rioting and insurrection be put down with the sternest hand. If the processes of the courts cannot be executed by sheriffs and constables, let them be executed by the militia. But, affirmed Senator Borah, martial law must stop at the door of the court-room. The troops may run down and arrest criminals and hold them under guard; but when it comes to ascertaining their guilt and fixing their punishment, that is a work for judge and jury."

WHEN Is a Man Drunk? When Sam Jones, the evangelist, was once asked why he persisted in chewing tobacco, his answer was, "to get the juice out." An equally simple statement of the reason why a man gets drunk is, because he drinks too much. But that answer hasn't the finality of Sam Jones's answer, for the question immediately arises, What is too much? Mr. Roosevelt emerged triumphantly last month from an attempt to prove to a jury in Michigan that he never in his life drank too much and therefore was never drunk. He proved it to the satisfaction not only of the jury but of the judge and even of the defendant in the case, his libeler. But the lawyers for the defense missed a great chance to make the case one of scientific as well as political interest. Had they taken the position taken by many total abstainers they might at least have prolonged the trial and confused the issue. That position is that the word "drunk" applies to every man who drinks alcoholic liquors either in large or small doses. A man may drink but little and be a little drunk, or he may drink much and be dead drunk. Mr. Roosevelt admitted that he drinks a little once in a while. Many a teetotaler holds that a little is too much, and that a single glass of champagne is competent to make a man a little drunk. If that issue had only been raised we might indeed have had a cause célèbre, with noted scientists and philologists on the witness stand as well as statesmen. It was not raised, and the question when is a man drunk still remains to be decisively answered.

Mr. Roosevelt's Libel Suit.

ALL the same it was an interesting occasion. Not only was Mr. Roosevelt himself there, but a large number of other important men were present, among them ex-Secretary Robert Bacon (a chum of Roosevelt's at Harvard), ex-Secretary Garfield, ex-Secretary Newberry, Dr. Rixey (surgeon-general), Lawrence F. Abbott, Gifford Pinchot, William Loeb, Jr., Jacob Riis, Edmund Heller (the naturalist), and a number of newspaper men. It is said that it is impossible to prove a negative; but Mr. Roosevelt came as near to doing that impossible thing as any man ever came. Practically all of his active life was covered—his home life, his campaign tours, his hunting excursions, his war experiences, his life at the White House, his habits at public banquets. Not one scintilla of evidence appeared to show that he had ever been visibly affected by alcoholic liquor. The statement made in *The Iron Ore*, a weekly trade paper published in Ishpeming, Mich., with a circulation of two or



"LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE"

—Kirby in N. Y. World.

three thousand, was: "Roosevelt lies and curses in a most disgusting way. He gets drunk, too, and that not infrequently, and all his intimates know about it." After Mr. Roosevelt's intimates had testified one after another, George A. Newett, the proprietor of *The Iron Ore*, rose and made a statement of retraction. He admitted that he was unable to secure any evidence of his charges. He said:

"Both my attorneys and myself, in numerous places in various parts of the country, found reputable witnesses who were willing to swear that from observation during certain of the addresses and public appearances of Mr. Roosevelt, they believed that he was intoxicated when they saw him.

"We have been unable, however, to find or produce witnesses who will swear that they have actually seen Mr. Roosevelt drink to excess. When the statements attributed to such persons were sifted, it was found in each instance that the witness did not himself know that Mr. Roosevelt had drunk to excess, or that if he had made such claim he was not willing to testify.

"It is fair to the plaintiff to state that I have been unable to find in any section of the country any individual witness who is willing to state that he has personally seen Mr. Roosevelt drink to excess."

Mr. Roosevelt's Habits as to Drinking.

HOW does it happen that, as Mr. Newett stated, forty men were willing to depose that, in their opinion, Mr. Roosevelt was intoxicated when they saw him? The probable explanation is given by a correspondent of the N. Y. Times. He says:

"There are certain peculiar mannerisms of his, known to all who have seen him often, such as a muscular action of the jaw which bares his teeth when he is speaking very earnestly, and a falsetto sound in his voice when he seeks to be emphatic. Those who hear him speak imagine that these are intended as efforts at humor on his part, but they are natural, unconscious, and unavoidable. . . . It is no secret that most of the people who imagine they have seen Roosevelt drunk base their belief on a glimpse of these queer mannerisms."

What Mr. Roosevelt's actual habits as to drinking are he explained at length with every appearance of absolute candor. In the last fourteen years he has not drunk whiskey half a dozen times. He has never, since he has been of age, "been in even the smallest degree under the influence of liquor." He has not drunk anything at a bar in twenty-five years. He never drank a cocktail or a high-ball in his life.

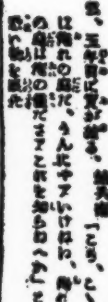
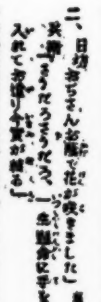
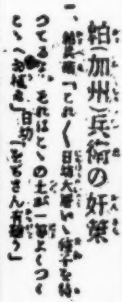
Mr. Roosevelt's Suit a Public Service.

of Mr. Roosevelt to draw the limelight once more upon himself," and thus "make him conspicuous again as a potential candidate for another presidential term"; but it thinks, nevertheless, that whether or not such a trial was necessary, he was justified in refuting the slanders. The *Hartford Times* also recognizes a disposition to regard the case as the firing of a 13-inch gun to kill a fly; but it calls attention to the fact that this particular libel has persisted for a long time and has been most industriously circulated. It simply had to be stamped out, and nationwide publicity and the authority of a court of law were necessary to accomplish that.

Why Mr. Roosevelt Had to Bring Suit for Libel.

IN THE far West especially, according to a N. Y. *Times* correspondent, the Roosevelt slander had grown to such proportions that newspaper men who have traveled with him on his campaign tours were continually being asked whether it was true that Mr. Roosevelt was "drunk all the time"! The Springfield *Republican* says that as long ago as the winter of 1911 five stories reached it, from widely separated sources, in one week, all reflecting upon Mr. Roosevelt's drinking habits, some of them "staggering in their precision of detail and apparently authoritative origin." The newspapers were not responsible for their circulation. It was a year ago that the Colonel declared that if he could find any paper printing the scandal he would bring suit. He had to wait six months before any paper, and that a very obscure one, gave him his chance. "On the whole," says the *Republican*, "the American press has no reason to be ashamed of its record in this matter. . . . The most villainous falsehoods are not those exploited by the newspapers. The most mendacious and atrocious assaults upon private character are those one hears in the smoking-rooms of the hotels, clubs, Pullman cars and ocean steamers, or even the card tables of beautifully gowned women, or, it may be, by the chaste firesides of the first citizens."

THE tone of the public press in America, in its treatment of public men, is far better, the *Sacramento Bee* asserts, than it was in the days of Greeley, Dana, Raymond and Bennett. "At that time it was the common practice of journalists to spread the most abominable falsehoods concerning the characters and the private lives of political opponents. Their motto seemed to be that everything is fair in politics." Now even the bitterest newspaper opponents of Mr. Roosevelt would not give voice to the stories about him tho they had been whispered about for months in the very corridors of the national Capitol. The same charge of drunkenness, says the *San Francisco Call*, has been brought against Presidents Taft, Cleveland and Grant, and it would not be strange to see it brought against President Wilson before the end of his term. In none of these cases, the *Bee* declares, was the charge justified. "Only one President is known to have taken too much liquor, but that was an accident and occurred but once." It refers to Andrew Johnson, who, when inaugurated as vice-president, was under the influence of a drink of whiskey which he had taken when worn out from a long trip and highly nervous, and which went at once to his head. Mr. Roosevelt's course is taken by many journals to have discredited not only the stories told about him but also the stories told about his predecessors and about many other public men. "Even yet," says *The Independent*, "men discuss whether Daniel Webster did not try to make speeches when drunk, and most people believe it." More than the question at issue was involved, says the *N. Y. Times*. Mr. Roosevelt's course was an expensive one but "it was worth while." "We doubt," says *Harper's Weekly*, another journal personally hostile to Mr. Roosevelt, "if there was ever a man in public life in this country with a smaller gift for disguising himself in liquor than Colonel Roosevelt. If he had ever been drunk every one would have known it."

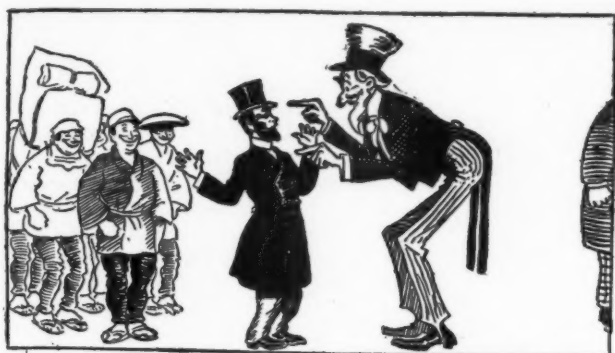


FARMER CALIFORNIA: Well, boy, you have very nice seeds. This is the best soil for your seeds; plant them here.

Boy: Thank you.

(Five years later.) Plants bear good fruit.
FARMER CALIFORNIA: Get out, you! This is my garden. (Farmer pulls out gun.)

—From *The Asahi*, Japan



PEACEFUL ADJUSTMENT OF OUR DIFFERENCES WITH JAPAN

UNCLE SAM: "If I allow your most undesirable class, the coolie labor, to come over here and acquire land and property—"

—Will you allow my most undesirable class, the predatory trust, to go over to Japan and acquire land and property?"

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Magnitude of the Issue in Anti-Japanese Legislation.

THE size of the issue raised in California in the recent enactments against the Japanese seems to grow greater the longer it is considered. The new land law seems to have settled nothing. There is dissatisfaction in California over the clause giving the Japanese the right to make three-year leases of agricultural lands, and the demand is made that the law be submitted to a popular referendum, the effect of which would doubtless be a vigorous fanning of the flames in the style of the sand-lot agitation against the Chinese forty years ago. The Japanese government, so far from being satisfied with the situation, has made formal protest to our state department, asserting that the "equal protection of the laws" guaranteed by the fourteenth amendment of our federal Constitution to "any person within its jurisdiction" is violated by the new law. The questions raised not only involve the fundamental relations of our federal government to the states, and the international relations between Japan and the United States, but the still wider and deeper relations between two great races. In this form it is recognized in European capitals, and especially in London, as a world-issue of the largest possibilities. "California," says the *Baltimore American*, "has opened the Pandora box and the world will have to bear with the ills let loose." "The magnitude of the question," says the *London Times*, "is out of all proportion to the immediate dispute."

"The Gravest Issue of a Generation."

THE first striking result of the new situation was seen in our Senate last month when the subject came up of renewing the twenty-five arbitration treaties made during President Roosevelt's administration with nearly all the nations of the civilized world. "Bitter opposition," it is reported, developed to the renewal of these treaties, and the opinion was expressed by many

senators that the treaties "were all doomed together." Not all the opposition was due to the fear that we might be obliged to arbitrate before the Hague Court the question raised by the new anti-alien land law of California. The fear that the question of Panama Canal tolls might also have to be arbitrated was an important factor. As a result of the combined opposition on these two questions the leadership of the United States in the matter of international arbitration is placed in jeopardy. But this is not the only side on which the Japanese question affects Washington. Japan's protest raises three issues which are likely to reach our Supreme Court—the alleged violation in spirit of an international treaty; the alleged violation of the federal Constitution, and the rights of the Japanese as belonging to the "white" and not the Mongolian race, to citizenship under our present naturalization laws. "The knotty and far-reaching questions," remarks the *Atlanta Journal*, "which, it was predicted, would grow out of California's ill-considered anti-alien land act are materializing. A problem that was relatively simple in the outset, that was limited to one group of facts and that might have been diplomatically solved without provoking other and complex issues, has become manifold and profoundly disquieting." The *Baltimore American* considers the issue "undeniably the gravest that the United States has had to meet in a generation."

Has California Gained Anything by the New Law?

YET with all this disposition to view the question in its larger aspects and its future bearings as a very serious one, the immediate effects of the controversy seem to be less serious than were expected. The Japanese Parliament, for one thing, proceeded promptly to appropriate \$600,000 for the Panama-Pacific exposition, thus dispelling one apprehension that had been entertained. The *Los Angeles Times*, which fought the

anti-alien legislation bitterly, has since come to the conclusion that a matter "of little or no consequence legally" was given unmerited importance by the despatch of Secretary Bryan to California. "The Japanese," says the *Times*, after studying the new law, "will not lose a chance to buy an acre of land by the law, and California will gain nothing by it except the ill-will of a people who have not been obtrusive and who, so far from exercising their legal right to colonize here, have for years lessened their incoming and increased their outgoing." The *N. Y. Tribune* also thinks that the actual relations between the two nations have been but little affected by the law itself. "We are utterly unable," it remarks, "to see any aspect of the situation which can stir reasonable resentment or anger in either nation." A still more unexpected conclusion has been reached by Theodore A. Bell, the Democratic candidate for governor of California in 1906. So far from viewing the law as an injury to the Japanese he objects to it for a directly contrary reason. It is "worse than no law at all" because it not only confirms the Japanese in all their treaty rights but extends their privileges so as to permit "a perpetual leasing of lands." He adds: "Senate bill No. 5, therefore, if not an invitation to the Japanese to come here and settle upon our lands, at least gives an implied assent to their immigration into California. Besides, if Japan insists, it gives her provocation, if not justification, for the abrogation of the 'gentlemen's agreement' against immigration that accompanied the treaty of 1911."

The Japanese Sure to Win Social and Political Equality.

LOOKING at the larger aspects of the question, that student of Japanese affairs of many years' standing, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, formerly professor of physics in the Imperial University at Tokyo, concludes that "another 'irrepressible conflict' is before us." Whether this is to be an

armed conflict or not he does not say; but of the final result he seems confident. In the end the Japanese, both deserving and winning success, "will gain social as they have already won political equality with Occidentals, and the world will be the better for it." He bases this conclusion upon their history and upon their ethnological character. It is absurd, he says, to class them as Mongolians. They are the most un-Mongolian people in Asia. Physically unlike, the two races are mentally antipodal. The Japanese are a composite stock, made up of four races—Aryan, Semitic, Malay and Tartar. The borrowing of Chinese writing and models was an accident, a mere matter of geography. The aboriginal people of Japan were the Ainu, and they were white and their speech was Aryan. They were conquered but not exterminated, and were incorporated among their conquerors. Hundreds of roots in the Japanese, Sanskrit and Aryan languages are the same. But there are no traces of Mongolian influence. Says Dr. Griffiths (in the *North American Review*): "The Japanese are not 'Mongolian.' They justly refuse to be classed as such. It is the disgrace of the United States that the Japanese cannot as yet obtain citizenship."

Where the Scientists Are All at Sea.

LITTLE stock is taken in the ethnological argument by the Springfield *Republican*. "It is useless," it says, "in practical affairs, to trouble with such refinements of genealogy about which scientists are likely to quarrel until doomsday." Whether the Ainu was really the aboriginal of Japan is disputed. Whether he was an Aryan no one knows. How far his blood has entered into that of the Japanese it is impossible to tell. Professor Keane sees in the Ainu physical characters which "point to a remote connection with the Caucasian nations"; but Hilgendorf, Doenitz and Scheube conclude that they were Mongolians. Moreover, no one can locate a primitive Aryan stock. It is disputed that the blond races of northern Europe were Aryans. The suggestion is made, even, that the Anglo-Saxons and Teutons came from Africa. Max Müller, the great apostle of Aryanism, used the word not to denote a race but a language. Aryans meant to him "simply those who speak an Aryan language." What we must concern ourselves with, therefore, says the *Republican*, is not the speculations of ethnologists regarding prehistoric periods, but the character of different peoples as they are to-day. "The difference between the Japanese and the Chinese may be as great as the difference between a Sicilian and a German; but the difference between any

Oriental and any Westerner is incomparably greater." The *Republican* does not, however, tell how our judges can construe the phrase "white race" in our naturalization laws without a resort to ethnology. As a matter of fact, so the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* points out, our own federal government has committed itself to the statement that the Japanese are not Mongolians. This was done in the bill of complaint filed by the government against the Board of Education of San Francisco in 1907.

Solving the Problem by Naturalizing the Japanese.

WHETHER or not the Japanese are Mongols, there is a strong motion that the simplest and best way of solving the problem that has arisen is to give them the right to become citizens. But this does not mean to allow unrestricted immigration. Dr. John R. Mott, secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., believes in naturalizing them with the understanding that the Japanese government will continue to restrict the migration of its subjects to our shores. Galen M. Fisher, for fifteen years a resident of Japan and secretary for the Y. M. C. A. for that country, speaking in behalf of this same policy, argues as follows:

"Admission of Japanese to citizenship by the United States might set the democratization of that country ahead by fifty years. The Japanese have never wanted it until now, and their desire for it at this time is a result of the growth of democratic ideals in their country. Japanese recognize that there is an economic objection to permitting their subjects to come to this country, and they would still recognize and respect this objection if they were given citizenship."

Dr. J. Ingram Bryan, connected with the Imperial Naval College at Tokyo, puts his finger on the same spot. "Will America have trouble with Japan?" he asks. "As an experienced resident of Japan I answer yes, unless American ideas of justice and international amity undergo a radical change. At present America denies to Japan the right hand of equality. America grants the privilege of naturalization and citizenship to Europeans and refuses it to Japan. This is universally regarded by the Japanese as offensive and unjust." In support of this policy an extract from a message sent to Congress by President Roosevelt December 31, 1906, is being widely distributed. Referring to the hostility toward the Japanese in this country as "most discreditable to us as a people," Mr. Roosevelt went on to say: "I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come here intending to become American citizens."

Let Japan Have the Philippines.

WHATEVER we do or don't do, the Japanese, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, are bound to obtain the Philippines soon or late. This writer, Victor Rousseau, warns us that the issue between the two nations is due not to sentiment but necessity. Japan has a population of nearly fifty millions on an area of about two-thirds that of California, and two-thirds of this area is mountainous and valueless for agriculture. The average farm in Japan is about three acres in extent. No other nation, not even Germany, is in such need of colonies. "She must expand or die of inanition." There is only one territory, we are told, where she can adequately settle her surplus population. The Philippine Islands have an area larger than that of Japan and a population of less than eight millions. They are in the direct path of Japan's southern expansion. Says Mr. Rousseau:

"Thus it is inevitable that Japan must acquire the Philippines, peacefully if she can, forcibly if she must. The law of self-preservation is mightier than any of the Commandments. Her galling poverty, which is advanced as her most urgent reason for keeping the peace, is thus her keenest incentive. No state has been restrained from war by poverty. Japan must have land or starve."

Against Whom Is Japan Arming?

SINCE her war with Russia, Mr. Rousseau tells us, Japan has been arming more feverishly than ever. Her naval expenditures have increased from \$19,231,945 in 1906 to \$46,158,216 in 1912. Against whom is she arming? Certainly not against Russia, whose navy is now pitifully inferior to her own. Certainly not against England or Germany, jealously watching each other on the North Sea. "Nothing but the prevision of a life-and-death struggle with the United States would stimulate Japan to make these desperate sacrifices." And nothing in all history, says Mr. Rousseau, would be so ironical as the spectacle of the United States waging a seven-years' war with Japan in defense of territories we do not want and only to "save our face." The writer concludes as follows:

"A Philippine republic is an unrealizable aspiration, nor could it survive; nor could we carry out our guarantee of protection. To set up one would be to invite reoccupation within a term of years. But to approach Japan, offering her the protectorate over the islands, would convert an inevitable enemy into a friend and ally whose assistance would be of incalculable value in the development of our Chinese trade, the recognition of our title to the Hawaiian Islands, and our security upon our western shores."



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HOW CHINA TOOK HER NEW PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS

The gathering that listened to the perusal of President Wilson's letter recognizing the republic of which Yuan Shi Kai is the head. The great Chinaman is in uniform and top boots in front. At his left is Mr. E. T. Williams, in charge of the American legation at Peking. Members of the Chinese administration and of the legation staff complete the group.

Tokyo and Washington in Animated Correspondence.

JAPANESE Jingoism failed completely last month in that effort to drive Admiral Yamamoto from the post of Premier which began with the appearance of the now celebrated land bill in the legislature of California. All the intimations in the Osaka *Mainichi* and journals of like bellicose temper that Japan needs a "strong man" as well as a powerful fleet have impressed only a few extremists. Mass meetings of the uncompromizingly patriotic in Tokyo, addressed by eloquent deputies, make less impression than even the followers of the peaceful Prince Katsura feared. The pacifists organized a demonstration which, say the month's despatches, convinced educated Japanese opinion that the American attitude has all along been misunderstood. The people of the United States do not regard the subjects of Yoshihito as an inferior race. The negotiations are conducted on a plane of perfect equality between the parties to them. Such assertions, definitely made in the *Kokumin Shimbun*, tend to minimize the arguments of the Jingoists, who asserted that in this country Japanese are placed on a level with negroes. The newer and more benign face worn by the crisis does not blind the Tokyo statesmen to its importance. There has been in progress between our Department of State and the Tokyo foreign office, if the world's press be well informed, a correspondence so

animated that, as the *Paris Temps* says, unusual caution is exercised with regard to the phraseology. As this correspondence proceeds the foreign office of Great Britain tends to be drawn into it.

The Whole World Watching Our Japanese Crisis.

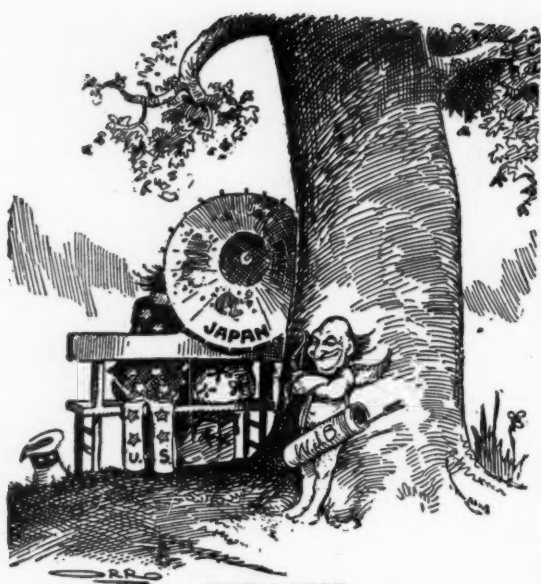
AMERICAN opinion is misled regarding one point of importance in the Japanese crisis, according to the *Paris Matin*. It is not a matter affecting primarily official Tokyo and official Washington. Official London has become gravely concerned—is even injecting itself into the dispute, cautiously and tactfully, to be sure, but definitely. Indeed, as European press comment elucidates these mysteries of the far East, there is not a power on earth with Asiatic possessions which is not involved or, rather, which does not deem itself involved, in the issue. Never were the chancelleries so active in a dispute and never did a rain of despatches descend from so many capitals. The result, according to a correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, has been disconcerting to the Japanese government. It finds itself isolated in an unexpected fashion. The somewhat swift change of tone in the London press—at first inclined to side with Japan—reflects a new attitude of the British Foreign Office to the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Great Britain, as the London *Standard* remarks, could not side with Japan against the United States.

British Dominions, the United States and Japan.

OFFICIAL London has heard from the British dominions with marked effect since California enacted a land bill. This intelligence, disseminated in some English and French dailies, suggests that a severe strain would be placed upon loyal sentiment in Australia, in New Zealand and even in Canada were the United States to find England on Japan's side in a controversy involving such sore points throughout the Pacific. Australian organs of solid respectability, like the Melbourne *Age*, are with the radical Sydney *Bulletin* to that extent. Even those opposition papers in London which, like *The Standard* and *The Outlook*, once championed Japan, now incline to chide Sir Edward Grey for his failure to foresee this crisis when the Anglo-Japanese alliance was renewed. German dailies like the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin) have little doubt that British diplomacy will contrive to exploit the situation as fresh evidence that Germany is encouraging the Japanese to defy the United States. Tokyo's discovery that the treaty with Britain is turning out a broken reed will, the Berlin *Vossische* says, make the Japanese wary.

Japan's Emperor a Permanent Invalid.

YOSHIHITO seems to have recovered from the attack of pneumonia which held him prisoner in the Ayoama Palace at the height of



CUPID'S WORK

NEWS ITEM: "Negotiations between Japan and the United States are progressing satisfactorily. It is expected that a friendly and permanent solution of the difficulty will be reached."

—Orr in Nashville American

the California crisis. A procession of priests went on a pilgrimage to the sacred mountain of Fujiyama to implore the intercession of the first imperial ancestor in the potentate's behalf, as a result of which, according to the *Nichi Nichi*, his Majesty is on the way to recovery. This news is contradicted by the European despatches. They proclaim Yoshihito a permanent invalid, owing to the natural weakness of his constitution. The reign may terminate abruptly at any moment, we read in the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels. He granted an audience to the elder statesmen shortly after his removal to the modern Chiyoda palace, a fact which proved to the European correspondents that the crisis over California must be grave. A relapse followed. The sickly aspect of the Emperor when he appears in public gives the impression that he can never display the energy essential to his alleged plan of personal rule. As a factor in his country's diplomacy he is said to be eliminated.

How the Tokyo Foreign Office Puts Its Case.

STATESMEN in Tokyo are most reluctant to submit their grievance in California to the judgment of an American court. They may in the end invite Washington to The Hague. This information, afforded by the *Paris Figaro*, is coupled with the assertion from an official Japanese source, that, whatever the decision, Washington would not enforce it against California (if we lost) by a resort to arms. This much is implicit, from a Japanese point of view, in the official correspondence. The Hague might, by a decision, declare California in rebellion against the government of

the United States, "a preposterous and impossible contingency against which Washington has to guard." California is in a position to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States while Japan is going to The Hague. The situation is on its constitutional side a great embarrassment to the Wilson administration, according to the French daily, while a British periodical, the *London World*, sees in the complication a warning against Home Rule for Ireland. The Dublin government, it argues, might create for London the embarrassment created by Sacramento for Washington, and embroil the nation in foreign complications.

Japan Scolded by the British Press.

BRITISH diplomacy is somewhat annoyed at Tokyo for springing a Pacific crisis upon the world at a time when Europe and especially London is preoccupied with grave problems at home. This is the key to the noticeable change of attitude in London, according to the *Berlin Vorwärts*. Traces of the same state of mind are detected in the *Paris Temps* and other organs amenable to the official influence of the Quai d'Orsay. They saw the force of the Japanese contention only at first. Now they look at the crisis more and more from the standpoint of California. Returning to the subject in the light of considerations which had not occurred to it at first, apparently, the *London Post* observes that no amount of argument will persuade the people of California to accord to Japanese the same rights as they grant Europeans. It states the case from this point of view as follows:

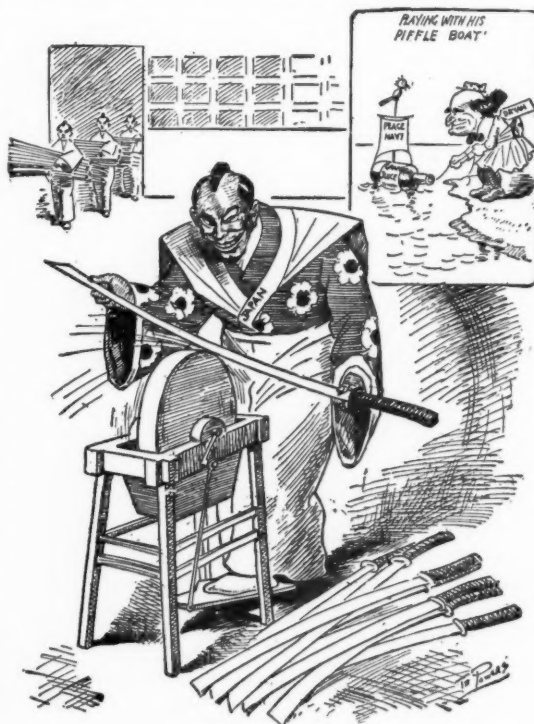
"The Californians, and the American nation in general, are apprehensive of the growth within their midst of a community alien not only in the outward features of race, but in thought, tradition and feeling. The United States has one great racial problem to deal with. She does not want another. It is possible that the Japanese Government may see the futility of insisting on the right of its subjects to settle freely among a people by whom they are regarded as unwelcome strangers.

Japan, it must be remembered, has always been jealous of western races acquiring too strong a hold in her territory, and has deliberately sought to restrict the activities of foreign residents and merchants. She has not to fear an influx of laboring men, but she has always been on the alert to guard against the undue extension of the power of alien capitalists, and apart from the prohibition of the right to own land there is a constant tendency to put difficulties in the way of the foreign trader."

Our Japanese Crisis as a Grave World Problem.

UNLESS the nations of Europe be brought to perceive that the "ultimate point" in dispute between Washington and Tokyo does not affect the United States alone, still less the State of California—that it is essentially a world question—a grave international issue may confront civilization unawares. Such is the gist of a solemn warning addressed by the *London Times* to British opinion upon the basis of an article by that noted expert on world politics, Sir Valentine Chirol. "Japan," says the great daily, "has won mighty victories at immense cost to herself; and, having established her prowess in modern warfare on land and sea, she seeks from the powerful white races which have long dominated every continent recognition upon terms of equality." Her claim first becomes acute as a cause of trouble in California. That is due only to the "accident of propinquity." Steam has brought the Pacific slope of America into close touch with the yellow races:

"California is now the frontier line of the white races, beyond which are the



LET US HAVE PEACE

—Powers in N. Y. American



STILL SORE

—Orr in Nashville American

teeming populations of Asia. Time was when Muscovy and Poland and the plains of Hungary and the Danube valley held the bulwarks of the white races against the irruption of an Asiatic flood. By one of those mysterious pulsations of humanity which evade complete analysis the tide has swept eastward again. The growth of an ordered Europe, the increase of the white populations, the long start given to the West by the discoveries of science, the slow desiccation of the intervening regions, have all helped to turn the gaze of Asia in new directions. We shall not judge this question aright unless we first seek to make allowance for the nervous apprehensions which undoubtedly pervade the inhabitants of the Pacific slope. Their fears are exaggerated and premature, but they are not entirely groundless. There should be room enough and to spare for the surplus millions of China and Japan in the undeveloped territories of the Asiatic mainland for many decades to come. But California sees that she offers to the ambitious Asiatic a quicker pathway to affluence, and she knows from experience that the white races can never compete on equal terms against Asiatic industry. No useful purpose will be served by blind condemnation of the tendencies of public opinion in the western States. They spring not so much from race hatred as from the instinct of self-preservation, and even if the present minor dispute is composed they will assuredly recur."

Huerta and the Mexican
Loan of \$100,000,000.

HOW President Huerta will expend the loan of a hundred million dollars which, from all accounts, a French syndicate was glad to grant the Mexican government, remains a mystery to the Congress of that republic. There have been large shipments of arms into the country from across the seas. For the first time since Porfirio Diaz fell, the troops of the republic are beginning to exhibit really

modern weapons, at least here and there. The story goes that these muniments of war emanate from a source of supply upon which the United States government looks with suspicion. The official reply to that intimation, so far as it can be gleaned from the month's contradictory despatches, is to the effect that the weapons have been procured in a legitimate manner to be stored for army purposes. The arsenal which figured so melodramatically in the Madero tragedy has, apparently, been replenished. That Mexico has a legitimate use for weapons and ammunitions in large quantity is held to be proved by the renewed activities of the notorious Zapata and other revolutionists. The recent loan is intended to defray pressing charges, including indemnities and railroad subsidies. Some fifty thousand more Mauser rifles have been ordered from the Japanese arms factory in Tokyo because the army under Huerta is to be increased shortly to eighty thousand men and the manufacturers whose bid was approved were lower in price and more generous in quality than their German rivals. Talk of a Japanese "foothold" in Mexico is officially pronounced preposterous.

Activity of Mexican
Revolutionaries.

PEONS arming themselves in all parts of Mexico and joining revolutionary organizations to foment agrarianism have become a problem to Huerta which no ingenuity of his can solve. Impartial observers seem agreed on this point, whether one refers to European dailies like the *Kölnische Zeitung* or impassioned local comment in refugee organs like *Regeneración* (Los Angeles) or the *Tierra* (Havana). Mexico is in the throes of a spiritual and mental revolt as well as a military one, according to *Regeneración*. The revolutionary organs profess to believe that Huerta will not last. They foresee intervention by the United States at the instigation of Europe. The world is witnessing in Mexico, declares the radical *Tierra* from its

Cuban vantage point, a revolution that is economic purely and simply, to satisfy the needs of the hungry and dispossessed. It is a revolution tending to develop into a grand social transformation of society. "The simple peasants have grasped the conception of a free society, of solidarity, of mutual support." They have not read Marx and Kropotkin but they think as if they had.

Zapata Fulminates
Against Huerta.

ZAPATA, the most persistent and perhaps the most radical of all the Mexican revolutionaries, has placed himself at the head of what he calls the "revolutionary junta of the State of Morelos." In that capacity he directs, apparently, the armed movements of the southern and central portions of the republic. He announces that he does not recognize the provisional government of Victoriano Huerta and will take the field against that "usurper." The revolution, announces Zapata, will not end "until it has seen its promises realized," and "it will struggle, with virile and Titanic efforts, until it has secured the liberation of the people, until it has recovered the lands, forests and waters that have been taken by usurpation." In fulfillment of these purposes, Zapata has summoned a conference of all the revolutionists in Mexico at a point fixed upon but not made public. Felix Diaz is denounced as the greatest enemy of Mexico, who aims at supreme power.



INSOLENCE

—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

Huerta Confident of Mexican Pacification.

OPTIMISM continues to be the note of the Huerta administration as it faces the future. Zapata brands as falsehoods stories of surrender on the part of rebel leaders. Nevertheless Morales, the revolutionist leader from Tepic, and Villa, the rebel chief who escaped under Madero, have offered their adherence to the provisional president. Romulo Figueroa, commander of rurales, who revolted some time ago, likewise wishes to yield to the established government. There are others, according to official accounts. The revolutionary chiefs are many, however, and for the first time they manifest a tendency to combination. They derive encouragement, fears the *Pais*, published in the capital, from the attitude of Washington, which persists in withholding recognition. The United States is thus placed in a position which to the Mexican organ is "ridiculous." The "most powerful, cultured and civilized nations of Europe"—Spain, France, England and Austria—"have conferred recognition and yet the austere, the Puritan Woodrow Wilson hesitates!" That makes the inspired Mexican organ indignant.

Chaotic Conditions in Mexico. WORKINGMEN throughout the Mexican republic are too prone to listen to irresponsible demagogues, laments the *Pais*, in close touch with the provisional government. Wage-earners have been listening to agitators in the capital itself, we read, the object of the malcontents being to spread the spirit of rebellion. It is no secret to the *Nación*, a somewhat conservative paper, that many deputies in Congress—perhaps forty—are fighting on the side of the revolution. That is why the Mexican congress should not be dissolved. The

fighting deputies would be reinforced by others whose parliamentary duties keep them in the capital. "It is even possible that the popular chamber, dissolved in the metropolis, might reassemble on the Coahuila border, under the wing of the revolution." "Already," adds the *Diario*, "we have with us anarchy, brigandage, a chaotic congress, governmental instability, an incendiary press and incendiary parliamentary orators. What is there lacking to place us on a level with Kaffirland?" Mexico seems to this organ of moderate opinion to be going in for "showy Jacobinism" and make-believe democracy. It will take time to work that sort of a thing out of its system.

Huerta's Mexico No Better Than Madero's.

RAILROAD bridges are destroyed all over Mexico still, passenger trains are blown up and travelers despoiled of their effects, towns are assaulted and commercial establishments sacked. Those who own country estates are shot, the authorities are hanged by rebels, the clergy are killed, archives are burned. Battles have been fought with no other weapons than dynamite bombs. Trains have been set on fire after an end has been made of all the crew. Mines and banks have been seized and looted for the benefit of revolutionists. These were the ordinary events of the Madero government and they have not ceased under Huerta. That is the sum of things



THE GOOD BOY OF THE EAST

TURKEY (from the corner in which Europe has put him): "I fear, madam, that our young friends are causing you some embarrassment. But, while greatly deploring their insubordination, I regret that I am not in a position to render any appreciable assistance to your authority."

—London Punch

Mexican, writes J. F. Moncaleano, who was editor of *La Luz* in Mexico city until he was expelled. He continues in *Regeneración*:

"Why have these ideas of Social Revolution taken such an increased hold? Why are the papers at the capital so troubled and why are they crying out that society is in danger? Why is the people moved to proceed thus? Let us look at the interesting phase in which this people finds itself.

"Let us go to the great Aztec metropolis, and there we shall meet what is simply a drunken population; one that has only the prison for its home. It earns little, and one cannot go a block without meeting a tavern, a pawnshop, a brothel, barracks, or one of those centers of infection they call 'hospitals.' One sees men half-naked, more than two thousand blind persons who live by public charity, an infinity of churches, mothers who punch out the eyes of their newly-born sons to blind them and thus assure them a future in which they will be supported by alms. The workers declare a strike and are murdered by orders from the government. The factories are closed but the barracks are open."

The New Peril of the Powers in the Balkans.

NO SOONER had the preliminary treaty of peace between Turkey and the Balkan states been signed at St. James's Palace than all other issues were overshadowed by the acuteness of the quarrel between Serbia and Bulgaria. Even the assassination of Mahmoud Shefket Pasha seemed by comparison no more than a ripple on the surface of the stream of events. The Grand Vizier in



YOUNG TURKEY REPROACHES EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY

"And yet you promised me the victory!"

—Paris Figaro.

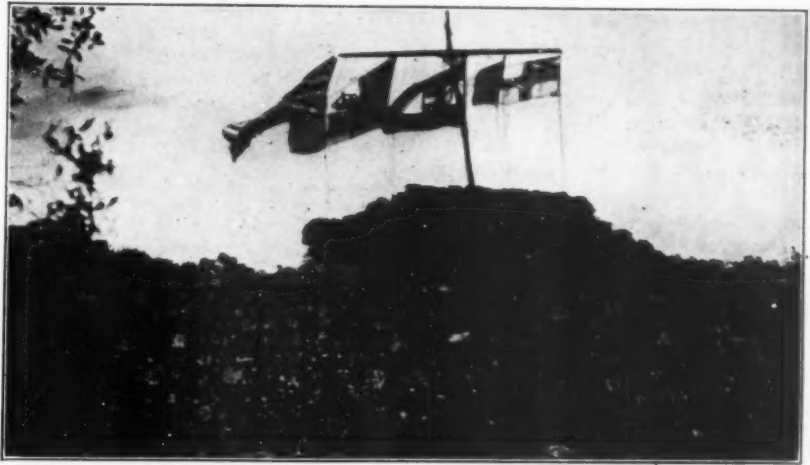
Constantinople had announced that in the event of a conflict between the allies, Turkey could not remain neutral. He had just received word of the signing of the "peace." In no long time he was slain. The treaty provides that the Sultan shall cede to the allies all Turkish territory on the mainland of Europe, west of a line to be drawn from Enos to Midia. The boundary will be fixed by an international commission. The Albanian frontiers and all questions concerning that new kingdom are left to the powers. Turkey cedes Crete to the allies. The powers are to decide the destinies of all the Turkish isles in the Aegean except Crete and the peninsula of Mount Athos. A conference of the powers at Paris is to settle financial details and boundary disputes. Such, in outline, are the terms of a peace so provocative that it was the direct occasion, according to the *London Telegraph*, of increased tension among the parties to it. A most uncompromising speech, delivered in the Skupstina at Belgrade by Premier Pasitch of Serbia, led to a war scare in Berlin and St. Petersburg. Indeed, only the direct and very great pressure exerted by the British Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, led to the signing of the peace, which has yet to be ratified in four capitals.

Downfall of the Ottoman Empire in Europe.

PRACTICAL extinction of the Ottoman Empire in Europe last month and the rise in its stead of what the *London Times* calls "new and vigorous young communities, akin in blood and creed to the rest of Christendom," do not leave that great journal at ease regarding the immediate future. "As we look forward, we are conscious of a future so dim and uncertain, fraught with such untold possibilities of good and overhung by such serious menaces of evil, that the wisest must shrink from prediction." The very manner in which the eclipse of the Sultan's rule in Europe has been effected is a lesson to our contemporary in the fallibility of all political prophecy. "It has been foretold for centuries, but who would have ventured to assert, a very few years ago, that the Balkan states would have wrought it in one brief campaign by their unaided strength?" Lule Burgas, we are assured, sealed the doom of the Osmanli in Europe. After that, the Turks made but little resistance, save behind the walls of their fortresses.

Revival of the Concert of Europe.

MORE marvelous than any other conspicuous feature of the sudden Balkan peace, to the *Paris Temps*, organ of the foreign office, is the fact that Europe could live through



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WHEN SCUTARI SURRENDERED

The emblems of the allies were unfurled at the citadel and the town took its place among the spoil of the Balkan War until the great powers likewise hoisted their own ensigns.

a first-class war that involved no great power. The inference is that the concert of Europe, so long derided, still lives, still means something. The same idea strikes the *London Telegraph* forcibly. "If there was one thing of which all Balkan students were persuaded, it was that the breaking up of the Turkish power in Europe would be attended by convulsions and catastrophes affecting Europe at large." Hence it was dreaded. The dire war came, however. It is just over. "The extraordinary result has been achieved that Europe at large is more earnestly set on peace than it was when the conflict began." The war raged from early in October last, when Nicholas of Montenegro made his spectacular dash to Scutari, through two months of artillery duelling that brought triumph to the Servians at Uskub and Kumanovo, the terrible check of the Sultan's troops at Lule Burgas and the occupation of Salonica by the Greeks. Then, last December, came a peace conference that lasted some six weeks in vain. War had to rage again, Adrianople fell in March and Nicholas of Montenegro got into Scutari. Nine months in all have elapsed since Europe was first startled by the declaration of war, observes the British daily, and in that time the whole face of the "near East" has been altered.

Can the Immediate Future of the Balkans be Peace?

QUESTIONS of an order so critical face the powers within the next few months that the pessimists of the Balkans deem the Albanian problem alone insoluble, even tho it were not complicated by the others. Greece and Italy wage a warm press campaign over that. Serbia is in a state of fury, fears the *Paris Débats*, over her thwarted aspirations on the Adriatic. The Italian Prime Minister has set up claims to the Aegean isles which affront Prime Minister Veni-

zelos at Athens. To make matters more disagreeable for all concerned, Belgrade and Sophia, at loggerheads over so many other things, are agreed that the powers mean to saddle them with Turkey's national debt and they refuse in advance to submit to anything of the sort. In some respects, therefore, as the *London Telegraph*, unusually well informed on the point, sorrowfully concedes, the situation looks blacker than it has been for a long time. "The Bulgarians are transferring with the utmost speed their forces from Chatalja to Macedonia. The Greeks are complaining that once more they have been attacked in their own country. The dispute between Bulgaria and Serbia seems more acute than before." Nevertheless, the leading dailies of London and Paris refuse to give up hope altogether. The stormy petrel is still the fighting King of the Hellenes, whose dreams of setting a son of his upon a throne at Constantinople are deemed premature by his own Prime Minister.

Servians and Greeks Against Bulgarians.

AT LAST accounts, King Peter of Serbia and King Constantine of Greece were for trying conclusions in the field with Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. That a battle did not come last month is pronounced by the *Paris Matin* fresh evidence both of the political genius and of the persuasive powers of Prime Minister Venizelos of Greece. The Servians, it seems, did not anticipate that their own victories over the Turk would prove so tremendous. They made a treaty with the Bulgarians based primarily upon the efficiency of Czar Ferdinand's army. Belgrade protests that, having done an unexpectedly large proportion of the conquering, a division of the territorial spoil ought to be modified accordingly. Bulgaria is unable to appreciate the force of this logic. To her, explains



TO ELBA

—Hy. Mayer in N. Y. Times

the Paris paper, a bargain is a bargain however the fortunes of war may go after it be made. Czar Ferdinand will not yield an inch, a circumstance amply demonstrated to the press of Europe by the coming and going of artillery and battalions along his new frontiers.

Turkey's Internal Conflict
over Constantinople.

A PLAN to remove the Sultan's capital from Constantinople to an interior city of Asia proved so fruitful of factional strife that the Grand Vizier summarily suppressed discussion of the topic in the *Ikdam* and other dailies just before he was killed. The suggestion is understood to find favor with the Young Turks and with the Sultan himself. It is opposed by the Sheik-ul-Islam and the clergy as a retreat in the face of the infidel, if the Paris *Figaro* is accurate. No such scheme would be tolerated by the powers, according to the official organ of Czar Ferdinand in Sofia, because the Turks could reorganize their army under cover in the interior of Asia. While the Sultan is under observation, he can be kept out of mischief. This is taken to mean that the Balkan powers may get into a new conflict among themselves over Constantinople, upon which both Ferdinand and Constantine still cherish designs. The Young Turks are urged to remove their country's capital from the historic city by Field Marshal von der Goltz, the great German soldier who did so much for their military education. He warns the world in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* against the inference that the future of the Sultan's empire is to be calm and peaceful. He urges the Young Turks to take in hand their military reorganization at once. Let them fix their capital at Aleppo or even at Damascus. "No government with its seat at Constantinople has remained for long healthy

and strong." No doubt, the shifting of the capital would be no easy thing. Rulers and grandees would not want to leave the "paradise on earth." But the statesman who carried out the idea would win immortal glory. The German Emperor himself is said to welcome the idea, but for some reason it is not liked in St. Petersburg.

Russia, Austria and the
Spy Scandal in Vienna.

DURING the severe strain in official relations between Vienna and St. Petersburg over Serbia's attitude occurred the sensational suicide of Colonel Alfred Redl. This brilliant officer of the general staff at Vienna was told to kill himself, if we may believe despatches in the Paris *Humanité*, by his own superiors. He had for some years been selling military secrets to the Czar's government under circumstances gravely compromising not only to the Russian army magnates but to the Russian diplomatic corps as well. If the somewhat sensational stories of the month be true, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, Franz Ferdinand, possesses evidence that the Russian embassy in Vienna had every detail of the recent mobilization in the Dual Monarchy. Such information could have been secured, says the *Zeit*, only through gross, systematic treason of more than one high officer. Colonel Redl lived far beyond his means. He was a poor man. He received large remittances through the Russian consul at Prague. Had there been a conflict between Russia and Austria-Hungary as a result of the Balkan crisis, adds the daily just named, the Czar's information bureau would have been informed of every detail of strategy outlined in Vienna for the entire campaign. So profound is the scandal arising in consequence of this affair that it seems to have strained the international situation in Europe itself.

A Scheme to Discredit
Russia.

SO SINISTER, from a St. Petersburg standpoint, are the events accompanying the signing of the Balkan peace pact that a plot to discredit Russia with all the Slav peoples in what was Turkey is hinted at in the *Novoye Vremya*. The spy scandal in Vienna follows a tale that the Czar bribed Essad Pasha to give up Scutari at the eleventh hour to Nicholas of Montenegro. There is said to be no truth in these and other fantastic legends, including the theory that beneath the surface tension exists between Nicholas in St. Petersburg and Franz Ferdinand, future Austrian Emperor and Hungarian King. Nevertheless, notes the well-informed Doctor E. J. Dillon, in the London *Telegraph*, official St. Petersburg is mystified by what goes on under its eyes. Long military trains laden with ammunition, soldiers and provisions are rolling one after another from Sofia to the Servian frontier, the tone of the Servian and Bulgarian press is mutually provocative and threats are being made in deed as well as in word. Speaking with authority, the expert on the Balkan gives us in the great London mouthpiece of diplomatic St. Petersburg this view of the dispute: "The Servian nation feels convinced that, whether or not Bulgaria's claims are borne out by treaty, to recognize them would be to bestow the hegemony of the Peninsula upon a rival who will revolve in Austria's orbit, and to deal a terrible blow to the Servian race. And all other considerations fall into a secondary place when compared with this."

King George Gets a Shock
at the Derby.

LONG before the tragedy at the Derby which cost the life of that active militant woman suffragist, Emily Wilding Davison, King George had expressed a willingness to receive a deputation of those who favor votes for women. The idea was pronounced impractical by Prime Minister Asquith, who caused a search of constitutional precedents to be made with care. Thus runs the London gossip as collected in *The Throne* and other papers. When His Majesty returned from Berlin after the royal wedding there, the militants, at the suggestion, it seems, of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who talked with them at Paris, arranged to hurl a petition into the royal carriage at Victoria station. The plan was frustrated. Then it was that the idea of effecting a spectacular stroke at the Derby, during the following week, found favor with the followers of Mrs. Pankhurst. Popular interest in the contest for the blue ribbon of the British turf was at its height. Craganour, owned by a distinguished ship magnate

of Liverpool, was the favorite; but, according to our London contemporary, *Sporting Life*, this horse was born under an unlucky star. The King's own entry, Anmer, a Sandringham-bred colt by Florizel II., seems never to have been in the running, for it has ranked always as an inferior animal. At Newmarket Anmer had failed in the Payne Stakes when the opposition was only second class. However, the King had arranged to be at Epsom in the royal box on each day of the meet. The suffragets laid their plans accordingly.

The King's Colt and the Suffraget.

TATTENHAM CORNER is the name given to that part of the Derby course at which the militant suffraget made her now historic dash. It was all over in a trice—the field of galloping horses, the seizure of the bridle, the plunge of the startled colt, the throwing of the jockey prone and unconscious. Miss Davison struck on her head when she had turned a complete somersault, sustaining a fracture of the skull which ended her life in four more days. Her plan had miscarried, say the despatches, through the action of a spectator who tried to intercept her as the horses slowed to turn the corner. She had a narrow escape from lynching by the mob. Enormous bets were jeopardized by the episode, but the effect upon the agitation in favor of votes for women remains to be seen. The Pankhurst mili-

tants arranged a spectacular funeral. The martyr was about forty years old, and long a recognized heroine of the cause. She was a pioneer hunger striker and had been in prison eight or nine times. She would barricade herself in a cell until extricated by means of the fire hose.

Rampant Suffraget Militancy in London.

HOW the King was affected by the Derby tragedy is not disclosed by the newspapers, but it is significant that no royal message of condolence was sent. The late Edward VII. never failed to send a message of sympathy to any spectator, however humble, who met with accident at a Derby. If the King sent no word to the ladies, they did not ignore him. "Constitutional methods of approaching our King having failed," ran the suffraget telegram to the palace, "and Miss Emily Wilding Davison having given her life to call attention to the women's passionate demands for the franchise, we ask the King to give serious attention to this appeal for womanhood." There was no cessation of the series of fires which in different parts of London inspire fear of a possible general conflagration. An attempt to set the royal academy afire was frustrated by the timely discovery of a can of oil and a time fuse. The first of the suffraget bombs to do any serious damage was exploded at the royal observatory at Edinburgh.

Mrs. Pankhurst In and Out of Prison Again.

BARELY a week had elapsed since the release of Mrs. Pankhurst from Holloway Jail when the tragedy at the Derby shocked all England. Since her recommittal she had taken no food. She was so very weak from a hunger strike that no possible connection between her movements and those of the hapless Miss Davison can be traced, despite efforts to suggest her complicity. Since she was given three years of penal servitude for instigating the fire at Mr. David Lloyd George's golf villa at Walton-on-the-Hill, Mrs. Pankhurst has spent but thirteen days in prison. Her friends describe her condition as "very bad indeed"; but the London *Throne* prints a picture of the lady "fainting artistically" for purposes of the camera in a fashionably made tight skirt and a Duchess hat. Another of the "solemn warnings" with which the Home Secretary, Reginald McKenna, irritates the London *Standard* has just been issued by that gentleman. He proclaims "no mercy." Militancy, he affirms, "has got to stop." *Votes for Women* retorts that militancy will not stop. "The aroused women," it says, "are only beginning their campaign."

Suffragets Cause Chaos in Asquith's Cabinet.

BELIEF in the Liberal party is very general, says the London *Times*, that a crisis over militancy within the cabinet is responsible



Poor little Violet's heart is sore,
Her tears flow fast by the old church door.
She rolled a bombshell under the pews,
But the mean old sexton cut the fuse.



Sprightly Sal with tresses red
Broke a London Bobbie's head!
Whenever things are rather dull,
Sally always cracks a skull.



"HAVE A CARE, SIR! REMEMBER THAT I AM A LADY!"

—Kemble in N. Y. Evening Sun

for the paralysis of the Home Secretary's hand in dealing with the Pankhurst ladies. Sir Edward Grey, the foreign minister, and Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, agree that the women should be enfranchised at once. They are for finding some formula to save the face of the ministry and giving the women their vote without seeming to surrender to threats of violence. Winston Churchill, stormy petrel of the cabinet, insists that things have gone so far as to render any giving in to the Pankhursts impossible. Mr. John Redmond favors postponement of any woman suffrage bill until Home Rule is achieved, especially as the new parliament at Dublin would want to deal with the issue for itself. This is the deciding factor with Prime Minister Asquith, according to the *London Post*. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, leader of the anti-suffrage agitation, declares that a referendum and not a House of Commons should decide for or against the fundamental change demanded by the Pankhursts.

How the Aristocrats Would Settle the Suffragist Crisis.

CONSERVATIVES in Great Britain have for some time past been considering the bestowal of a vote upon those women who, as the *London Standard* says, "have a stake in the country." It is rumored that Mrs. Pankhurst was approached recently with a suggestion that the vote be given, as a preliminary, to those of her sex who are fitted by financial responsibility for an exercise of the privilege. The lady

was adamant. Women must vote in England on the same terms as men. An argument from the opposite point of view is advanced by the organ of the British aristocracy, the *London Post*, a most conservative journal, which tells us that it has hitherto been part of the Liberal creed to justify violence as a mode of political agitation:

"The Liberal theory of the franchise is, we should have thought, that it is to express the will of the people. It does not matter whether the people are wise or unwise, have or have not a strike in the country, are educated or uneducated, so long as they are adults. The Conservative theory, on the other hand, is, or used to be, that the object of government is not the will of the people but the good of the people, and that the object of the franchise should be to get the opinion of what is best and most stable and most responsible in the community. The latter theory has broken down because successive Governments have lowered the franchise until property is swamped and the most ignorant and the least responsible of the population are enfranchised. The present Government is completing the process as far as men are concerned, by introducing a bill to abolish the plural vote. Therefore the Liberal theory is that the franchise should include the whole people, without any distinction of person, or any attempt to sift the wheat

from the chaff. How such a theory excludes women is not quite clear to us."

The Reign of Terror in Portugal

INDIFFERENT to the hornet's nest which has been raised about his ears in consequence of a European agitation against Lisbon's prison horrors, Senhor Alfonso Costa, Prime Minister of Portugal, has just sent a fresh batch of exiles to the Azores. There will be no relaxation, he assured the chamber of deputies last month, in the repressive measures directed against conspirators. Hundreds in that class have been arrested, and, if we may believe the *Paris Gaulois*, to say nothing of the *London Times*, held in durance upon the most frivolous pretexts. The reign of terror in Lisbon is ascribed to the activity of those secret societies which, since the establishment of the republic, have waged a war of annihilation against all who do not accept the principles they profess, especially the official atheism. Fathers, mothers, children of Christian tendencies, are, "upon the hint of base informers," alleges the British daily, "thrown without regard to rank, age or condition into the common prisons, there to remain for weeks, months, or it may be years, herded with the vilest criminals." The facts are vouched for likewise by the Duchess of Bedford, who, horrified by the stories from Lisbon, made a personal investigation on the spot. False witness and intimidation having secured wholesale arrests, it is affirmed, the same methods bring about conviction and deportation. Torture, the use of forged documents and the denial of all human rights are now, we are asked to believe, the normal course of procedure in republican Portugal.



THE BRITISH WAY

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

How the Secret Society
Slaughters Portugal's
Innocent.

NO TYRANT could devise a more infamous system of terrorism than is now carried out in Lisbon by the Carbonarios. The indictment is drawn by the Duchess of Bedford herself, confirmed by the *London Times* and accepted upon the basis of its own investigations by the *Berlin Vossische*. The Carbonarios, it must be explained, are that section of the republican party which professes radicalism in the extreme sense. Its devotion to the theories of Danton, Robespierre and Marat is not concealed. It glories in being the philosophical successor to the men of 1789 in Paris. The instrument rather than the leader of these Carbonarios is Prime Minister Costa himself. "Spies are in every household," we read in the *London Throne*. "The very walls have ears and every window is an eye. Justice and truth play no part where convictions are determined beforehand. False witnesses can be had for the asking. An acquittal might be followed by murder." It is affirmed in some European papers that the Portuguese tyranny is not defended by many republicans in Lisbon. The party is, however, completely at the mercy of its own radical wing, which has captured the organization and rules through the all-powerful secret society. It is a twentieth-century realization of the Rosicrucian mysteries in the fiction of Dumas.

Republican Laws in
Radical Portugal.

SINCE the Carbonarios rule the chamber at Lisbon, and since the Premier is their representative, it was an easy matter to enact a law forbidding a Roman Catholic to teach anybody anything. Were it not for the state of the law on this point, many of the prosecutions would, the German daily says, have no meaning. The schools have been remodeled along atheistic lines. The children are taught that there is no God. Their processions are given color through the medium of banners bearing big devices to that effect. All the bishops of the Portuguese episcopate addressed representations to the president of the republic last month, setting forth the story of the persecution to which the faithful are subjected. The response has not been published. The *London Post*, which was the first newspaper in Europe to take up the agitation now in full swing, sets forth the abuses against which it protests as three—detention of political prisoners for long periods without trial, condemnation of suspects by suborned and inadequate testimony, and the existence of a secret society in the pay of the government whose interest it is to denounce suspected foes of the republic.

Official Portugal Denies the
Charges of Cruelty.

FOR an answer to the charges of wholesale cruelty to Portuguese political prisoners, one is referred to the statements of the officially inspired *Lisbon Seculo*. There is not the slightest foundation in fact, it declares, for the misrepresentations of the clerical press of Europe with reference to prisoners in Portugal. There may be individual instances of ill treatment; but these, when investigated, are "corrected." The ill will of the "papal press," the machinations of royalists and priests and the organized agitation led by English aristocrats in the London press, explain to the *Seculo* all the calumny of which the republic is the victim. "Few of the specific charges made are answered, the arguments being mostly abstract and lame." Thus retorts the *London Post*, reiterating all that has been alleged. The official and inspired denials of the Lisbon daily receive equally short shrift in the *London Times*. Premier Costa, it opines, must long since have become aware of the imbecility of the persecutions of political prisoners and of the discredit they bring upon the republic abroad. "Unfortunately he is no longer his own master."

Canada's Senate Defies
Her Prime Minister.

A GENERAL election throughout the Dominion of Canada seems the only possible solution of the deadlock between the Prime Minister and the Senate which has brought parliamentary life at Ottawa to a crisis. That may be deemed the gist of press opinion not only in Canada but in Great Britain itself, where the situation resulting from the refusal of the Senate to vote the thirty-five million dollars in aid of the King's navy occasions much political excitement. The Canadian Senate, in thus blocking the cherished policy of Prime Minister Borden, explains the *Toronto Globe*, desires no more than a reference of the whole subject to the people. Mr. Borden, however, will demand the reform of the Senate, having framed proposals for the abolition of a nominated chamber and the election of the Senators by popular vote. He is alleged to be opposed to any referendum on the ground that the last election, in bringing his party to power, gave it a mandate which must be obeyed. There is a vague suggestion that the defeated navy bill is to be introduced again. The supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the press and in parliament behold his complete vindication in what has happened, according to the *Ottawa Free Press*, a Liberal organ. This journal predicts a general election as a matter of the near future despite the protestations of the ministerialist pa-

pers that such talk is idle. Conservative dailies see in all agitation for a general election another Liberal scheme to draw Canada closer to the United States.

Canada's \$35,000,000
Dreadnought Cam-
paign.

EVER since the introduction into the Canadian Parliament of the Borden bill to appropriate a huge sum for British Dreadnoughts, there has raged a controversy so fierce that, as the *Toronto Globe* observes, matters of domestic concern are neglected. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the former Prime Minister, who was overwhelmed at the polls over the reciprocity issue, lost no time, as Liberal leader, in challenging the Borden Dreadnought innovation. "Our policy," he declared, "is a Canadian navy, built in Canada, manned in Canada, under the control of the Canadian Parliament and the Canadian people, and ready if Britain should ever be in danger." To this Prime Minister Borden has replied through his organs that the Dreadnought bill is an emergency measure, necessitated by the peril facing England through Germany's swollen fleet. Three extra ships must be built for King George's navy in haste. It is imperative that these ships be constructed where they can be finished in the shortest time. The menace of foreign armaments and the trend of events in Europe emphasize the necessity for immediate gifts of money to Great Britain.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and
Prime Minister Borden.

NEITHER emergency nor peril to Great Britain of the kind emphasized by Mr. Borden exists except in Tory Canadian imaginations, affirms Sir Wilfrid. He has contended ever since the struggle grew warm that the only sound Canadian policy in the permanent interest of the British Empire is the organization of a national navy to guard local waters from which the King's ships have been removed for concentration in Europe. He defined the Liberal position, according to an Ottawa correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, in an amendment providing for two Dreadnoughts, six light cruisers, twelve destroyers and six submarines, these to be divided into fleet units for the Atlantic and the Pacific, manned by Canadian seamen and maintained at the sole cost of the Dominion Treasury. There was nothing in what Sir Wilfrid said, says the *London Times* feelingly, to suggest the desperate resistance to the Borden proposals which has since developed. It concedes, however, that Sir Wilfrid's organs did denounce the Borden program in a manner "passionate and violent." The measure was condemned as a blow to the autonomy of Canada.

Pandemonium in the
Dominion Parliament.

NEVER in its history has the Parliament of Canada witnessed such scenes as attended the progress of Prime Minister Borden's Dreadnought bill through the House at Ottawa. There were days when the progress of legislation came to a halt. For two whole weeks the House sat continuously. Epithets were hurled right and left with a freedom setting all rules of order at defiance. In the course of a heated session recourse to actual physical violence was barely averted. The Prime Minister, to follow an authorized account of his attitude in the *London Times*, was determined that the naval aid bill should go to its third reading, that the majority should prevail and that parliament should not be dissolved. Never in any stage of the crisis was he more immovable in that resolution, according to the sympathetic *Hamilton Spectator*. "The same impulse," it says, "which led the people of Canada to insist on sharing the task of the mother country on the veldts of South Africa will impel them now to consent to any sacrifice we can reasonably be called upon to make for the sake of maintaining British supremacy." Such is the Borden plea.

Has Borden "Throttled"
Canada's Parliament?

INFURIATING to Liberal sentiment in both Canadian press and parliament is the introduction of what Sir Wilfrid Laurier deems gag rule. To the Borden organs it is dignified by the name of "closure." There were, it is said, disagreeable interviews between Prime Minister Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier on this subject. The veteran Liberal leader, with characteristic suavity, refused to consent to any limitation upon debate. Mr. Borden lost no time in modifying the rules of debate in a mode quite revolutionary compared with the procedure he superseded. On twenty-four hours' notice a vote can now be taken. When "closure" is declared speeches must not exceed twenty minutes. Ministers alone may move this limitation upon debate. Had it not been for these innovations, concede the conservative dailies, the Dreadnought bill could never have got through the House. Yet abandonment of the measure or a dissolution of parliament would, Mr. Borden felt, have entailed a humiliating loss of prestige. It might have cost him the leadership of his party, for his capacity to put a bill through would be open to question.

The Immediate Political
Future in Canada.

PREDICTIONS that a general election must result in the termination of Mr. Borden's lease of power, altho freely made in Liberal

organs, make little impression upon the opposition press. From the more detached standpoint of London, *The Times* there opines that since he became Premier Mr. Borden has grown "immeasurably" in the regard and confidence of the Canadian people. "In less than two years he has united the various elements of the cabinet in devoted loyalty to himself and has restored cohesion and bred vitality in the whole Conservative party." True, he has developed in Quebec no such strength as that great statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, enjoyed there. That is the consequence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's great personal ascendancy among his own race. On the other hand, Mr. Borden has gained among French Canadians, owing to a mysterious quarrel between Mr. Bourassa, the French "nationalist," and Sir Wilfrid. A French Canadian element was admitted into the Borden cabinet, altho the Dreadnought controversy led to its partial elimination. There were defections from Borden among the French Canadians in parliament as well.

How London Takes the
Canadian Dreadnought
Crisis.

WHILE the Senate at Ottawa defies the Prime Minister, the newspapers in London sustain him, if they be of the Jingo sort, like the conservative *Post*, or deplore the crisis, like the *Liberal News*, if they be pacifist. The latest events, says the latter, confirm the fears of those who have felt all along that Mr. Borden's naval proposals and the manner in which they have been "forced" upon the Canadian House of Commons were, in spite of excellent intentions, a serious error. The rejection of the measure may be followed by an early dissolution. In any event, a campaign against the Canadian Senate is inevitable. The Toronto correspondent of the *London Times*, obviously a journalist in the confidence of Mr. Borden himself, says "the government are convinced that the whole action of the Liberals of both chambers is to be explained by the predominance of Quebec in the party." That is why the result of the rejection of the navy bill will be an appeal to the country against the Senate and a further appeal against the attempt of Quebec to exercise undue influence in the government of the Dominion.

Prospect of a Racial
Clash in Canada.

TRY as he may, Prime Minister Borden cannot prevent the struggle at the polls, if it come, from assuming a racial aspect—the English against the French. This fear, expressed by the *London News*, is said to account for his reluctance to face a general election. "A new issue has

now to be faced in the Dominion," as a local observer puts it, in the *London Times*, "for Liberal policy represents the exaltation and extension of colonial autonomy. The Borden policy turns towards imperial organization, the representation of the Dominion in imperial councils and the ultimate federation of the Empire." That is the cry of the French Canadian *Presse*, only it derides the idea and dreads a loss of the nationality of the "habitant" in a deluge of British patriotism. But British politicians and British newspapers would be unwise, says the *Liberal London Chronicle*, to comment very freely on the conflict between Prime Minister Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This is by way of a hint to dailies like the *London Post*, which are pointing out that Great Britain cannot maintain herself as mistress of the seas unless her dominions come to her aid.

Dragging the British Navy
Into Canadian Politics.

NO concealment is now made by Mr. Borden of his belief that the Canadian Senate has outlived its usefulness. "An immediate remedy must be sought and found." He will not drop the bill. It appears to the *Liberal Chronicle*, of London, which has canvassed the situation with care, that the weight of Canadian opinion is against this hotly fought \$35,000,000 Dreadnought bill. One serious peril, from the standpoint of the mother country, concerns it:

"On our side there will be a natural disposition to regret that a proposal to help the Mother Country on so striking a scale should, instead of being unanimously adopted, have become the main bone of political contention. But we should remember first that, with the exception of a small anti-Imperialist section, who ordinarily follow Mr. Borden but voted against the bill, no party is against Canada's helping in Imperial defence; the dispute is not whether she should act, or even how much she should spend, but how she should spend it. And secondly, that the principle for which the Liberals are contending so obstinately is, whether right or wrong, not a new one, but one on which the party has laid the utmost stress at all stages of its career. It was in accordance with it that all Imperial troops were withdrawn from Canadian garrisons, and Canadian forces are maintained there by Canada instead. The principle has behind it the growing sense of Canadian nationality; and it would be unfortunate if at a general election that sense seemed to be pitted against Imperialism. The defeat of Reciprocity on an Imperialist cry undoubtedly left a very bad taste in those western corn-growing districts, which saw in the cry a device of the great Canadian railway interests to keep them in subjection. We should be sorry to see another election follow so soon after, in which the name of the Empire seemed once more to be invoked as a party asset."

Persons *in the* Foreground

THE INDOMITABLE SPIRIT OF MOTHER JONES

OUT of the riot and confusion of the last few months in West Virginia emerges the figure of an old woman of eighty-one, with white hair, benevolent features, a caustic tongue, a martial spirit and a philosophical mind. She has emerged from similar scenes before. Wherever the miners have had trouble with the mine-owners in any part of the country during the last thirty years her white hair has been pretty sure to wave like an oriflam of war equal to that famous white plume of Henry of Navarre about which we used to declaim in our school days. Five hundred thousand miners call her "Mother" Jones. Trouble of an industrial sort has an irresistible attraction for her, and she will pack up her belongings at an hour's notice and chase from Montana to West Virginia to get into it, if she has to walk a hundred miles or so to reach it. She is in large measure responsible for whatever comes of the investigation Congress has decided to make into the West Virginia troubles. She went from West Virginia to Washington last month to lay the case of the miners before the Senate Committee, and had hardly turned her back on the committee when it decided to recommend the inquiry. "The most remarkable woman in America" is the way a writer in the conservative *Brooklyn Eagle* speaks of her.

"An old woman arrived in Charleston, W. Va."—so runs the account M. Michelson gives us in *Everybody's* of the West Virginia conflict:

"She was very old—past eighty, in fact. Her hair was snow-white. She was dressed in black and she wore a nice little bonnet becoming to one of her age. The passenger who saw her get off the train in the early morning may have wondered why such a very old lady was traveling alone. She picked up her belongings, which were tied together in a black shawl and, after shooing away various taxi-drivers and cabmen, started for her destination on foot at a pace which, if not rapid, at least showed an ability to cover the ground that ought to have set at rest the mind of the uneasy passenger. If it did not, a searching glance from a pair of shrewd gray eyes would have convinced him that his fears were groundless."

This, of course, was Mother Jones. The conflict between the striking miners and the armed guards hired by the operators was flagging. Mother Jones put new life in it. She tramped from one cabin to another, preaching resistance to tyranny. The miners armed themselves and pitched battles ensued. The militia were called out to restore order. Martial law was declared. Mother Jones was "detained," charged with inciting to murder. She was not "arrested" or "imprisoned," say

the authorities; she was simply "detained" for several weeks as a prisoner of war, in a cabin guarded by soldiers, being released when the Senate Committee at Washington became interested and asked for her testimony.

This old woman, whose militancy has for years thrown in the shade that of the whole Pankhurst family, was born in Ireland eighty-one years ago, the daughter of an Irish agitator. The details of her life are not very fully known. She was taken to Canada as



"HER NAME HAS HELD A STATE IN TERROR"

Asked where her home is, Mother Mary Jones, age eighty-one, replied: "Where the battle for liberty rages." The Congressional investigation of the West Virginia mining troubles is due largely to her initiative and her testimony before the Senate committee.

a little girl of seven and educated in Toronto. After going through the public schools there, including the high school, she went to a convent institution to finish her education. Being interested in sociological matters, she went into our southern States to investigate the conditions in the cotton mills, engaging as an operative in mill after mill. This was many years ago, and the conditions then, she says, appalled her, especially the company store system, by which wage-earners were kept in debt and virtual peonage. "Those horrors," she exclaims, "of the toiling infants and the weary mothers struggling for mere bread to keep the life within their bellies!" The advance in conditions since then has been, as she sees them, extraordinary, and has made her very confident of what the future holds in store. She is, in fact, no female Jeremiah. She is an optimist. The world, to her mind, is growing better all the time; all it needs is education. Strikes are going to come to an end because intelligence will grow among employers and employed and make them needless.

While in the South, she wrote extensively, talked much, developing quite a gift for speaking, and wrought in other ways. She tells of one helpless family consisting of a mother and three daughters whom she actually abducted and carried off with her at night, to get them away from the thralldom of debt they had contracted to the company store. In the course of her career in the South she was married, and in about five years gave birth to four children. None of them are living. Her entire family was carried off in a yellow fever epidemic. After recovering from the shock she became more active than ever in the labor movement, devoting herself especially to organizing women's auxiliaries. She later allied herself with the United Mine Workers, and for years has been one of the regular organizers of that body. But, it is said, the organization ceased long ago to give her orders. She is a free lance, going where she pleases and doing about as she likes. When asked recently where her home is, she answered: "Where the battle for human liberty rages." All her "impedimenta," when on a campaign, are carried in a hand-bag. One writer speaks of seeing a powder puff and another says something about "silk stockings and neat pumps." But that was when they saw her in a New York hotel.

Mother Jones is not swept off her feet by beautiful theories and Utopian schemes. The Socialists claim her, but she doesn't claim them. She calls them sentimentalists. Their cry of "universal brotherhood," she says, has alienated many who might be of use to the cause of liberty. It is mostly sentiment and "what we want is not

sentiment but sense." Nevertheless, altho she doesn't seem to believe much in Socialists, she believes Socialism itself is inevitable. As for the Industrial Workers of the World, that movement, she thinks, is spasmodic, and some of its leaders talk like fanatics, as when several weeks ago they spoke about wiping Paterson, N. J., off the map. "Strikes," she observes, "can not be won without funds. To bring on a strike and go back licked by hunger is not progress for labor." Therefore she is loyal to the Federation of Labor, which is "systematized and static." All of which shows that however far Mother Jones may wander here on earth, she is not at all inclined to wander off in the clouds.

When she talks to the newspaper men, Mother Jones gives them the impression of a very grandmotherly sort of person. Here are some of the adjectives the N. Y. Times reporter bestows upon her: "Handsome, well dressed, carefully spoken, hospitable, smiling, sympathetic." "After two visits to her," he goes on to say, "aggregating quite ten hours, I should as much expect her to be violent as to see a matron at a charity ball spring into anarchistic action." Yet this same writer admits that her name has held a state in terror and that the mine-owners regard her as their strongest foe. She talked to him like an official of a peace society. "I hate the Anarchist," she observed, "be he in the mine-breast with his pick against the coal or in the national bank with his hands upon the combination of the vault." Violence she denounces as silly. "It brutalizes both sides and this effect will last through generations." The reporter of the Brooklyn *Eagle* received about the same sort of impressions of her. He writes: "She is unique. Short of stature, with a slight limp in her walk, and with curly white hair and 'specs,' she resembles almost any grandmother who has lived a peaceful life in the bosom of a happy family. When she talks you forget the happy grandmother smile. You think that grandmother is, cross. Mother is very cross at the 'pirates,' as she calls the people in West Virginia. But through it all there is a wonderful tolerance and moderation. Her voice is a high falsetto, but not harsh. There is also a touch of the Irish, in brogue and oratorical flourish."

Here is another of her declarations in favor of industrial peace: "I feel this: If labor would eliminate its violence and capital would eliminate injunctions, the battle would be practically over. We could then go sanely at arranging peace. Common sense, uninflamed, productive, could step in. But labor will be violent as long as capital swears out injunctions. Also, the first step toward peace must come from capital. It has more advantages.

It must lead. The capitalist and striker—both men are all right, only they are sick; they need a remedy; they have been mosquito bitten. Let's kill the virulent mosquito and then find and drain the swamp in which he breeds."

But Mother Jones talking to her "boys" engaged in a strike seems to strike a more belligerent note than when she talks to the reporters of the metropolitan press. To the West Virginia miners she said: "The Governor wants your guns. Don't you dare give up any of them. If you are forced to use them, you use them." In a letter from West Virginia to a Socialist "comrade," published in *The Social War* of New York, May 3, she speaks of the "bloodhounds of the ruling class," and the "uniformed murderers of the ruling class," assails the "Socialist sentimentalists" because they have been "too busy eulogizing their political dictators" to hear "the screams and groans and heartaches of women and children as the military tear their loved ones from them, throw them into prison cells and tell them they must submit or perish there."

As for woman suffrage, Mother Jones seems to regard that with scorn. She is reported as saying:

"In no sense of the word am I in sympathy with woman's suffrage. In a long life of study of these questions I have learned that women are out of place in political work. There already is a great responsibility upon women's shoulders—that of rearing rising generations. It has been in part their sad neglect of motherhood which has filled reform schools and which keeps the juvenile courts busy. If women had been really industrious in their natural field they might have warded off some horrors of the time. They can begin now to be more useful than they have been by studying these economic problems and helping toward industrial peace.

"The average working woman is unfitted for the ballot. She will rarely join an organization of the industry she works in. Give her the vote and she'll neglect it. Home training of the child should be her task, and it is the most beautiful of tasks. Solve the industrial problem and the men will earn enough so that women can remain at home and learn it."

The rich mothers, she insists, are fully as neglectful of their duties as the poor mothers. If the women of both classes would stay at home, she says, and attend to their duties, we should have better strikers when strikes come and better men for them to deal with. "The human being is the only animal which is neglected in its babyhood. The brute mother suckles and preserves her young at the cost of her own life, if need be. The human mother hires another, poorer woman for the job. Of course, the race must suffer for it."

MR. BRYAN AFTER FOUR MONTHS OF IT

FOR nearly four months William J. Bryan has been Secretary of State, and the division between him and President Wilson, foretold by so many, has not made its appearance. The "most precious subject of gossip" in Washington, so William Bayard Hale wrote several months ago, was the relations between Mr. Bryan and the President. The prediction then generally accepted was that they would work together "only a few months." As the weeks have gone by, various correspondents have seen, or have thought they saw, evidences of strain, and were not slow to chronicle them. Nothing has come of them so far. But both the President and Mr. Bryan have considered the reports and surmises of enough consequence to refer to them publicly. "There ain't no friction," said the President, in very unacademic language, before the Gridiron Club in April, "and there ain't going to be no friction."

A few days later Colonel J. C. Hemphill, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, sent his paper a long interview with Mr. Bryan. The interview was reprinted in full in Mr. Bryan's paper, *The Commoner*. A "perfect understanding" between the President and his Secretary of State was said by Colonel Hemphill to exist. "I have found the President," said Mr. Bryan, "altogether fair in his consideration of all matters that have been submitted to him, and I have never known a man with a more open mind nor one who tried more sincerely to get at the meat of any question requiring his attention. I first met Mr. Wilson about a year before he was nominated for President, and the more I see of him and the more intimate my relations with him the larger he grows." Mr. Bryan also declared that he likes the work to which he has been assigned, that he has taken a house at Washington, and that he will be constantly engaged in the service to which he has been called until the end of his commission. The account of the interview continued as follows:

"When Mr. Bryan was reminded that many stories had been told about how he had been disregarded by the President in several instances, notably in the case of the Chinese loan matter, in the announcement of the policy of the administration, he said that these reports were all without foundation in fact, that there had been the fullest discussion of these questions at the cabinet meetings and that he had been in entire sympathy with the views of the President and with the method the President had adopted of declaring the policy of the administration. There had not been the slightest misunderstanding as to any of these matters nor any difference as to how the conclusions of the President should be an-

nounced. It did not matter in any material sense whether the President should speak directly or by the mouth of one of his official advisers; in these cases as well as in all others it was the message and not the messenger."

The one most likely cause of a break between the two men is the plank in the national platform regarding a single presidential term. That, said Mr. Hale, in his article already referred to, in *The World's Work*, "is a matter which undeniably lies unsettled, undiscussed, unreferred to, between the two men. . . . Mr. Bryan undoubtedly believes that the Baltimore plank pledges Mr. Wilson to a single term. Probably Mr. Wilson has no such idea. He has never declared his acceptance of the Baltimore platform and the single-term plank is highly ambiguous." Mr. Hale is regarded as a sort of official press agent of the Wilson administration, and he goes on to declare that in his own opinion, if that administration is a success, the Baltimore plank will be forgotten. Mr. Bryan, we are assured, knows this. "He is not so unpracticed as to believe that an ambiguous platform plank is going to have any consideration in 1916." His political ambition, in Mr. Hale's judgment, is to succeed Mr. Wilson in 1921—not in 1916. "He will then be only sixty-one years old, and he will be as mellowed and widely beloved a man as ever sat in the chair of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln. Not a vestige then will remain of the hate that vilified him. His career will round itself out completely, in the light which it is already assuming, as one of the most remarkable illustrations of the reversal of a people's judgment."

Since Mr. Hale's article was published, collateral evidence has appeared seeming to show that Mr. Bryan's view of the single-term plank may after all coincide with Mr. Wilson's. *The Commoner* reprinted last month the following from the *New York World*:

AN OLD TRICK

Mr. Wilson was never asked to pledge himself to four years in the presidency in case he was elected. No representative Democrat ever so interpreted the platform. Nor has Mr. Bryan ever so construed it in any public utterance with which we are familiar.

Mr. Bryan said at Harrisburg the other day that "a man who violates a party platform and betrays his party and the people is a criminal worse than the man who embezzles money."

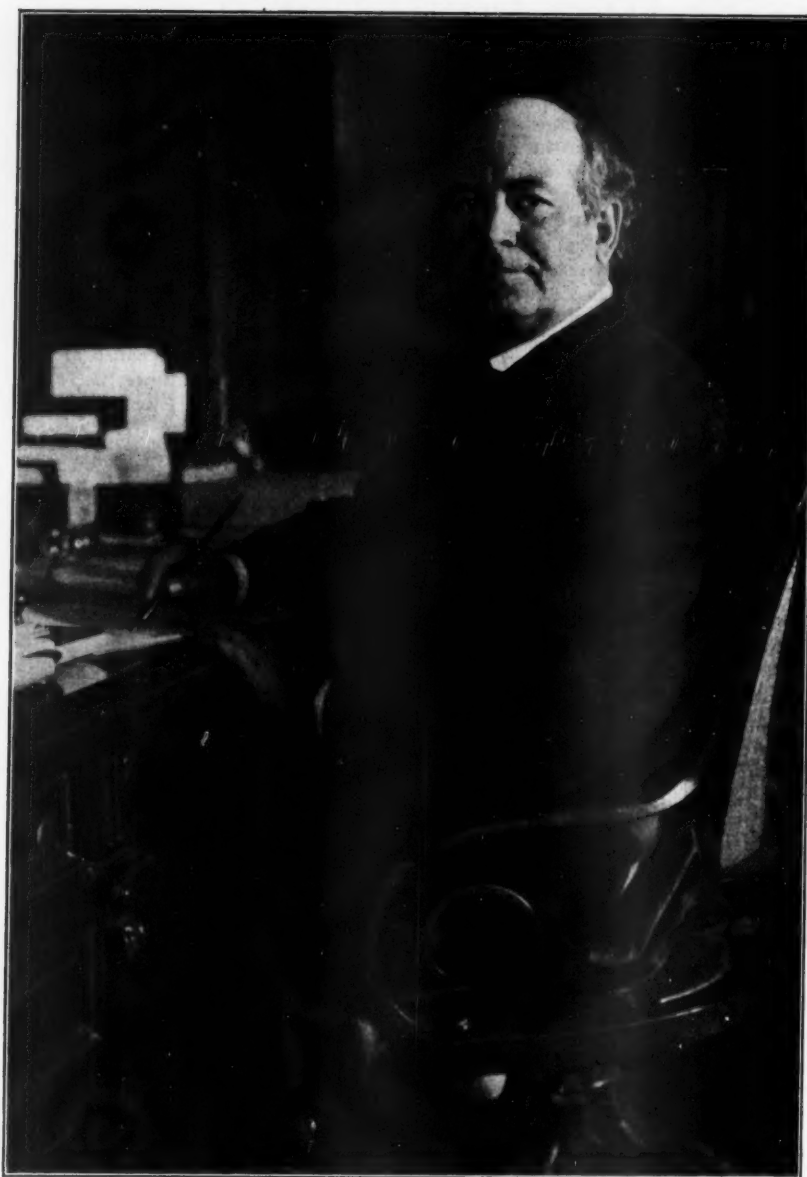
A little coterie of Democrats in the United States senate who are trying to sandbag honest tariff revision would be glad indeed if they could convince themselves that Mr. Bryan was talking to President Wilson, not to them.

The fact that this was reprinted without comment in Mr. Bryan's paper may not be conclusive. It does not commit him. But it is highly significant, and, taken in connection with Mr. Bryan's interview, ought to put a quietus, for a while at least, upon the stories of strained relations between him and his chief. On the face of things, Mr. Bryan takes the same view now that he took when he consented to enter the Cabinet. To a friend who advised him to stay out because, if the administration was a failure, he, as a member of the Cabinet, would not be in a position to run for President in 1916, Mr. Bryan rejoined: "Have you reflected, my friend, that if the Wilson administration is a failure it won't be worth while for any Democrat to run in 1916?"

Mr. Bryan, as premier of the administration, is, as a matter of fact, having the time of his life, if we may credit *Harper's Weekly*. He is not so much the Secretary of State as President Wilson's "medium of personal communication with the people." Says Colonel Harvey, in the journal just named:

"He is the matchless minute-man of the government, ready at any time to drop his grapefruit or jump out of bed to answer the call of duty. He has traveled twelve thousand miles already and is fresher than when he started. We shouldn't be surprised any morning to read that he was off to England to help out our new ambassador in addressing labor unions and other peace societies. Meanwhile, make no mistake, Brother Bryan is growing in the estimation of his countrymen. He is getting to be more careful every day of what he says, and he is doing what he is told with extraordinary skill and tactfulness. It anything should happen to go wrong—which Heaven forbid!—he will still be able to present a saddened face with a smiling heart, and show hands clean as a whistle of responsibility."

Nineteen years ago, when an income tax bill was up for discussion in Congress, Mr. Bryan, then a member of the Lower House, argued for its adoption with a clause exempting incomes of less than \$4,000 a year. The present tariff bill contains provisions for an income-tax with just such an exemption clause. When several years ago Mr. Bryan and Senator Bailey locked horns, it was over the question of free trade in raw materials, Mr. Bryan defending it, Mr. Bailey assailing it. The present tariff bill conforms to an unexpected degree with Mr. Bryan's views. It contains free wool, free sugar, free iron ore, free hides, free leather, free lumber, free meats, etc. Some of these items—notably free wool and free sugar—were urged upon Mr. Underwood and



"HE VISUALIZES LIKE A CHILD OR A PRIMITIVE MAN"

Probably no man ever before held the post of Secretary of State of this or any other large country whose nature was as simple as Mr. Bryan's. For him, says William Bayard Hale, a word or phrase possesses no connotations. That is a house and this is a tree; that is Imperialism and this is the Money Power.

his committee by the President. It is not a wild guess that Mr. Bryan had something to do with that. So far, therefore, Mr. Bryan's influence on the course of events at Washington seems to be all he or his friends could have expected. Even the reputed antagonism between him and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, is authoritatively denied by Mr. Bryan, and *The Commoner* has been publishing, of late, eulogistic references to Mr. McAdoo.

The word that describes Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hale says in the *World's Work*, is simplicity. He is simpleness personified. His mind does not range. It has no fancy for exploring. It has an instinct for restricting itself to primitive truths. Emerson, Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, Luise Mühlbach are good enough for him. He affects no

knowledge of art, the drama, the opera or advanced literature. He quotes like a school-boy. No platitude is so undeniable but he likes to adduce authority for it. His theology is of the old-fashioned variety. "Evolution to him still means the descent of man from the ape." His philosophy of life is as simple as his theological faith. Right is right and wrong is wrong, and thus living is a perfectly plain matter. Says Mr. Hale, pursuing the subject:

"I really suppose Mr. Bryan never had a religious nor a political doubt. He sees simply—sees everything in a definiteness, a distinctness, which to other observers it does not possess—sees everything in its idea, its elementary essence, as a Platonist might say. He visualizes like a child or a primitive man: that is a house, and this is a tree; that is Imperialism and

this is the Money Power. A word or a phrase possesses no connotations; it holds but a single, unchanging meaning; and, above all, it has its definite moral assessment in the world of things."

Speaking on April 3, in Philadelphia, Mr. Bryan gave evidence of this simplicity of mind. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church, he said, when he was but fourteen years of age. "Did I understand the creed of the Church I joined?" he asked. "I not only did not understand it then, but I've never had the time to study it since." Mr. Bryan is an elder of the Church and he believes in creeds—in a sort of general way; but, he observes, "so far as creeds are concerned, I am not apt to be tenacious or combative; but I am concerned about the fundamentals upon which our Christian Church rests." Can you beat that for childlike simplicity? His mother taught him at the age of ten to dislike swearing, and, he says, "to-day I never hear a man swear without wanting to get as far away from him as possible." Before he was fifteen his father stamped upon his mind "a detestation of gambling which has influenced me to this day." He can't remember when he first signed the pledge of total abstinence; but, he remarks, "I am ready to sign one any time or anywhere if I can get a human being to sign it with me." He does not know one card from another, he does not know the taste of liquor or tobacco, he holds family worship daily, and he says grace at every meal, the family joining with him at dinner.

This is the man who holds the post of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, an office that is supposed to call for subtlety, erudition, a mind of complex powers, and a certain Machiavelian knowledge of the world and skill in seeing into trickery and intrigue. It is a most interesting situation. Colonel Watterston is particularly interested in it. Writing in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, just after President Wilson was inaugurated, he said:

"Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan might be likened to two beaming, buoyant boys, given a dollar each to go and see the show. They are bidden to keep together. The money is declared for common use. Good intentions and self-confidence animate both. The weather is fair, the walking easy. If they hear the distant roar of the lions, the howling of the wolves and the growling of the tigers, it is to them rather music than warning. With the bravery of youth and the joy of possession, they reck not the dangers ahead."

But perhaps, after all, government is not necessarily such a complicated thing as we have supposed. Perhaps the complications that have accompanied it in the past have been in large part injected into it for devious pur-

poses. Washington was a man of simple nature. So was Lincoln. Queen Victoria did not have an overly subtle mind. We have all heard of the old-world diplomatist who kept all his rivals constantly guessing by the simple device of always telling the truth. Simplicity, in a contest with duplicity,

always seems to be at a disadvantage; but is it really so, in the long run? Perhaps we need not despair just yet a while of Mr. Bryan in his dealings with the affairs of the world. He has pursued his childlike way through political intrigues and conspiracies and plots without number in the past

twenty years, and he has outlasted them all. "I suppose," said the young lady passenger to the grizzled old pilot on the steamship, "you know where every rock in this river is." "No, miss," said the pilot in a confident tone, "but I know where all the safe channels are."

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM AS A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

NEVER in his life was Emperor William more conspicuous in the world's eye as a war lord, pure and simple, laments the Paris *Débats*, yet never, it hastens to add, did he more persistently seek privacy of life. The panic over the unprecedented increase in William's army, the celebration with such pomp of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession and the presence of so many royalties at the court of Berlin combine to emphasize the false notion of the man's personality with which the world's ear is poisoned. Now the truth about William as a man, insists our French contemporary, would, if told, rob him of his glamor, exhibit him in homely guise as a very ordinary country gentleman. Essentially the head of the house of Hohenzollern is just that, we read, and no more. He is a poor country gentleman, living shabbily in a somewhat remote and inaccessible portion of northeastern Germany. Baseless is the popular impression of William as a gorgeous potentate, baseless the notion that he strides in majesty through his native environment. He is the plainest of Prussian "Junkers," at least when he is at home, using well-worn furniture, eating the products of his own vegetable garden and trying to add to a somewhat scanty income by selling china. Now and then he must leave his humble home and put on some temporary grandeur as the titular head of the German Empire.

For a key to this mystery, we are referred to Cadinen. Cadinen, the name of the village in which His Imperial Majesty William II. is lost in the simplicity of his life as a rural squire, amounts to so little in population and resources and even in natural attractiveness, that it enjoyed no renown until the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty established a hearth and home there. Elbing, now a center of the shipbuilder's art, is in the district of Danzig, and between Elbing and the Frisches Haff and the Baltic one finds Cadinen, both village and imperial seat. The range of hills terminating the alluvial plain which gives the scenery its peculiar character is ribboned by three quaint and well-kept roads running from the shipbuilder's town to

the village in which Wilhelm is at home. The path, lined on both sides by trees in profusion, is a favorite with the Emperor. Here he dawdles or walks briskly, book or gun in hand, seeming to enjoy the rugged, almost forbidding character of a scenery suggesting nothing so much as a landscape in one of Poe's most fantastic tales. Of natural beauty the region is bare.

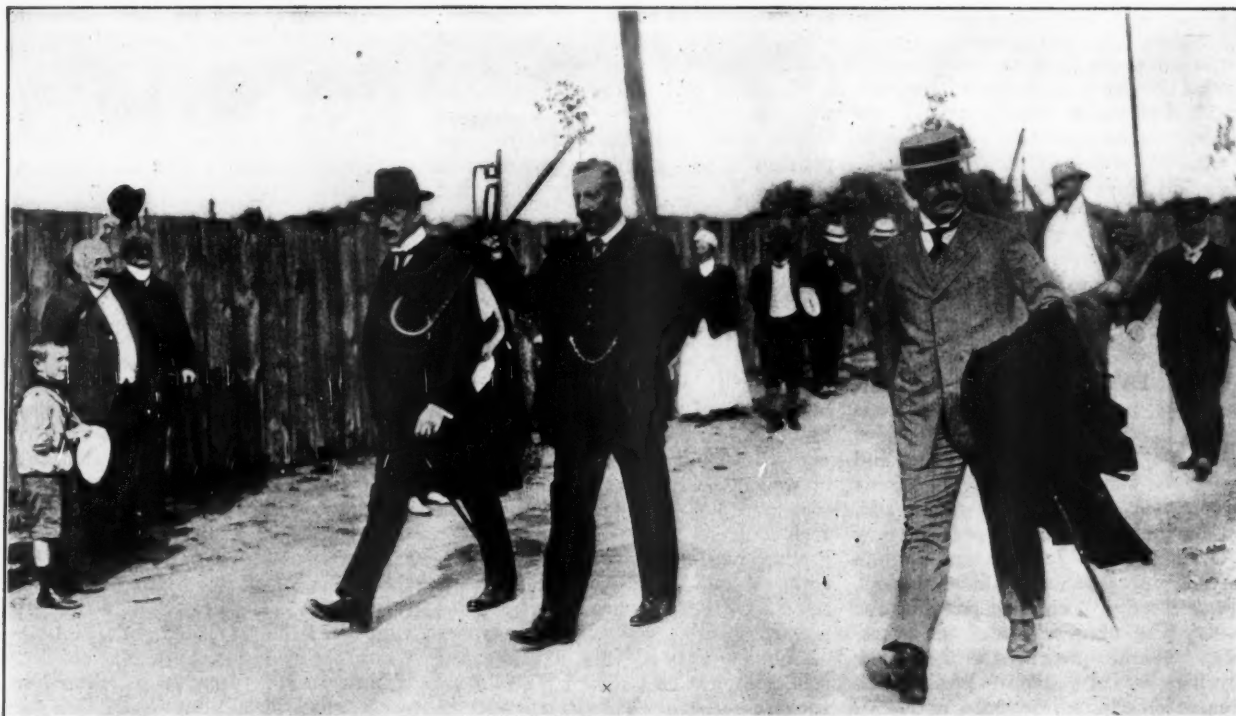
One must take very literally the statement that in Cadinen the German Emperor enjoys the rank and prestige of a squire. He is the landlord, the head of the household, the personal acquaintance of everyone. This is due to the smallness and remoteness of the village itself. It consists of a cluster of small, scattered houses, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, not one of the cottages having the slightest pretension to beauty, altho each has its tiny garden. The dwellers in this place do not number four hundred. Practically all the men and very many of the women draw pay in some capacity from the Emperor. One makes his shoes. Another plows. A third may be the carpenter. All enjoy a degree of personal contact with His Majesty that would much astonish those who know him only in the splendor of his capital or in the purely social magnificence of one of the imperial hunting lodges. At Cadinen the ruler of the Empire strives by his mode of life and in his deportment to become a mere human being, talking freely to anyone he meets about his intimately personal concerns as a country gentleman.

A certain quietness, not to say parsimony, of life proclaims itself the moment one attains the main entrance to the "park." The sole evidence of magnificence is afforded by two pillars, surmounted by the shield of the Counts of Schwerin, who owned this property in their palmy days. Just beyond the gate begins the carriage drive, quite a short one, ending abruptly and plainly at the house. One says "house" advisedly, for it is not even palatial, altho the dwellers in Cadinen call it the "castle." So unpretentious is the country home of His Majesty that in England, according to our authority, a much better residence

could be leased for five hundred dollars a year—and within twenty miles of London at that. There is even a suggestion of the ramshackle about the place, owing to its antiquity and the jerry-built architecture. It consists chiefly of a high basement, one main floor and a roof two stories high, the upper one so slanting that its rooms are uncomfortable attics in which the unwary strike the ceiling with their heads. Aged, shabby, rickety, the floors creak and the paint needs renewal.

So very conspicuous is the shabbiness of the furniture in all the rooms that a hint of decayed gentility suggests itself the moment one has crossed the threshold. All that reflects glory upon the establishment is the heraldic device of the Counts of Schlieben, at one time the territorial aristocrats of the place. There is an effect of extreme neatness in the well-worn carpets on the floor; but the forlornness where everything is so bare loses nothing from the obvious need of reupholstering in old sofas and chairs. The worn wooden floors groan as one treads towards the staircase and the paper on the wall is in one room a striking misfit and cheap-looking. It would be the grossest injustice to infer, if the Paris *Figaro* be right, that William is "near." He simply can not afford domestic luxury despite the size of his civil list. Nor is the Prussian Landtag at all impressed by the necessity of coming to the aid of him who besides being German Emperor is King of Prussia. The "Junkers" in the neighborhood live as simply, and the sovereign himself, being only a "Junker," need set no example of luxury.

Few things are so amazing, at least to our French contemporary, as the extent to which William's grandeur is extinguished when he is among the Prussian "Junkers." He is simply one of the territorial aristocrats, only poorer than the average. His dinners are not so magnificent. His acres are neither so many nor so well cultivated. His village is meaner. The hint that the lord of Cadinen, despite his rank as a sovereign, is a decayed gentleman living beyond his means loses no force from the simplicity of his table. It is



THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHINA MERCHANT

When His Imperial Majesty, William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, is at home in Cadinen, he manufactures chinaware and does a little farming, both being fairly profitable ventures. A plain person and often in need of ready money, the German Emperor has to live frugally in his country home, where uniforms are little seen and where he gets his vegetables from his wife's market garden.

littered with broken bits from the china factory. Mended plates, an occasional bowl without a handle, chipped goblets, and a napkin or two darned by the hand of the Empress where a hole had eaten its texture, rob the dining room of impressiveness. The wall is adorned here and there with a picture cut from an illustrated paper and passepartouted in black. The great table seems to have been wrecked in the course of its history and nailed together after a fashion by the village carpenter. Incidentally one has to be cautious in sitting down at Cadinen, lest a stray chair be insecure on its legs. A broken pane in one of the windows of an upper story went unattended for weeks, it seems, until cold weather necessitated stopping the orifice with a piece of newspaper.

The daily life at Cadinen, as described in our Parisian contemporary, suggests the homely simplicity of the self-made man. The atmosphere is one of business—an idea which loses no impressiveness from the circumstance that the Emperor owns a china factory in the vicinity. Breakfast comes punctually at half-past seven, with its coffee, slices of black bread and cold sausage. His Majesty is fond of boiled cold potatoes fried in grease and served with cold ham, when he sits down in the morning. Until nearly noon he is engaged with the cattle or the crops. He never hesitates to interfere with the arrangements of a tenant who, in his opinion,

does not know how to manage a dairy or a field or a mill. If, as may be the case, the tenant is a person with decided views, the hottest argument ensues in the open field or in the barn or possibly in the farmhouse, landlord and tenant coming occasionally to such extremes that the controversy gets into the local courts. The obstinate William lost one of these cases not long ago and had to restore a tenant to a property from which he was dispossessed. These episodes seem to make little difference to anyone concerned. The china factory at Cadinen, or rather in its vicinity, occasions equally vehement debate between its owner and its managers. His Majesty is said to be imbued with erroneous notions regarding his own expertness in the technical details of the business, a fact which his superintendents do not shrink from mentioning in his presence. It must be said to the credit of His Majesty, according to the *Figaro*, that he is a loyal and honest disputant, with no malice for anyone who bests him in controversy regarding agriculture or china. He lately welcomed a deputation of his discontented employees to Cadinen with beer and sent them away satisfied.

Few would suppose, says another observer of life at Cadinen, that the middle-aged man driving up to the house in a motor car through the dust is the German Emperor. He has just quitted the brilliant Berlin scene for a quiet life in this country home. A gray felt hat covers his head and his

sack suit obviously needs pressing. The only occupants of the car besides the Emperor himself are his wife and daughter and perhaps one of the younger princes. The older sons do not relish the humdrum existence at Cadinen and do not often appear there, much to their father's disgust. There is no sign of ceremony as William alights except the waving of flags by some twenty village girls who cry "Hoch! Hoch!" The Empress stops to kiss the children, the Emperor waves his hat, an old family servant lifts out a bag or a box and the private life of a country gentleman—interrupted by his duties as a reigning sovereign elsewhere—is resumed.

Never did a landlord on an estate identify himself so completely with his surroundings as does William. Bluff in manner, frank in speech, slapping some favorite tenant on the back, going to the village church regularly, wearing civilian clothes—no one ever sees a uniform at Cadinen—and smoking a big German pipe filled with coarse-cut tobacco, the Emperor would never be recognized by those who have read only of the German "war lord." His one failing as a country gentleman comes from the disputatious habit which makes him a little difficult to get along with. He labors under the delusion that he is a business man. He has entered upon many an ambitious scheme for the improvement of the estate only to find himself in the end out of pocket and even an object of ridicule to the farmers.

Music and Drama

"THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS"—THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

RECENTLY "Croesus," a play by a member of the historic house of Rothschild, failed miserably on its presentation in London, in spite of the strident *réclame* preceding the first performance. On the other hand, a play dealing with the rise of the Rothschild family by a German author, Carl Rossler, has been a success in more languages than one. The playwright depicts the weakness as well as the strength of the members of the clan foregathered for a family council in their old home in Frankfort, where Frau Gudula still keeps up the traditions of her husband, the founder of the house. The note of caricature introduced here and there by the German author has been almost entirely obliterated in the American version by the translator, Mr. Basil Hood, in deference, perhaps, to the millions of Jews who live in New York.

The action of the play passes in the year 1822. The first act takes us to Frau Gudula's house, in the Jews' Lane, Frankfort. Solomon, who lives in Vienna, has summoned his brothers, Anselm, Nathan and Carl, as well as his nephew Jacob, to meet him in the home town without explaining his reasons. They arrive in Frankfort from Paris, Naples and London, where each presides over a branch of the family interest. Solomon's arrival in Frau Gudula's house is preceded by that of his daughter Rachel who, much to the old lady's astonishment, brings two heavy trunks with many dresses, including a court gown. Rachel has met her grandmother only once as a child. She has never met her cousin Jacob, who has just come from Paris. When she is left alone for a moment she sits down by the spinet and plays an air from "The Barber of Seville." Jacob enters. She stops playing.

JACOB. Pray go on playing, Mademoiselle. This old house has not heard music for a long time.

RACHEL. (Turning round to him.) Yet I think music belongs to this dear old place.

JACOB. I believe I was the last to play on that instrument.

RACHEL. You are a musician! And you listened to me!

JACOB. Please go on! Music is most

delightful after the noise on 'change, where I have been. Do you care for that Opera?

RACHEL. It is too difficult for me to play.

JACOB. You like Rossini?

RACHEL. Could you recognize him in spite of my strummings?

JACOB. I wondered at a young lady being so modern as to play him.

RACHEL. I adore him!

JACOB. I shall tell him.

RACHEL. Do you know him?

JACOB. Yes. He is a friend of mine. He often stays with me in Paris.

RACHEL. Do you live in Paris?

JACOB. My business keeps me there. I am a banker.

RACHEL. And the friend of famous composers?

JACOB. Shall I introduce myself—formally?

RACHEL. Wait. (Places her two hands on the table and looks straight up at him.) I will guess. Are you "Little Jacob"? (Leaning forward.)

JACOB. (Laughing.) You know me?

RACHEL. (Leans back in chair.) Now it is your turn to guess.

JACOB. You don't belong to Frankfort.

RACHEL. Well, no! (Looking at him.) Who and what do you think I am?

JACOB. You might be—an actress.

RACHEL. How flattering! (Clapping her hands and leaning back in chair. Enter Frau Gudula.)

JACOB. Or a lady of title, a countess, perhaps, or a princess.

RACHEL. Or one of the family?

JACOB. No.

RACHEL. Ought I to say "thank you"? (Rachel rises as Frau Gudula speaks. Jacob turns around and sees Frau Gudula.)

FRAU GUDULA. Well, Jacob, have you made friends?

RACHEL. He does not quite know whether I am a fit person for his friendship.

FRAU GUDULA. (To Jacob.) Why, this is Solomon's Rachel, from Vienna!

RACHEL. Goodness knows what he might have thought of me if you hadn't come in.

FRAU GUDULA. (To Jacob.) Give your cousin a kiss. (Jacob goes quickly to Rachel, who turns away shyly.)

RACHEL. (Turning round to Frau Gudula.) Do cousins kiss—in Paris?

FRAU GUDULA. What an idea! In my days we held out our cheek, and blushed!

JACOB. At least I may kiss your hand?

RACHEL. Oh, with pleasure! (Puts hand out; he kisses it and holds it.)

The other brothers are already assembled when, last of all, Solomon enters. He quickly glances over his mail before he consents to speak. "Tomorrow," he remarks finally as he opens a letter, "I am going to take you for a drive."

ANSELM. Have you collected the family to give them a day in the country?

SOLOMON. (Reading letter rapidly.) You will see what's at the end of the drive. So, Anselm, let me have a clerk to-night. (Opening another letter.) Carl, the older you get the more of a Frankforter you look. Have you noticed it? (Becomes interested in letter.)

CARL. Do you think so? It is a curious thing that the Pope told me the last time I saw him that I looked more and more Italian every day.

SOLOMON. (Still reading.) Did that please you? (Looking up.) Do you think the Pope wants to borrow money?

CARL. Ah!

SOLOMON. How do you like Paris, Jacob? Any idea of a French loan? (Opening and reading another letter.)

JACOB. (Rises from window and gets behind Anselm's chair.) I think it quite possible I may be approached shortly.

SOLOMON. You may be quite sure, my boy. The French Ambassador in Vienna has been sounding me for the last three months.

RACHEL. (Who has risen from seat in window and goes to her father.) Father!

SOLOMON. What do you think of my little Rachel, mother? Tell me!

CARL. Have I come from Naples to hear what mother thinks of Rachel?

SOLOMON. I believe you are getting impatient! Do you all wonder why I have brought you here? Well (taking a large sealed envelope from his pocket), here is one of the reasons. What do you think of it?

NATHAN. Need we waste any more time?

SOLOMON. No, not a moment. This is a present for all of us. (To his mother.) Baroness, I have the honor to hand you a patent of nobility from the Chancery of State in Vienna, which raises us all to the rank of Baron. (Gives Frau Gudula paper.)

ANSELM. Upon my word!

FRAU GUDULA. Children, I cannot see clearly. Read it for me, one of you.

NATHAN. Let me look! (Takes paper.) Yes. The Emperor has bestowed on us the rank of Baron. Solomon, you did that well. (Goes up and pats Solomon, then to Carl and snatches paper.)



THE FAMILY COUNCIL

The five heads of the house of Rothschild discussing their new patent of nobility in their old home at Frankfort.

SOLOMON. Well, Mother, what have you to say?

FRAU GUDULA. I feel I must laugh! I am very glad, very proud for all your sakes. Your dear father would have been so pleased. Only, you must not get conceited.

RACHEL. (*Running up to Solomon.*) And you never let out a word about it during the whole of our journey.

SOLOMON. I never speak till the right moment, my dear; you know that!

ANSELM. I am a Baron! (*Turns to Solomon.*) Why didn't you tell us on 'change when everybody could hear?

SOLOMON. You must remember the dignity that belongs to rank.

ANSELM. Yes, yes! (*Slapping Carl on knee.*) I am a Baron!

CARL. Well, so am I!

FRAU GUDULA. Jacob, why are you so silent? You have the title too.

JACOB. I am wondering if it really makes much difference.

SOLOMON. Listen to him, the spoiled child! No, we are not changed; but we have now a sign of our success, which everyone will recognize.

NATHAN. I shall send off a special courier at once to my family in London.

CARL. (*Rises and follows Nathan.*) And I to Naples.

SOLOMON. It is not necessary. The official communication is already on its way to Paris, London, and Naples. (*To Rachel.*) And now, Rachel, you must run away; we have business to settle. (*Frau Gudula rises, and as she rises Anselm and Jacob rise also.*)

RACHEL. (*Running down and kissing Frau Gudula.*) Grannie! Good-by, father. (*Kisses him. Solomon closes doors on Rachel's exit.*)

SOLOMON. Mother, will you stay, please? Now, of course, it is clear to you all. Sit down, sit down.

ANSELM. How much are we to pay?

SOLOMON. I have been making preparations for a long time, as you will understand. The cost is spread over several items. First, entertaining and presents; secondly, a rather large sum lent to a person of high position and importance which will not be repaid. (*All four look at each other.*) And, thirdly, a donation towards building a Cathedral. I shall send the bill in to you. The amount is pretty large.

NATHAN. But it will be divided into six shares.

JACOB. A propos (*patting Frau Gudula's hand*), may I suggest that my Grandmother—that we should be responsible for her share?

FRAU GUDULA. Nonsense! I pay for myself.

CARL. I daresay in Italy it would have been cheaper.

SOLOMON. And not so good. We can afford the best.

ANSELM. You know, by rights, the expenses ought to be by scale, according to age, the younger to pay more, because they will enjoy the honor longer.

CARL. (*To Anselm.*) In this business it is better to make the shares equal. (*Carl and Nathan talk together.*)

SOLOMON. So be it then. There is another matter I want to discuss with you. You all know the young Duke of Taunus, at least by reputation.

CARL. By reputation—or want of it!

ANSELM. I know his signature.

FRAU GUDULA. I saw him once as a child, a handsome boy.

JACOB. He is often in Paris. I have seen him sometimes, and one often hears of him. He enjoys life.

SOLOMON. He has been to my house in Vienna. He has charming manners. He was very polite to Rachel.

FRAU GUDULA. You are all so grand.

SOLOMON. He is very deeply in debt.

ANSELM. They say he has more creditors than subjects.

SOLOMON. When he came home after Napoleon's abdication, he rode through triumphal arches to an empty treasury. Perhaps, too, he has been foolish as well as unfortunate. Now he is anxious to put his house in order. He has approached me with regard to a loan.

ANSELM. For how much?

SOLOMON. Twelve million florins.

NATHAN. How will he pay?

SOLOMON. I have thought out a scheme for the payments to extend over forty years.

CARL. And if the payments are not kept up?

SOLOMON. Of course, I should insure against that. I can explain my plan.

ANSELM. If he is a spendthrift, as they say—

CARL. It is surely too risky.

NATHAN. With a man to whom extravagance has become second nature.

SOLOMON. Guarantees must be made that he changes his habits.

NATHAN. How?

SOLOMON. By his marriage.

NATHAN. To whom?

SOLOMON. (*Pause.*) To my daughter Rachel.

ANSELM. The Duke of Taunus marry Rachel? That is absurd.

SOLOMON. I am aware of difficulties.

NATHAN. If it were possible, it would go against us. We should be thought too ambitious.

SOLOMON. We are ambitious. I am ambitious for the family. Mother, what do you say?

FRAU GUDULA. You terrify me. My grandfather came from Neustadt in the Taunus, where he lived very humbly. And shall my grandchild ride in a coach and be called a Duchess where he was so humble? No! It is not possible. I will

have no hand in it. Do as you like, but keep me out of it.

In the second act the scene shifts to the Castle Grounds of Neustadt, where the Duke of Taunus resides with his court. The Duke's confidential adviser, Count Fehrenberg, has invited the newly created barons to lunch. This Semitic invasion of his palace hugely amuses the Duke. Frau Gudula has rejected the invitation, but the other members of the family accept. The Duke makes desperate attempts to be polite to his visitors. He is more in his element when he finds himself alone with Rachel. "Don't you love nature?" she asks him, attempting to make conversation. "Yes," the Duke replies. "But, to be perfectly honest, I would rather look at a pretty woman than at a landscape."

RACHEL. (*Laughing.*) Whatever subject we choose, you bring it round to "woman."

DUKE. The beginning and end of all. If a man of my age were to talk to you of anything but yourself—

RACHEL. Well?

DUKE. He would be a hypocrite.

RACHEL. Practice a little hypocrisy, please.

DUKE. No. You prefer me to be natural, and I want to be what you wish.

RACHEL. Perhaps pretty speeches are natural for you, but I am not used to them. (*Looks at Duke.*)

DUKE. How can that be, if you ever listen to what people say to you?

RACHEL. At home they talk quite differently.

DUKE. What *do* they talk about? Not always "business"?

RACHEL. (*Turns and looks at Duke.*) No. Yesterday I talked about music.

DUKE. Music!

RACHEL. With my cousin Jacob. He is a friend of the composer Rossini. I was very much interested.

DUKE. Were you? In your cousin—or his conversation?

RACHEL. Well, in both. For, curiously enough, we had never met before.

DUKE. Shall we talk about music?

RACHEL. Do you care to?

DUKE. If it will please you.

RACHEL. Are you fond of music?

DUKE. Yes. And I prefer the sound of your voice to any that I have heard.

RACHEL. (*Laughing.*) You are incorrigible. Why will you say nothing but ridiculous things?

DUKE. Do they sound ridiculous?

RACHEL. Flattery is always foolish. You see, I say exactly what I think.

DUKE. And if I say what I think, you call it flattery!

RACHEL. If I could read your real thoughts—

DUKE. Do. I won't speak. (*Sits on ground facing Rachel.*) I'll sit and look at you.

RACHEL. That will be very dull.

DUKE. For you?

RACHEL. For both of us.

DUKE. I find it a delightful occupation.

RACHEL. I have heard you are not naturally energetic.



APPEALING FROM MAMMON TO CUPID

Rachel (Alma Belwyn) confesses to Frau Gudula, her grandmother (Mathilde Cottrelly), that she prefers the love of her cousin Jacob to a ducal crown.

DUKE. If that is my worst fault—

RACHEL. It is a bad one in a man.

DUKE. You encourage me to conquer it.

RACHEL. I encourage you? How?

DUKE. By your contempt.

RACHEL. Oh! Have I said anything so rude—or unkind?

DUKE. You could not be willingly unkind. (*Enter Jacob, Fehrenberg, Carl and Nathan.*)

Rachel leaves her relatives alone with the Duke, and Solomon at once proceeds to the business in hand. "I require immediately twelve million florins," declares the Duke. "What," asks Solomon, "would be the nature of your security?"

DUKE. Security? Would it be customary to offer security in a matter of this kind?

SOLOMON. It would be expected.

ANSELM. It's usual.

DUKE. Well (*with a look to Fehrenberg*), we could pledge part of the revenue from my taxes.

FEHRENBURG. I must remind your Highness that you have already anticipated the next five years' income.

DUKE. Of course, I had forgotten that.

FEHRENBURG. Gentlemen, the produce of the Duchy could be enormously increased

by careful and prudent administration. There are extensive forests, some coal, and mineral springs.

SOLOMON. We have considered that. But such properties require large capital for their development.

DUKE. Cannot I give you my personal security?

SOLOMON. Your Highness, you may have suggested unconsciously a possible solution. But the guarantee would have to be of a *peculiar* nature.

DUKE. Please explain.

ANSELM. Pardon me (*embarrassed*)—I should like to leave you now.

DUKE. I cannot understand.

ANSELM. At this point I beg to retire. I apologize, but I won't stay.

CARL. Your Highness, I too feel it best to leave the discussion at this point.

DUKE. Of course, it is as you please.

SOLOMON. Cowards!

FEHRENBURG. If for any reason you wish to be alone—

DUKE. No, stay here.

SOLOMON. I beg you to stay, and my brother Nathan also.

NATHAN. I will stay.

DUKE. I am getting inquisitive!

SOLOMON. Your Highness, I have your permission to be quite candid?

DUKE. Yes, yes! (*Smiling.*) Don't let us beat about the bush.

SOLOMON. You are on the verge of

bankruptcy. One thing, I believe, can save you, and that is—

DUKE. Yes?

SOLOMON. A judicious marriage.

DUKE. We have thought of that, haven't we, Fehrenberg? We looked about for an alliance of that kind.

FEHRENBURG. (*Laughing.*) But we could find nothing suitable.

SOLOMON. What would your Highness consider suitable?

DUKE. (*Smiling.*) Youth, charm, beauty and a great deal of money.

SOLOMON. I can offer you all those qualities.

DUKE. (*Amused.*) You can? I am overwhelmed by the great versatility of your enterprise! Where have you found a lady of my rank so admirably fitting?

SOLOMON. Your Highness, the conception of equality is not the same to-day as it was yesterday. Times change. Your Highness is not one of those who have refused to advance with the times.

DUKE. If you compliment me, you will make me suspicious. (*A laugh.*)

NATHAN. Solomon, your Highness, I think we should reconsider our proposal.

DUKE. Before I hear what it is? Come, Baron, what have you in your mind?

SOLOMON. I propose that you should marry my daughter Rachel.

DUKE. (*Rises.*) Sir! Really— (*He has to laugh.*) Fehrenberg, you hear? What do you say to that?

FEHRENBURG. (*Stiffly.*) Your Highness, Court etiquette has not considered such an emergency. I have never heard of a precedent for such a *proposal*!

DUKE. I admit I am a little taken aback. You see I laugh. But you might have chosen a moment when I would have requested you to leave my house instantly, as the most convenient conclusion to our conversation.

SOLOMON. Sir, in the choice of the right moment lies the success of the game.

DUKE. Are you a gambler?

FEHRENBURG. I was once able to buy a villa in Baden-Baden because an ace appeared in the nick of time.

SOLOMON. All games are not games of chance. I do not trust to luck but to calculation.

DUKE. And you calculated on my being driven into accepting your proposal by my dread of bankruptcy?

SOLOMON. I calculated on my knowledge of the world enabling you to consider its advantages impartially.

DUKE. Oh, I appreciate the advantages.

SOLOMON. To both our families. (*Bows.*)

DUKE. (*Moving to Solomon.*) Sir, you tempt me to speak without reserve. You make me think of a highwayman gone mad, who says to me, "Stand! (*Pointing hand with finger out at Solomon as if holding a pistol.*) Take my money. It is yours. Refuse it at your peril!" Such audacity is magnificent but a little unusual! (*Turns away from Solomon and looks on ground.*) Yet your persistency commands a certain admiration and attention.

SOLOMON. (*Bending over him.*) And your Highness will come to a decision?

NATHAN. Not immediately, we do not ask that.

SOLOMON. I do. (*With a smile to Na-*

than.) This is the right moment. If your Highness will say "yes" now, the agreement shall be signed at noon to-morrow, and the money handed to you at once.

DUKE. (*A pause.*) You use strong arguments.

SOLOMON. And you are convinced?

DUKE. (*A pause.*) I say "yes," provided, of course, that your daughter is not unwilling.

In the last act the action is again transferred to the house in Jews' Lane. The Duke's money is ready. The Duke himself makes his appearance. He decorates his prospective brothers-in-law with his family order, usually conferred for valor. "You are so bold as to lend me money. No soldier could display more courage." Jacob, who is opposed to the match, does not make his appearance. "Cousin Jacob," asks Rachel, who is still unaware of what is happening, "why are you so much against lending money to the Duke?"

JACOB. Money? He can have as much money as he wants, for all I care.

RACHEL. Then what is it you object to? Oughtn't I to ask?

JACOB. Yes, and I will tell you! Your fate is being sealed in that room upstairs.

RACHEL. My fate! How does it concern me?

JACOB. The Duke will ask for you in marriage.

RACHEL. For me! What do you mean? JACOB. He is to marry you as part of the bargain in return for the services our family is rendering him. (*A pause.*)

RACHEL. Did my father suggest this?

JACOB. Yes. Do you think I am wrong to tell you?

RACHEL. I thank you for telling me.

JACOB. Your father is the cleverest of us all. He can turn almost anything to good account, even his own daughter.

RACHEL. (*Gently but earnestly.*) You mustn't speak like that of him. Remember that I love him; and altho you may not understand all he does—he loves me, and he tries to do the best for me.

JACOB. So you will marry the Duke? (*She makes no answer.*) You like him, don't you?

RACHEL. Yes. He is intelligent, more so than he pretends. He is clever, and has a kind heart, too, tho he likes to appear bitter sometimes; but he ought to grow out of that. He is quite young.

JACOB. And handsome.

RACHEL. Yes, he is handsome, and he is not conceited.

JACOB. In fact, he has a perfect character as well as a grand position!

RACHEL. He is a real Prince, I think, tho his country is so small. And whoever married him would share a real throne.

JACOB. So you have settled on your answer.

RACHEL. It would be a very different life from what I have always pictured for myself. (*After a moment's pause, suddenly.*) Why do you dislike him?

JACOB. Because I'm jealous of him.

RACHEL. Jealous?

JACOB. Only because he is so self-

possessed and I am just the opposite! He makes me feel stupid, awkward. I know I am far beneath him. I have nothing against him and just because I haven't I feel—

RACHEL. (*Very gently.*) What?

JACOB. Miserable! (*Rachel rises, puts out her hands as if to touch him, then sits again.*)

RACHEL. Is that all that's the matter with you?

JACOB. There is nothing the matter with me. I have nothing to complain of.

RACHEL. No, I should think most people envy you.

JACOB. Perhaps. I can have almost all I want. No one can have everything. But I did not choose my work, my calling. A banker's life is well; it's a life without much color.

RACHEL. (*Smiling.*) Or music.

JACOB. You laugh at me and my wants! Well, it does me good. I know I am a fool; but I would rather make music than money.

RACHEL. (*Laughing.*) That does sound funny from a banker and one of our family!

JACOB. But don't think me stupidly discontented or ungrateful for all I have. Perhaps you do from what I have said. But I cannot say all I mean. There is one thing in all the world I want, for which I would give the world if it were mine, and all the money in the world. And I cannot tell you. I must not speak of it to you, and you will never understand. (*Rises.*)

RACHEL. (*Moves slowly up to him.*) Perhaps I do understand.

JACOB. Rachel! (*Turns to her.*) If you do, I should not have spoken. In a sense it was not honorable of me. Forget what I have said.

Frau Gudula now asks for a private word with the Duke. "Do you," she asks, "see the difficulties and dangers of the match?"

FRAU GUDULA. But marriage is not a game.

DUKE. It may be an adventure if the consequences are not too easily seen, and my life has been, in a sense, always of adventure. When I was a child, Napoleon was shaking the ground he marched over. One day my father's little throne fell down and was picked up and dropped into the Corsican's sack. I have been an exile, and my crown has been restored to me. I have had money, and it has gone, and I should have had to go after it if your sons had not now lifted me once more upon my little throne. You see, Baroness, I have had my ups and downs.

FRAU GUDULA. You treat life as a plaything. What blessing can there be for a girl of my people in sharing such a life?

DUKE. When I am married, Baroness— (*Frau Gudula rises, also Duke.*)

FRAU GUDULA. (*Impatiently.*) Don't call me that. It is a pretence that does not please me.

DUKE. A pretence! The Emperor has— FRAU GUDULA. Your Highness, no Emperor can ennoble me—at my age. Rank is not worn so easily by old women.

DUKE. I think, madame, you belong to a more ancient nobility than my own.

FRAU GUDULA. Give your compliments

to my grandchild and convince her with them, if you can. I wash my hands of this marriage. The matter is beyond me. The child shall decide for herself. I pray to Providence to guide her. (*Rachel enters with Solomon and a little later Nathan, Anselm and Jacob.*)

SOLOMON. Well, mother, may we come in? Is your tête-à-tête over?

FRAU GUDULA. Yes. We have much in common, His Highness and I.

DUKE. (*Puts up hand.*) Madame! Shall I speak now? (*To Solomon.*) Sir, you know already why I am here to-day. I have the honor to beg your daughter's hand in marriage.

SOLOMON. We thank you, Duke Gustavus, for the high honor you confer on our family. We accept that honor gratefully and gladly. (*Takes Rachel's hand.*) I give my daughter to you.

RACHEL. (*Puts her hand on her father's shoulder.*) Father, you cannot without a word from me.

SOLOMON. What do you mean?

RACHEL. (*Moves away from Solomon.*) I am ashamed. I know now that you arranged this yesterday, and I am ashamed.

SOLOMON. (*Restraining his anger.*) How ashamed?

RACHEL. Ashamed to have been offered and accepted in this way.

SOLOMON. It is the custom of our people to arrange marriages in this way.

RACHEL. A hateful custom! A shameful custom!

SOLOMON. (*Angrily.*) Shameful?

RACHEL. Yes. (*To Duke.*) Your Highness, I will not be party to a bargain so shameful to both of us. (*Turns to Duke.*) I thank you and refuse. (*Bows to Duke.*)

SOLOMON. Do you know what you are saying?

RACHEL. Do you know what I am feeling? Father, do you believe that I could ever be happy without a home? Sir, I could never find a home in that castle,

with all the servants laughing at me behind my back. And the portraits on the walls staring at me and seeming to say: "If you please, you have come here too soon, wait another century or so!" No, if I marry, I—Grannie— (*She turns to her Grandmother, breaking down, and sobs.*) Grannie!

SOLOMON. (*To Duke, very angry, but cold.*) Your Highness will forgive this exhibition? My daughter will soon see reason.

DUKE. (*With dignity.*) I beg you, I insist that you shall not persuade her against her will.

SOLOMON. (*Angry.*) Her will? In this family the children obey their parents.

FRAU GUDULA. (*To Solomon.*) Then obey me, and let the child have her way in this. (*To Duke.*) You at least are wise enough to understand it must be so.

DUKE. I understand that, Madame. But— (*To Solomon.*) if I do not fulfill my part—

SOLOMON. Count Fehrenberg has the money. He is half-way to the Castle by now. (*Rachel rises and gets above Frau Gudula's chair, wiping her eyes.*)

DUKE. It will be returned to you, of course—if there is any left. I am bound to say—

FRAU GUDULA. (*To Duke.*) No, be thankful you have got it. If I know my sons they will not be losers.

ANSELM. My mother is right. We have never yet taken back a signature.

The Duke makes his exit. "Now," remarks Solomon, turning angrily to his daughter, "you will give me your reasons for what you have done." Jacob, who is in the background, watches her intently.

RACHEL. You know them, father. (*Speaking also for Jacob's benefit.*) If I marry, it will not be for a castle, and a great title, and position. The Duke

would give those to me; but I want more than he could give.

SOLOMON. Go on.

RACHEL. And I must be able to give more, indefinitely more, than I could ever give to him.

SAMUEL. Is there anyone to whom you could give, and who could give to you all you mean?

RACHEL. I—believe so, father.

SOLOMON. Will you tell me who he is? (*She does not answer.*) So it is all arranged between you. What is his position in life?

RACHEL. (*Very quietly.*) He is a business man, I think you would call it.

SOLOMON. Every tailor calls himself that. What kind of business is his?

RACHEL. Banking.

SOLOMON. A banker?

RACHEL. Yes. Like you.

SOLOMON. Oh! Is he well off!

RACHEL. He has some money, I suppose.

SOLOMON. How much, do you suppose?

RACHEL. As much as you have, I suppose.

SOLOMON. You are sanguine, I think. Is his family as much respected as ours?

RACHEL. Just as much.

SOLOMON. A Jew?

RACHEL. Yes.

SOLOMON. Of course! Well, who is he? Tell me.

RACHEL. I would rather not unless you insist.

SOLOMON. (*Rises.*) I do insist.

RACHEL. Then, he is there. (*Looking to Jacob.*)

JACOB. Rachel! My little Rachel!

SOLOMON. Magnificent! So I have worked and calculated and spent my money for my nephew!

FRAU GUDULA. And those two have made their Lover's Lane out of this Jews' Alley! Yes, it is magnificent.

SOLOMON. I could have done it more cheaply, if I had known.

SEM BENELLI'S TRAGEDIES OF BLOOD, LUST, AND DEATH

SIGNOR Sem Benelli, Italy's young tragic poet, may be introduced to the American public next season by an operatic version of his tragedy, "L'Amore dei Tre Re" ("The Love of the Three Kings"). As a dramatic poet, Sem Benelli has been compared to Shakespeare. As a melodramatic trickster, he has been compared to Victorien Sardou. Sem Benelli is young. Yet if we are to believe Addison McLoed in his book on "Plays and Players in Modern Italy" (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago), his is already a record of distinct achievement. Jean Richepin translated his "La Cene delle Beffa" ("The Supper of Jokes") into French, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt acted its leading rôle in Paris three years ago.

Sem Benelli is not an imitator, so Mr. Will Hutchins tells us in the *Yale*

Review; the stamp of originality is on his creation. "He is not a preacher, either of morals or of art-theory; and so completely does he keep himself behind the curtain that he baffles the attempt to connect him with schools of thought." At the time of the presentation in Paris of his tragedy *La Beffa*, however, he was interviewed in the *Figaro*. He explained his aim and his ambition in creating a new romantic tragedy. "I have always thought," he said, "that dramatic verse ought to be, first of all, agile, nervous, docile. I think that it ought to adapt itself precisely to the images it is meant to embellish and heighten, and that it ought to be at times as rippling as a brook, at times as impetuous as a storm, at times as majestic as a river." Sem Benelli would rid the romantic drama and verse of its artificialities. He wants to bring it more closely into contact with

living movement, with truth, with humanity. "He has not flinched," Mr. Hutchins informs us, "before subjects which are revolting as well as powerful, but he has avoided stagnation in disease by a strong and compelling sense of movement, a sort of moral rhythm. You can go through a great deal if only you can keep going." Still, Sem Benelli seems to have a predilection for love, vengeance, intrigue, passion and murder. He might be called a poet of blood, lust and death.

His characteristics are best illustrated in his bitter tragedy, "The Supper of Jokes." This is a play that has attracted and held the attention of Italy. And it is this play that led several Paris critics to accuse Signor Benelli of that quality Bernard Shaw has named "Sardoodledum." Its scene is laid in medieval Florence—Benelli's birthplace—and it leads us into an

atmosphere like that found in Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography. There are three leading characters, Neri Chiarmantese, a bully; Gianetto Malespini, an old man; and Ginevra, a courtesan. The old Gianetto, in spite of his age, has been making love to Ginevra, Neri's mistress. Neri and his brother Gabrielle have retaliated by "jests," dagger thrusts and throwing old Gianetto into the river. One Tornaquinci gives a supper, at the command of the Magnificent, for the purpose of ending all this enmity. Tired of being the butt, Gianetto plans a little joke on the two swaggering, insolent brothers. Aided by the good Tuscan wine, the old man draws on Neri to accept a wild wager, which will take him into an assembled company of Florentine gentry, clad in plate armor and carrying a pruning hook. Gianetto then goes off to spread the rumor that Neri is raving mad. Later, in Neri's cloak, he penetrates the apartments of Ginevra, passing himself off as Neri. Neri breaks loose but is recaptured by the ushers of the Medici; and the third act is devoted to the goading of the supposed madman. Mr. McLoed depicts the tremendous climax of the play:

"The doctor authorizes his (Neri) being handed over into the custody of his friends. Gianetto, who has attained, apparently, a general order to deal with the situation, allows his release, and Neri goes off, not able for the moment to give vent to his feelings. Gianetto, however, out of an apparent miscarriage of plans, has evolved a revenge a thousand times more subtle and more deadly.

I hold between my fingers
The finest thread of all, and out of it
I'll tie the knot of death.

"The hastily mentioned name of Gabrielle gives a hint—no more—to those of keen wit, of what this may be. And . . . and . . . Neri or no Neri, he will go and visit Ginevra to-night.

"In the last act, Ginevra and her maid are discussing the situation together. Neri breaks in on them, orders Ginevra to await her old new lover as if nothing has happened; threatening her with death if she disobeys him in any single particular. Then he follows her into the room. What comes next is stupendous in its simplicity. There is silence. The stage is empty. Then a rollicking love-song strikes up in the street outside, swells out and dies away again, as the singer passes along. Can anyone, I wonder, imagine the irony of this drunkenly cheerful ditty in the ears of those who sit breathlessly, helplessly, awaiting the ghastliest of murders! Silence! Then a moment's speech between the waiting-maid and Fazio; she begging him to warn his master. Silence again! Then a figure, taller and more robust than Gianetto, clad in a flame-colored cloak, passes hurriedly across the stage, casting nervous glances here and there. He opens Ginevra's door and passes in. A terrible cry, and Neri comes out, wiping his knife; and at the very moment, from another door, Gianetto



THE WOOD-CARVER OF FLORENCE

Sem Benelli was a Florentine wood-carver before he achieved his triumph as a writer of bloody but brilliant tragedies.

confronts him. For an instant they stand face to face; the great fellow trembling now before the coward stripling whom he has persecuted. 'You? Whom have I killed, then?' 'Go and see, and then keep your reason—if you can!' Fazio rushes to his master. 'Fly, fly!' But Gianetto only gazes at the door. 'I am chained here'; then as Neri comes out, with a quiet detached voice, in which no member of the audience could imitate him, 'Will he kill me? No! He cannot.' And Neri passes across the stage, gibbering and caressing the flame-colored cloak which he bears across his shoulder."

In such scenes of startling intensity, declares Mr. McLoed, the genius of a Shakespeare manifests itself in finding the right thing to say. "This little speech of Gianetto, as he is waiting for Neri to come out of the chamber of death, is of this kind. Equal to Shakespeare? Perhaps not. But hear it spoken in its place, and then tell me of any writer, save Shakespeare, who could have bettered it."

If "The Love of the Three Kings," which we may see produced on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera, is less vigorous, it is more lyrical. It is strongly reminiscent of Paolo and Francesca and recalls Romeo and Juliet. However, the melodramatic thrills are not lacking. Here is Mr. McLoed's recital of the plot:

"Fiora, a native princess, is married to Manfred, a barbarian prince, whose father, Archibaldo, vigorous tho old and blind, is quick in every sense but the one which he misses utterly. But Fiora loves Avito, an Italian prince, and the two have clandestine meetings; suspected, but not caught, by the blind father. Archibaldo's interest in Fiora is intense, and there is just a hint in a speech of hers, coupled

with his answer, that it surpasses that with which an old man should regard his daughter-in-law. In the second act, Manfred, about to set out for the wars, begs his wife, whose very footprints he worships, to wave him a last farewell from the tower. There, on the battlements, we see her; while Avito, hid by the parapet, creeps up and kisses the hem of her robe, pours forth his passionate love, and all the while the waved scarf signals to the parting husband a message—alas! a false one—of faith and love. But as the husband passes, more passionate grow the lover's words; weaker, the wavings of the scarf, until, vanquished and regardless of all else in heaven or on earth, she falls from her perch into her lover's arms. At that moment Archibaldo appears on the scene. He fails to trap Avito, but catches Fiora, and, as she will not confess nor yield her lover's name, strangles her with his two great hands. Then Manfred returns, and, aghast at the scene, cannot pardon Archibaldo his share. The latter, saying 'Keep your dream! I will avenge you. You must not look upon the death-necklace your father's hands have made,' bears out the body of the fallen and punished wife. In Act III the body is laid out in the vault; but Archibaldo has spread poison on her lips to catch the lover, who he knows will come to gather the sweetness which romance bids him—and us with him—believe is still flowering there. Avito comes; is caught in his death-agony by Manfred; and the latter, after enjoying his rival's punishment, commits suicide—even with the executioner's weapon. The scene is closed by the appearance of Archibaldo, who, finding his son in agony, guesses the event, and falls prone, with a gesture of despair, over his body."

Mr. Hutchins characterizes Sem Benelli as a "poet who can write plays which have earned their right to be seen and to be read." He concludes his interpretation:

"His sense of drama is at once poetic in form and realistic in its fidelity to human life. Very fortunately he is a young man. We may hope that ability so signal may yet be turned to subject-matter of more general interest. In reviewing his work thus far we feel certain that his sense of tragedy is genuine; he is not morbid, for all his excursions into the degradations of the Renaissance. It must be remembered, too, that he is Italian, native born to a dramatic tradition which takes its tragedy without flinching, and in large quantities. The flabby moralities of our stage, with its false modesties and its paper-doll heroisms, might profit by an inoculation of honest tragedy. Had Mr. Kennedy, in 'The Winterfeast,' been able to restrain his horror to more endurable proportions and to tell his story with the simple directness of 'L'Amore dei Tre Re,' it may be that even our public might have allowed a more generous hearing to a work of splendid beauties. The successful tragedies of recent appearance in English—and there have been successes, in box-office parlance—will compare very poorly, for the most part, with the simple and searching verse-dramas of Sem Benelli."

SEEKING PLAYS WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB

THE offer by Winthrop Ames of \$10,000 for the best play submitted to him for production by the fifteenth of August again calls attention to the scarcity of playwrights who know their business. No less than ten thousand plays are annually written in America, according to the conservative estimate of an experienced play-reader. Only a small proportion of those plays ever see the footlights. In France the percentage of plays produced is even more discouraging. The French Society of Dramatic Authors boasts of no less than 5,400 members. Computing the output of these playwrights at a ratio of five dramas to one dramatist, we find that there exists in France a reserve crop of 27,000 plays. Yet, the *Dramatic Mirror* informs us, only sixty members of the Society succeed yearly in obtaining a hearing for the children of their brain, leaving the other 5,340 members of the Society to await their turn. In this country the number of plays produced is more than four times that of France. There is no lack of opportunity for production, but there is a dearth of good plays. Managers scour the country with a fine tooth comb for new playwrights.

"I suppose," remarked Mr. Ames, "I am at one with other managers in feeling acutely the lack of good plays. To one not in the theatrical profession himself it is astounding. I am sure there must be many good plays somewhere—by somebody—in America. It is the purpose of my competitive offer to get them." Many people, Mr. Ames thinks, have a vigorous dramatic idea in their system, but think it not worth their while to put it into dramatic form. To these Mr. Ames attempts to furnish an incentive. "I expect everything," he says, "and—nothing. That is, I am anticipating nothing. I am just waiting. I may get three or four very good plays. I doubt if I get more than that. Again, I may not get one notable bit of work."

Columbia University has established a Dramatic Museum for the benefit of students of the drama and budding playwrights. Harvard University has established a Laboratory Theater where plays written by students may be also produced by them. The theater is not restricted to plays by students, however, and is to be conducted as an adjunct to the instruction in the technique and the history of the drama. In spite of all the coaxing by managers, universities, stage societies, drama leagues, and newspapers, successful playwrights refuse to be incubated. Out of two hundred plays submitted without invitation to a prominent manager in one year, only four merited production. Of these, according to a professional play-reader, confiding his experiences

to the *New York Times*, 146 came from eastern States. The Empire State is represented by 112 from New York City alone. New Jersey has a total of five, with four from Montclair. Pennsylvania submitted eleven, with Pittsburgh two and Philadelphia seven. The same total came from Massachusetts, Boston offering two and Cambridge eight. The last-named holds the dramatic barracks of Professor George Pierce Baker and his little army of playwrights. Vermont sent one play from its literary colony at Windsor.

"The 'solid South' polled seven. A solitary piece arrived from Washington, D. C. Delaware sent two, one being from Wilmington. An R. F. D. wagon started one from Maryland. Literary Louisville brought one from Kentucky, Norfolk, Va., sent one, and so did Pensacola, Fla.

"The middle West contributed thirty-nine. In Ohio were nine, Cleveland and Columbus giving two each, and Cincinnati four. Out of the seventeen from Illinois, Chicago is responsible for fourteen. Of the Hoosier State, Indianapolis and South Bend sent one each. Kansas City and St. Louis sent one each from Missouri. Little Rock represented Arkansas with one. Wisconsin had two, with one from Milwaukee. Minneapolis was present with one from St. Paul, Michigan had three with two from Detroit. From a small town in South Dakota came one. Des Moines, Iowa, completed the section with one.

"California represented the entire West with two from Los Angeles and one from Oakland.

"The foreign plays were all English, three from London, England, and two from British Columbia, Vancouver sending one.

"Of the 200, nine came in printed form, seven being of private editions. Play brokers acted for ten of the authors. Blank verse was the medium for four tragedies, prose sufficing for the remainder."

One-act plays, musical comedies, scenarios and novels submitted for dramatization are not included in this estimate. There were twenty-four comedies, seventeen farces, one hundred and eighteen dramas, thirty-one melodramas and ten tragedies. Most authors show a lack of business acumen in the selection of the managers to whom they submit their plays. Many pieces utterly remote from a manager's line of productions are sent to his office. When, the play-reader goes on to say, it is clear by newspaper report or other testimony, that a manager confines his work to the production of spectacular plays, for instance, it is scarcely within reason to submit psychological and narrowly intimate pieces to him. "There is a chance that he may take them; but it isn't even a fighting chance. It is much more difficult to persuade a manager who

specializes in pieces having but five or six or even ten characters to take a play requiring twenty performers than it is to succeed with one accustomed to 'plunging.'"

The writer attempts to destroy the myth that good plays are often turned down. There may be great misconception in certain managerial quarters as to what constitutes a good play, but on the whole, producers are shrewd, no matter how mistaken they may be in individual instances.

"A producer's tendency, of course, is to stay in ruts—to produce only pieces of such form and containing such scenes as he knows from his own experience and that of others to be acceptable to the public. This is not necessarily cowardice, but rather cautiousness, a personal sureness of knowledge. His average production costs anywhere from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and he is not going to risk the amount in pieces that do not inspire his confidence or that do not at least show him 'a way out.'

"These plays that are rejected by manager after manager, and then, after ten years, let us say, are produced amid acclamation (and anathemas on all 'commercial' managers and their readers), are, as far as I have ever been able to learn or determine, not at all the same plays that started out on the heartrending, peddling journey. The author has profited by reasons given him for his rejections; his own common sense has helped him considerably. He has revised and revamped and written again until at last it becomes practically in shape, and some one accepts it. It is then that we hear that half-truth that so many 'ignorant' managers turned down a good play. We do not hear how the play was improved, step by step, at the suggestion of those same managers. In almost any manager's office they will tell you, readily enough and without any particular regret, of some season's success that they turned down."

Of the two hundred plays in question, ninety-one were rejected because of faulty material, sixty-one suffered the same fate because of defective construction, seven others were snuffed out because of faulty treatment. Of the four accepted, one was a "crook play" by an established English playwright; another was a native dramatization, by a man amateur, of an old, standard, English novel, admirably suited for production as a spectacle; the third was a man amateur's drama of domestic type, and the fourth was a Russian political melodrama by a native woman amateur. All four needed revision.

Another expert declares that all the trouble in finding good plays may be caused by the lack of any definite standards of dramaturgy either on the part of the public, the producing managers, or the teachers of technique. It is difficult to please everyone involved.

THE PAGEANT AS A FORM OF PROPAGANDA

IN the revival of one of the earliest forms of drama, the pageant, has been found one of the most "picturesquely vivid means of teaching a lesson or winning devotion to some particular cause." So says Katharine Lord, writing on "The Pageant of the Idea" in the *New York Evening Post*. Altho this form of drama, Miss Lord points out, is supposed to be nothing but a vivid record of history, the tendency in America has been toward its use for propaganda purposes. The suffrage pageant, recently given in the Metropolitan Opera, was a symbolic pantomime rather than a pageant. The pantomime was weak, says Miss Lord, "in that it is too exclusively symbolic, and has no substructure or human action to carry the idea." On the other hand, she continues, "it is suggestive of a strong, dramatic, forceful and vivid pageant, which would have the inculcation of an idea or the advancing of a cause for its distinct purpose."

A pageant of this type was produced shortly after these words were written. So successful in depicting the cause of the striking silk workers of Paterson, N. J., was the "Pageant of the Paterson Strike," presented in Madison Square Garden on the night of June 7, by one thousand of the strikers and their leaders, that the *New York Times* found in the performance a veritable menace to existing society. It says:

"Under the direction of a destructive organization opposed in spirit and antagonistic in action to all the forces which have upbuilt this republic, a series of pictures in action were shown with the design of stimulating mad passion against law and order and promulgating a gospel of discontent. The sordid and cruel incidents of an industrial strike were depicted by many of the poor strikers themselves, but with dominating and vociferous assistance from members of the I. W. W., who have at heart no more sympathy with laborers than they have with Judges and Government officers. Their aim is not to upbuild industry but to destroy the law. . . . The motive was to inspire hatred, to induce violence which may lead to the tearing down of the civil state and the institution of anarchy."

On the other hand, the *New York World* found in the strike pageant something more poetic and less menacing. Speaking editorially it said: "It was not a drama, and hardly a pageant as the word is understood. It was little more than a repetition of a single scene. But need can speak without elocutionists, and unison of thought in a great mass of highly wrought-up people may swell emotion to the point of tears. Probably few witnessed the exhibition without sympathy with the

sacrifices that made it possible and satisfaction in its material success."

"It would have pleased any dramatic critic because of the sincerity with which the simple plot was carried out," says the *World*, adding further: "As viewed by a spectator unbiased either from the labor or capital standpoint, their pageant was rather in the nature of a tragedy than anything else." The *New York Tribune* partially described the strike pageant in this way:

"There was a startling touch of ultra modernity—or rather of futurism—in the Paterson strike pageant in Madison Square Garden. Certainly nothing like it had been known before in the history of labor agitation. The I. W. W. has not been highly regarded hereabouts as an organization endowed with brains or imagination. Yet the very effective appeal to public interest made by the spectacle at the Garden stamps the I. W. W. leaders as agitators of large resources and original talent. Lesser geniuses might have hired a hall and exhibited moving pictures of the Paterson strike. Saturday night's pageant transported the strike itself bodily to New York. . . .

"The first episode of the pageant, entitled 'The Mills Alive—the Workers Dead,' represented 6 o'clock one February morning. A great painted drop, two hundred feet wide, stretching across the hippodrome-like stage built for the show, represented a Paterson silk mill, the windows aglow with the artificial light in which the workers began their daily tasks. Then came the operatives, men, women and children; some mere tots, other decrepit old people, 1,200 of them, trooping sadly and reluctantly to the work the 'oppression' of the bosses had made them hate. Their mutterings of discontent were soon merged in the whir of the looms as the whistles blew and the day's work was on.

"But that day's work did not last long, for the smoldering spirit of revolt suddenly burst into the flame of the strike, and the operatives rushed pellmell out of the mills, shouting and dancing with the intoxication of freedom. The whir of the mills died down, and then rose the surging tones of the 'Marseillaise' as the strikers marched defiantly up and down before the silent mill. 'The Mills Dead—the Workers Alive'—that was the name of the second episode, best described, perhaps, in the words of the scenario of the pageant—'Mass picketing. Every worker alert. The police interfere with peaceful picketing and treat the strikers with great brutality. The workers are provoked to anger. Fights between the police and strikers ensue. Many strikers are clubbed and arrested. Shots are fired by detectives hired by the manufacturers, and Valentine Modestino, who was not a striker or a silk-mill worker, is hit by a bullet and killed as he stands on the porch of his house with one of his children in his arms.'

"Episode three represented the funeral of Modestino, a scene that, with all the accessories of sombre realism, worked the actors themselves and their thousands

of sympathizers in the audience up to a high pitch of emotion, punctuated with moans and groans and sobs. A coffin, supposed to contain Modestino's body, was borne across the stage, followed by the strikers in funeral procession to the heavy tones of the 'Dead March.' As they passed, the mourners dropped red carnations and ribbons upon the coffin, until it was buried 'beneath the crimson symbol of the workers' blood.'

"The next episode depicted a mass meeting of the strikers, with all the regulation incidents of fiery I. W. W. speeches, the singing of revolutionary songs, the waving of red flags, and the pledging of the workers never to go back to work until their boss knuckled under. Then came episode five, with its May Day parade through the streets of Paterson, and its big climax of sending away the children to be cared for in other cities, that their parents might go on and fight and starve and struggle unhampered by their little ones. With all the details of farewell embraces and tears, and finally shouts of enthusiasm breaking through the sadness of parting, the tots were handed over to the 'strike mothers' from other cities, and taken away, while Elizabeth Gurley Flynn made a consoling speech to the weeping mothers, and roused their spirits once more to the blind determination to fight on."

Judged from the artistic standards and ideals defined by Miss Lord in her article in the *Evening Post*, the "Pageant of the Paterson Strike" seems to be truly an artistic achievement, even tho it may be, as the *Times* has pointed out, a dangerous weapon for subversive propaganda. Here is what "the pageant of the idea" must accomplish, according to Miss Lord:

"The pageant of the idea, like any other, must be judged from the viewpoint of beauty and of dramatic values; and, more than that, it must be judged by its effect upon the performers as well as its effect upon the audience. Has any other art form so complicated a criterion? At first thought it is as confusing as if the palet, or the brushes, or the clay, should turn upon the critic and demand consideration, demand that the effect upon themselves individually should be placed before the effect on those who look upon the result. . . .

Considered as an art form the pageant of the idea must meet the same tests as any other form of drama. Has it continuity, has it sustained interest, has it climax? Do its pictures appeal to the eye in forms of well-ordered beauty? And is that beauty instinct with meaning that justifies its being? The pageant of the idea carries the added task of developing a graphically presented symbolism. How to represent ideas as basic facts in terms of picture and action, with idealism, and yet without undue strain upon the imagination or over-subtlety of characterization, is a problem not easy of solution, but fascinating in the extreme, and, when successfully solved, most grateful to all concerned."

Science and Discovery

EFFECT ON THE HEALTH OF WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS OF FORCIBLE FEEDING

AN INDICTMENT from a medical standpoint of the forcible feeding carried out by nasal and oesophageal tubes and by the feeding-cup appears in the London *Lancet* over the names of three distinguished physicians. The forcible feeding has been resorted to in British prisons to break the "hunger strikes" of advocates of votes for women. The feeding-cup method is frequently forcibly administered solely by the wardresses, without the supervision of a qualified medical practitioner. In the majority of cases the feeding has, on principle, been resisted to such a degree that two doctors and four to six wardresses are required to each operation, and in several instances the officials were held at bay for periods varying from ten minutes to over an hour. But it is to be observed that even in many cases where no resistance was offered, great pain was experienced under the operation. In these circumstances it is not surprising that many prisoners state that after one operation of forcible feeding they experienced more serious symptoms and pain than after several days' starvation.

"Every physician who has examined the released suffrage prisoners agrees that in the majority of cases by far the most

serious effects of the treatment by forcible feeding fell upon the nervous system. The younger prisoners escape with the least serious effects, but in those over thirty years of age the nervous symptoms are more marked and more lasting. Before enumerating the symptoms, we desire to point out that the suffrage prisoners enter prison in a totally different state of mind to that which is met with in asylum practice to which the condition of treatment has been compared. These women are normal individuals who go to prison as political offenders; they are protesting against what is, to them, an unjust anomaly, and they assert in consequence that they should not be treated as common felons. With the keen sense of suffering political injustice rankling in their minds, they determine on the hunger-strike, not to obtain release, as has been asserted, but to obtain equal treatment in prison during the term of their sentences for prisoners convicted of like offences, or to obtain from the authorities the due observance of the prison rules."

During the struggle before the feeding prisoners were held down by force, flung on the floor, tied to chairs and iron bedsteads. As might be expected, severe bruises were thus inflicted. The prisoners, however, did not complain of these. They regarded them as the inevitable consequences of political war.

Forcible feeding by the oesophageal or nasal tube cannot be performed without risk of mechanical injury to the nose and throat. Injuries to the nose were especially common owing chiefly to the lack of previous examination and skill in operating. Though the medical officers were informed in several cases that the nasal passage was known to be blocked and narrowed by previous injury, no examination was made. The prisoners were usually flung down, or tied and held while the tube was pushed up the nostrils. The intense pain so produced often forced uncontrollable screams from the prisoners. In most cases local frontal headache, earache, and trigeminal neuralgia supervened, besides severe gastric pain, preventing sleep.

"One says: 'After each feeding it (the nasal pain) gets worse, so that it becomes the refinement of torture to have the tube forced through.' The nasal mucous membrane was frequently lacerated, as evidenced by bleeding of the nose and swallowing of blood from the back of the nose. Sometimes the tube had to be pushed up the nostrils three to five times before a passage could be forced. In several such cases bleeding continued for some days; in one case it recurred for ten days. In another case an abscess followed, with intense pain over the frontal region, which lasted for weeks after release. Swelling of the mucous membrane of the nose and pharynx developed almost invariably; it was accompanied by Eustachian pain, and frequently this was succeeded by severe pain over the entire area of distribution of the fifth nerve. This trigeminal pain continued as long as the forcible feeding was continued. The equally invariable pharyngitis, which was obviously of septic origin, lasted in certain cases for some time after the release of the prisoner. When the oesophageal tube was employed the mouth was wrenched open by pulling the head back by the hair over the edge of a chair, forcing down the chin, and inserting the gag between the teeth. Naturally, in this process the lips, inside of the cheeks, and gums were frequently bruised, sometimes bleeding and sore to touch for days after. In a number of cases when the wardresses attempted to forcibly feed with a cup, they endeavored to make the prisoner open her mouth by sawing the edge of the cup along the gums. In one case a cup with a broken edge was used and caused laceration and severe pain."



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

A SUFFRAGET REHEARSAL OF A FORCIBLE "FEED"

This is what happens to the luckless woman who in Holloway Jail is made to eat—that is assuming the actuality and verity of the pantomime here staged by militants.

RADIOACTIVITY VISUALIZED

WHAT is known as Radioactivity is due to the ejection from the atoms of the radioactive elements of two kinds of particles, which travel with enormous velocities. First is the alpha particle, a positively charged helium atom having a mass four times that of the hydrogen atom. Next is the beta particle, which carries a negative charge only half as large as the positive charge of the alpha particle and has a mass less than the seventeen-hundredth part of the hydrogen atom. The velocity of the faster beta particles approaches very nearly that of light, that of the alpha particles being considerably less but still exceeding ten thousand miles per second.

By the action of Röntgen and other radiations, proceeds Professor C. T. R. Wilson, whose lecture at the Royal Institution in London we are following, we can cause electrons or corpuscles which are identical with the beta particles to be expelled from the atoms of any element with velocities comparable with those with which the alpha particles are ejected from radium. The methods which have been used hitherto in the study of the paths of these projectiles and of the effects produced by them in their flight have been somewhat indirect. The actual paths of individual particles have not been observed. It has been necessary to investigate the combined effects of a large number of particles. It is plain that a great advance would be made if it were possible to induce each alpha or beta particle to leave a visible trail behind it along its whole course and to photograph this trail. This is what has been accomplished by the method described by the scientist already named and reproduced here from *Science Progress*:



WHAT THE EYE SEES

The gleam is radium made manifest to the human vision. Technically the spectacle is that of an X-ray beam on thin copper plate.

"Each alpha or beta particle, in the course of its flight through a gas-like air, traverses large numbers of the atoms of the gas. According to modern theories, such as those developed by Sir J. J. Thomson and Rutherford, each atom may be regarded as a sort of miniature solar system in which the planets are represented by negatively charged corpuscles or electrons; the forces with which we are concerned being, of course, electrical and not gravitational. When either an alpha or a beta particle passes near one of the members of this system, there are forces tending to deviate the flying particle from its otherwise straight course and to cause disturbances in the path of the planetary electron; these may be violent enough to cause the electron to escape from the system. An electron thus set free will become attached finally to some other atomic system, which thus acquires a negative charge, whilst the atom which has lost an electron has been left with an excess of positive electricity. We thus get positively and negatively charged atoms or ions.

"Now a method of making visible the individual ions has long been available. Molecules of water or of other vapors attach themselves more readily to ions than to uncharged atoms or molecules. Thus, in the absence of other nuclei on which vapor can condense more readily, such as those called dust particles by Aitken, it is possible to arrange that every free ion shall act as a nucleus and cause the condensation of water vapor, whilst none condenses elsewhere. Each invisible ion may thus be converted into a visible water drop. The supersaturated condition necessary in order that water vapor may condense on the ions is most conveniently produced by the sudden expansion of moist air."

The advance which Professor Wilson recently succeeded in making in the condensation method of studying ionization is this. The ions are now captured and converted into visible water drops in the positions which they

occupied immediately after their liberation by the ionizing agent. The cloud of drops is then at once photographed. Thus the invisible trail of ions left behind along the course of any ionizing particle is converted into a visible line of cloud of which a photograph is secured. In this way a record is procured of the path of each projectile by making visible the atomic wreckage it has caused in its passage through the air or other gas. In many cases the individual ions produced along the tracks are visible in the photographs. In order that undistorted photographs showing the result of the passage of the various rays may be obtained, it is essential that the expansion should be effected without stirring up the gas. This condition is secured by using a shallow cloud chamber of which the floor can be made to drop suddenly and so produce the desired increase of volume.

This cloud chamber must be freed from dust particles and all nuclei on which water readily condenses. This is done by repeated expansions, each too small to cause condensation on the ions, any cloud formed being always allowed to settle before making another expansion. The cloud chamber must be free from ions other than those produced by the ionizing agent under investigation. Since ions are always being produced even under normal conditions within a closed vessel, it is necessary to maintain an electric field between the top and bottom of the cloud chamber so that they may be removed as fast as they are produced:

"One very practical point in connection with the cloud chamber remains to be mentioned. It is necessary that the interior should be maintained in a nearly saturated condition and yet that the roof and walls should be transparent and admit of a clear and undistorted view of the contents. A glass vessel containing moist air soon becomes coated internally with a dew-like deposit of minute drops. This difficulty is completely avoided by covering the inner surface of the glass with a film of gelatine.

"The moist gelatine under the plate-glass roof of the cloud chamber forms a conducting film which is connected through a marginal ring of tinfoil with one terminal of a battery of cells, the other terminal being connected to the floor."

In this way a nearly uniform vertical electric field is maintained between the roof and floor of the chamber. The floor is virtually a pool of water made solid by the addition of gelatine and blackened by means of ink so that it forms a dark background for the clouds. It is supported by a glass plate which forms the top of a hollow cylindrical plunger working in water. As regards the mechanism for causing



A DEPARTING GLORY

The less penetrating rays of the radium emanation in this picture have been intercepted before entering the cloud chamber.

the sudden drop of the floor of the cloud chamber, it is sufficient to state that the space below the plunger can be put in communication, through wide tubes, with an exhausted chamber by suddenly opening a valve.

In order that the ionizing particles should leave sharply defined cloud trails, it is necessary that they traverse the moist gas immediately after this has been expanded while the water vapor is still saturated or rather supersaturated to an extent considerably exceeding the minimum which is required to cause condensation on the positive ions (which are more difficult to catch than the negative).

"Under these conditions, the ions lose their mobility and grow into visible drops before they have had time to diffuse appreciably away from the original track of the ionizing particle.

"If the clouds formed by condensation on the ions are to be photographed, it is necessary to expose them to an instantaneous illumination of great intensity while the camera is in position. The instantaneous illumination is obtained by a Leyden jar discharge, the arrangement being essentially the same as that used by Lord

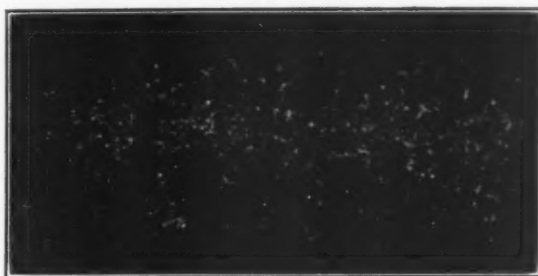
Rayleigh in photographing jets of water and by Worthington in his study of the splash of a drop.

"I have, however, allowed the spark to traverse mercury vapor at atmospheric pressure instead of air, the brightness being thereby greatly increased.

"The spark, of course, has to be suitably timed, so that the cloud trails may be illuminated after the drops composing them have grown sufficiently to scatter plenty of light but before there has been any appreciable disturbance of the air by convection currents.

"I give some interesting pictures obtained by this method. It is perhaps necessary to point out that they are all photographs of clouds consisting of minute water drops condensed upon ions, as many of the clouds have a very uncloud-like appearance. . . .

"The alpha particle, in passing near one of the electrons of an atom, may impart to it sufficient energy to cause it to escape from the atom, whilst on account of its own enormous momentum it is not perceptibly deviated from its course. We



EXCITED

The rays are of the so-called "beta" kind and they are precipitated in the air by X-rays.

can thus understand the general straightness of the tracks. The sudden deviations must be due to encounters of a special kind; according to Rutherford's view, such large deviations would be caused by the alpha particle passing near the center of the atom, where he supposes the positive charge to be concentrated.

"On account of the enormous velocities with which they are emitted—closely approaching that of light—the beta particles are able to travel considerable distances in the air, distances many times greater than the diameter of the cloud chamber. It is therefore impossible to picture the whole track of a single beta particle."

THE PERSISTENT DELUSION OF THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER

AT THE best the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter is a pure hypothesis, entirely unsupported by scientific evidence worthy of the name. Indeed, the "doctrine" has always been contradicted by whatever we know of physics. Physicists of the modern school, that dates from the formulation of the theory of the electrical nature of matter, are well aware of the absurdity of the idea that matter is indestructible. Many people, however, not being in touch with the new physics, talk as if the idea of the indestructibility of matter were still seriously entertained in respectable scientific circles. The supposed "law" is even held to be of the highest importance and sustained by serious evidence. It is nothing of the sort. The expression "law of the indestructibility of matter" does, indeed, survive in text-books left over from the last generation; but it is a delusion to imagine that the "law" is still one of the foundation stones of science anywhere. The law of the conservation of inertia, which is true under all but the most exceptional circumstances and which is a generalized statement of observed facts involving nothing hypothetical, suffices for all purposes of the natural sciences for which the hypothetical "law of the indestructibility of matter" was at one time employed. That distinguished physicist, Dr. Stanley Redgrove, from whose paper in London *Knowledge* we

transcribe the foregoing statements, thus enlarges on them as follows:

"When a candle burns it ceases to exist as such. Closer examination of the phenomenon, however, shows that this is not all that occurs. Not only does the candle disappear but some of one of the constituents (oxygen) of the atmosphere is used up; and in the place of the candle and oxygen, new gases (carbon-dioxide and water-vapor) make their appearance. If all these bodies are carefully weighed at the same spot on or above the earth's surface, it will be found that the combined weights of the carbon-dioxide and the water produced are exactly equal to the combined weights of the candle and of the oxygen consumed. A similar statement holds good of every other chemical change; the combined weights of all the bodies produced during such a change is always found to be exactly equal to the combined weights of all the bodies consumed."

Now, the weight of a body is the force by which it is attracted to the earth's center. Force may be described as that which produces or tends to produce acceleration (either positive or negative), or, what is the same thing, change of motion. If no forces whatever are operative on

a body, it will remain in a state either of rest or of uniform motion. This fact is expressed by saying that the body possesses *inertia*. The inertias of bodies may be measured by applying to them such forces as are necessary to impart to them a given acceleration: the forces applied will then be proportional to the inertias of the bodies.

It has already been pointed out that the sum of the weights of all the bodies produced by a chemical change is exactly equal to the sum of the weights of all the bodies consumed therein, so long as all the weights are determined at the same place on or above the earth's surface. If in place of "weights" in this statement, the word "inertia" be sub-



NATURE'S MAGIC LAMP

It is a replica of Aladdin's in being invisible until evoked by the knowing, and like his it lasts forever.

stituted, the inductive law may be formulated that chemical action has no effect upon inertia. This is the law of the conservation of inertia. This law is very frequently termed the law of the conservation of mass. It used to be known as the law of the conservation or indestructibility of matter. The first of these expressions is objectionable because, altho "mass" is generally used by modern physicists in the sense of "inertia," as defined above, at one time it was held to signify "the quantity of matter in a body." "Mass," therefore, is an ambiguous term and ought to be avoided, since the word "inertia" accurately expresses its modern signification without ambiguity.* The law of the conservation of inertia affords no ground for asserting the indestructibility of matter.

"According to the materialistic hypothesis, matter is known to us not only by its inertia but by all those other phenomena which are termed (in accordance with this hypothesis, and loosely by those who do not hold it) 'properties of matter.' Surely, then, the 'quantity of matter' in a body is not to be measured merely by the inertia of the body, but rather by the sum of all its 'properties.' The argument that the 'quantity of matter' must be measured only by the inertia, since all the other 'properties' of a closed material system are variable, the inertia of such alone being constant, is a flagrant begging of the question, since it assumes the very point at issue, namely, the indestructibility of matter. Indeed, since materialistic philosophers always postulate *extension*, or the property of occupying space, as the most fundamental 'property of matter,' it would seem that the 'quantity of matter' in a body ought to be measured, if by one 'property' alone, by its

* MATTER, SPIRIT AND COSMOS. By Stanley Redgrove. London: Rider.

volume; and the volume of a body is by no means constant. The volume of bodies, as is well known, can readily be altered merely by the application of pressure or by a change in temperature; moreover, the volume of a reacting system is not usually constant during a chemical change."

The word "matter" is exceedingly ambiguous. By a certain school of metaphysicians, who may be termed materialists, the word is used to denote a hypothetical thing-in-itself, a substance supposed to underlie all phenomena of the visible universe. By another and less speculative school of philosophers the term "matter" is used merely to connote the fact, or perhaps we should say, law, that certain phenomena—the so-called properties of matter—are always found grouped together so as to form a complex, which may be termed a "material body." It is now becoming more completely realized that the term "matter" ought to be employed in purely scientific writings only with some non-metaphysical meaning such as this. If the term be used in this sense, there is evidently no justification for supposing that matter is indestructible because inertia is conserved. For, thus employed, matter stands for many phenomena or "properties" or rather for the fact or law of their connection—not merely for that particular phenomenon or property or manifestation termed inertia. No alleged scientific evidence has ever been brought forward in favor of the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter save the facts generalized under the expression "the law of the conservation of inertia." The able student of this subject thus enlarges:

"Now it is evident that these facts can

only be regarded as evidence of the truth of this doctrine if it can be proved that the matter of a body (in whatever sense the word 'matter' is used) is identical with, or measured by, the inertia of the body. Nothing, however, has ever been advanced to prove this, and, as must be evident from what has been already said, it is most unlikely that any such relation between matter and inertia holds good. Moreover, if it were maintained that 'matter' ought to be defined as 'inertia,' the obvious reply is that this would be contrary not only to the ordinary usage of the word but also to its use by philosophical writers generally.

"But to consider even unlikely possibilities, were it proved that the inertia of a body does, in fact, measure the 'quantity of matter' it contains, or were it generally agreed that the word 'matter' ought to be employed as synonymous with 'inertia,' the case for the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter would in no way be improved. For Professor Sir J. J. Thomson has proved mathematically that an electrically-charged particle in motion possesses inertia in virtue of this motion, and that, if its velocity is sufficiently high, an increase in the velocity produces a considerable increase in its inertia. This has been experimentally verified by Kaufmann, who measured the inertias and velocities of the small particles emitted by the disruption of the atoms of radium. He found that the greater the velocities of these particles the greater were their inertias, the observed increment in every case agreeing with that calculated according to Thomson's reasoning. It is evident, therefore, that altho inertia is conserved during chemical action, the inertia of an electrically-charged body may be altered by sufficiently accelerating it. If, then, 'matter' is the same thing as inertia, or is measured thereby, it is evident that matter may be created by sufficiently accelerating such a body, or destroyed by retarding it."

THE MYSTERY OF THE HUMAN CHIN

OF WHAT use is a chin? After much pondering on the subject, that renowned man of science, Sir Ray Lankester, has just stated in a paper that he is unable to discover any mechanical or physiological purpose which it subserves. The mystery of the human chin has a more direct bearing upon fundamental anthropological problems than laymen suspect. The fact that all modern races of mankind have a chin—a bony projection of the front border of the lower jaw—and that the most primitive men whose remains have been found did not possess this bony chin naturally led to speculation as to why this is so. No muscle or ligament is attached to this special prominence. It is covered by fat, skin and hair. It is a mystifying fact that none of the monkeys, not even the most man-like, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-

outang, the gibbons, have a chin. In fact, none of the other mammals can be said to have a chin except the elephant, and its chin, tho it is a strongly marked bony projection of the front edge of the lower jaw, seems to be of a nature differing from that of man. It represents the entire middle front portion of the lower jaw, which in the extinct elephants like mastodons carried two large horizontally directed incisor teeth. The mastodons had something that might be deemed a chin, but their descendants show the characteristic in a dwindling fashion. Only man has seemingly developed a chin for himself.

"Since the chin subserves no purpose of utility it is at first a mystery of evolution. It performs no function. Why did it evolve? Why has it persisted? By way of answer it is pointed out that a chin inspires fear and respect for its possessor. This would

make it desirable in a struggle for existence involving competition with others. In the next place a chin seems to inspire admiration in the female. The chin, then, is a product of sexual selection alone. Sir Ray Lankester enlarges thus, as his words are given in the *London Telegraph*:

"It would seem that 'sexual selection' may fix on not merely rudimentary organs and preserve them, but on any little irregularities of growth or color on this or that part of the body, and lead to their perpetuation and intensification by breeding. Apart from this question of the preservation of rudimentary organs, or the intensification of abnormal color-spots or local growths, by sexual selection, or by the more usual selection due to their survival value, we have to bear in mind that living bodies in their growth are not, as many theorists have been too ready to assume, merely neutral masses of living matter tending to vary a little in every and any direction, and so to offer every

and any variation to be selected or rejected in the struggle for existence. The living bodies of plants and of animals are not such simple plastic material as that. On the contrary, they grow from the egg-cell and develop and maintain their specific hereditary form by the operation of an immense complexity of internal mechanisms, acting and reacting upon one another. The 'form' of a living thing is the superficial and visible expression of internal 'coordinations' and 'correlations' which differ characteristically in every line of descent. Not only is there one flesh of beasts and another of birds and another of fishes, but every order, genus, species, and race has acquired in the course of long ages and transmits by heredity its special coordinations and correlations, acting and reacting on one another, and acted on by the environment. You may construct a mechanical toy-house in which, if you open one door another opens simultaneously round the corner, or if you draw out the chimney to increased length all the windows suddenly throw out little balconies. Similar relations exist between the parts which constitute organic forms. If one part varies in size, another part often distant from it varies with it—maybe increases as it increases, or maybe diminishes as it increases. So that the increase or suppression of one part or organ of a living body by natural selection of the favorable variation of that part, results in the alteration of a remote part which is not in question. A new condition of that remote part consequently ensues which has no 'utility' as its explanation. And what I state here in terms of mere form and size is true of much more subtle and obscure qualities, the physiological chemical activities of whole systems of organs and parts, even the minute parts which we call cells and the constituent elements of those cells."

This is so important a matter and so little has been added to our knowledge of it since Darwin that Sir Ray Lankester cites an instance or two. It is referred to as "correlation of growth" and "correlation of variation." We know little more about it than the bare

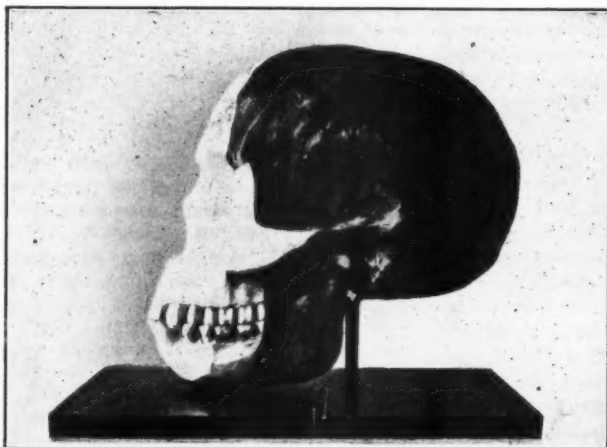
fact of its existence. Yet a thorough appreciation of this factor is essential to form a satisfactory conception of the origin of organic forms by the selection of favorable varieties in the struggle for existence as taught by Darwin. It accounts for the initial growth of variations as necessary accompaniments of other variations which are useful, bringing sometimes those useless variations to such a size or proportion that they eventually become important. Then they are seized upon and favored by natural selection, and thenceforth maintained and developed. In breeds of horses, thus, long limbs are accompanied by an elongated head. White cats which have blue eyes and are of the male sex are almost invariably deaf. White sheep and white pigs are poisoned by certain plants in their food altho dark specimens escape injury. Hairless dogs have imperfect teeth. These are but a few examples.

To revert again to the human chin:

"It cannot be due to the retention or the reappearance in man (by reversion to the characters of an ancestral stock) of an ancestral character which has become useless since early men and the whole group of apes and monkeys are devoid of it. It may be a pure 'sport' or novel variation, like the pair of bony processes or small 'horns' on the frontal bone of certain thoroughbred horses. . . . Or it may owe its origin to a 'correlation of variation.' The reduction in the size of the dog-teeth or canines, which are very large in the apes, might be 'correlated' with an outgrowth of the chin. The absence of the chin in the Neanderthal and Heidelberg men, altho the canines are as small as in modern man, negatives this suggestion. But it is possible that the enlargement of the chin is correlated with other changes in the skeleton. Whether it arose as a correlated variation or a quasi-independent 'sport,' it seems probable that sexual selection has established the bony chin, once there was a tendency for it to appear. The popular belief about the indication of firmness of will in the posses-

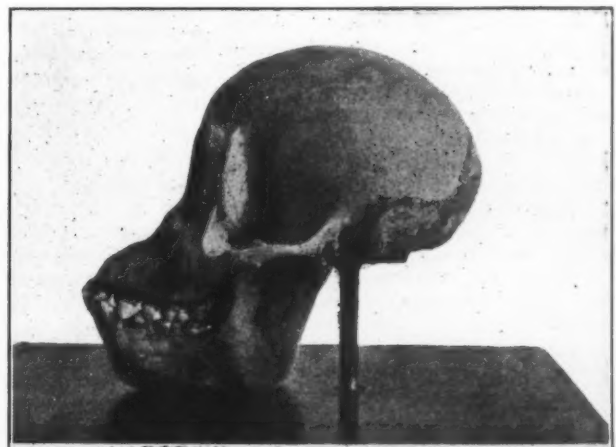
sion of the prominent chin is widely spread. Not only that, but some savage races distort the heads of male infants by binding them with boards, the result being to throw the chin upwards and forwards, giving to them when grown up a defiant, threatening aspect which is admired. The hair on the lower jaw of men of various races is habitually brushed forward by them and stiffened so as to give an increased prominence to the region of the chin. The larger monkeys frequently defy and threaten those whom they regard as enemies by shooting the head forward, the front of the lower jaw and its teeth taking the most prominent position, and some of the monkeys have the hair naturally growing forward on the lower jaw so as to give the appearance of a 'chin' which, however, is not present in bony substance. There is fair evidence for the conclusion that a prominent 'chin,' either hairy or bony, is an object inspiring fear and respect in the minds both of monkeys and of savage races of man. It might, therefore, become an object of sexual selection in primitive man."

Many instances of a more or less convincing character are known, concludes the brilliant British scientist, showing that fantastic peculiarities of form and color in male animals are in all probability developed in consequence of their attractiveness to the opposite sex. It is possible that the prominent chin of later man as well as the shape of nose or lips in different races and some other features of the kind are due to sexual selection rather than to any particular value of such variations to the individual as such. Great importance is attached by some speculative writers to the influence of sexual selection on the future as well as on the past molding of the mental as well as physical characteristics of the human race. With regard to the chin, some anthropologists maintain that it has some necessary connection with the power of speech; but Sir Ray Lankester fails to find what the nature of that connection may be.



THE FIRST KNOWN MAN

All that is left of him at any rate. He left this relic in England aeons ago and it is noticeable that he had no chin worth mentioning.



HE HAD A JAW—NOT A CHIN

The chimpanzee whose profile in restoration is presented to us here had no chin at all and yet we have chins—where did they come from?

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CHIN FROM THE JAW

ETHNOLOGICAL BASIS OF THE JAPANESE CLAIM TO BE A WHITE RACE

AMONG the surprises which Japan has sprung upon the astonished Occident, declares that careful student of ethnology and linguistics, Doctor Arthur May Knapp, the most comprehensive is that which is least understood—the manifest differentiation from the Oriental type. Among the prime causes which brought the mighty Muscovite Empire to its knees before Japan, he adds, was the failure of the Russians to recognize the wide mental gulf separating the island realm from the Asiatic continent proper.

The differentiation referred to, especially in view of the fact that the object lesson furnished by Japan has at last impressed slow China, gives unusual interest, according to our authority, to what he deems the puzzling question of the ethnological origin of the people who are to-day rousing Asia from her immemorial slumbers. As yet Japan has merely won her place among the great powers. So far she has not by any means surmounted the bar of racial prejudice and thus entered the charmed circle of western society, to which birth and breeding are the only talismans securing admission. The trend given to the ethnological inquiry in Doctor Knapp's own mind was suggested by a first visit to a Japanese theater. He explains in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

"Just prior to my departure from Boston, about a score of years ago, I had witnessed at Harvard a Greek play in which the Hellenic methods and features of dramatic representation had been reproduced with the most careful attention to detail. Imagine, then, my surprise at finding in a Tokyo theater a native drama staged and performed in all essentials like that which I had just seen on the other side of the globe. There was the Greek chorus, in musical recitative interpreting the motive of the play, its weird strains varying in accord with the changing action of the scene, while the stately demeanor of the actors, who were often masked, and above all the quasi-religious strain pervading the whole, completed the illusion that I was witnessing a performance of the old Hellenic drama; an illusion which even the quaint Oriental setting of the piece could by no means dispel.

"Even more remarkable was the Greek atmosphere of restraint pervading the play. The story, altho the bloody and gruesome tale of the Forty-seven Ronins, was put upon the stage with the nearest possible rendering of the Greek idea that nothing repulsive, or calculated to shock refined sensibilities, should find direct expression. In the *hara-kiri* scene the victim, with stately dignity, retired to a room appointed for the consummation of the fearful rite. There followed a few moments of impressive silence, and then—

a white plum-blossom fell from a tree overhanging the door to tell that all was over. There was probably no one in the audience who did not recognize the immense suggestiveness of the scene, or who was not deeply moved by it, fully according as it did with the sensitive and gentle nature of a people who ever shrink from even the mention of grief and death. Here again was another distinct and unmistakable classic motive suggesting mental kinship with the ancient leader of the western world.

"After passing some hours thus in an atmosphere permeated with Hellenic ideals, it was not strange that when we left the theater the passers-by in their graceful flowing robes took on the semblance of a throng of Greek philosophers in a street of old Athens; and when, a moment later, there came into view a band of young men clad in white tunics, their heads encircled by blue fillets with the knots tied in front, proclaiming that they were on their way to their annual carouse under the falling cherry-blossoms, the illusion was complete, for to eye and mind alike the Bacchic procession of ancient days was there surging through the streets of the Japanese capital."

Was it a mere passing illusion or did it not rather supply a hint towards a possible solution of one of the most puzzling problems which ever perplexed the brain of the ethnologist? Who are the Japanese? In reply to these queries of his, Professor Knapp points out that the resources of ethnology in settling such a vexed series of questions are meager. As a student of linguistics as well as of ethnology, Professor Knapp, indeed, must note that linguistics has had to come to the aid of ethnology before various puzzles concerning racial origins could be solved. The result of that circumstance is Max Müller's generally accepted classification of races based on the factor of language. The outcome of such wandering from its own domain having thus been measurably satisfactory, it might not now be amiss for the ethnologist to essay a search along the lines of the deeper and more abiding features of humanity grouped under the name of character. If comparative philology has so greatly helped him, why not enter the more fascinating and possibly more fruitful realm of comparative temperament? For an inquiry based on the mental qualifications of peoples to be classified in the same racial category would be a clue to determine racial kinship of far greater weight than the study of common elements of language, deemed by so eminent an ethnologist as De Rosny to be the unsafest of guides. It is only when such broader and deeper lines of relationship are established that inquiry into resemblances of language, physiognomy, mythology, traditions and folk

lore can safely be used as corroborating the conclusions of the main line of research.

An unwitting recognition of the fact that the Japanese possess distinctively Aryan qualities is found in the fact that they are called the Yankees, the British and even the French of the far East. Alert and enterprising as the Americans, sturdy, persistent, self-respecting and ambitious as the typical Englishman, keen-witted and versatile as the Gallic nation, inquiries as to their kinship with some of the dominant peoples of our own time might be fruitful of results. As Professor Knapp's quest is one of birth and antiquity, the resemblances to be noted between this unique people and the best representative of the Aryan type will, he thinks, better serve the purpose.

In one respect the modern Japan has surpassed its ancient prototype. It has kept its capacity alive while that of Greece has seemingly perished. Moreover, the Japanese have advanced with moderation and self-restraint. Here as in other respects they demonstrate their intellectual and temperamental kinship with the ancient Greeks.

"A no less remarkable parallelism exists between the leader of the ancient world and the teacher of the modern Occident in the cultivation of the spirit of refinement, a word which we Westerners need to be constantly reminded is the only synonym for civilization. As were the Greeks in their time, so are the Japanese of to-day, the acknowledged exemplars of the refinements which should mark intercourse between man and man. And here also may be found an evidence, even more marked than that just adduced, not only of the survival of an ancestral trait beyond anything observed in Greece, but also of its survival in greatly increased force.

"The chief thing which makes Japan so fascinating a land to dwell in is the consciousness that you are there living in an atmosphere of universal kindness and courtesy. In the modern life of the West and, so far as we know, in that of ancient Greece, this refinement of manners may be described as belonging to only a few classes or conditions in society; but in the new-old nation the habitual demeanor of even the humblest of its people toward each other gives evidence of an ingrained civilization of its own, surpassing that of any Occidental people of any age. And thus again a temperamental quality in which the Greeks were preëminent is found developed in even greater force among the people of the Island Realm of the far East.

"Closely akin to it and in fact growing out of the demeanor of the people toward each other, was the hospitality to thought which Greece evinced, and which is even more conspicuously a trait of the Japanese mind. The annals of

neither of the two peoples are stained with the blood of religious persecution. Just as Paul found in Athens an altar 'to the unknown God' regarded with reverence, so the common confession of ignorance in which the Japanese have been nurtured by their centuries of training in rationalism has kept them ever free from that evil spirit which in the West has always actuated those who know, or who think they have been informed, as to who or what the Deity is.

"This common confession of ignorance among the Japanese has borne its legitimate fruit. Their hospitality to every religious teacher who has come among them from foreign lands, from the most ancient times down to the present day, is perhaps the proudest distinction which any nation can boast. It is not, as many have argued, a sign of indifference to all religion; rather is it an outcome of their ardent desire to welcome any one who might throw light upon their ignorance and thus help their country onward to a higher stage of morality and well-being."

Herein, it will at once be admitted, lies another and even more striking temperamental resemblance between the two peoples under consideration. The name of Greece ever suggests Marathon, Salamis and Thermopylae. But now, while those fires have there become smouldering embers, the glories of Marathon and Thermopylae have been almost wholly eclipsed by the deeds of desperate daring before the ramparts of Port Arthur and on the fields of Manchuria, where countless thousands, inspired solely by love of country, rushed onward to certain destruction. Yet another and more conspicuous evidence of an ancestral heritage shared by Japan and Greece in common is manifest in the unparalleled development of the art instinct in the two peoples. That development in ancient Greece made her the leader of the world in the past so superlatively as to confer upon her a unique glory. But the opening of Japan has revealed to the lovers of art another world of beauty bearing the impress of the same spirit of refinement, the same delicacy of line, the same fidelity to nature and the same feeling of restraint which characterize the masterpieces of Hellenic art. In one respect—and that the most important—the Japanese have surpassed the Greeks in the development of the art instinct in that with them the instinct itself has become the possession of a whole people.

These manifest evidences of temperamental qualities shared by ancient Greeks and modern Japanese do not, concedes Professor Knapp, prove that both had an origin in the old land of the Hellenes:

"Such a conclusion would be almost as absurd as the popularly-held impression of the meaning of Darwinism. Doubtless nine people out of ten still think of that theory as teaching man's descent from the monkey, whereas its only claim is that man and the simian were derived from a

common ancestor. So, likewise, while the evidences above adduced point to a marked degree of kinship, they by no means answer our question as to the common source from which the ancient leaders of the western world and the people who are to-day engaged in regenerating the Orient derived the ancestral qualities which have so conspicuously fitted them for their respective tasks.

"Upon the solution of this ultimate question so much light has of late been cast, and there is now in regard to it such a consensus of scholarly opinion, that it may be considered as virtually settled, so far at least as the primal habitat of everything we have a right to call a civilization is concerned. As the three dominant religions of the world have originated in the Orient, so every leading civilization, that of the West as well as that so recently revealed in the farthest East, must needs be referred to a purely Asiatic source, whence great tides of migration, eastward as well as westward, have borne its spirit and its great ideals, practically the same, to the uttermost confines of the earth.

"Since Max Müller's day the land which he called Arya in Central Asia has been generally recognized as the ancestral home whence flowed the great westward wave which, lifting upon its crest successively the empires of Persia, Greece, Rome, and Britain, at last, with the Cavaliers and the Pilgrims, crossed the stormy Atlantic and raised up the new Empire of the West.

"To-day a scholarly service, similar to that of Max Müller, has been rendered by an eastern savant who has indicated the course of another great migration in the opposite direction, which, passing through the semi-barbaric hordes of northern and southern Asia, found its final retreat in Japan, where, in safe isolation, undisturbed by the dynastic struggles and barbarian incursions which swept away the old-time civilization of the Orient, the Island Nation became the real repository of ancient Asiatic thought and culture.

"In his masterly work on 'The Ideals of the East,' Professor Okakura, the foremost living authority on eastern art and archeology, while not claiming Müller's Arya as the ancestral home of his people, and not presuming to locate that home, virtually assigns it to the same region, or somewhere thereabout, suggesting the vicinity of northern India as the probable source of his country's civilization. Wholly content with his conviction, so entirely in accord with his national pride and loyalty,—the Japanese having no desire to be assigned to a European race-category,—he rests in his conclusion that his people's origin is purely Asiatic, and that its ancestry had a standing on a par with that from which all European civilization has been derived."

As to purely ethnological evidence in support of this theory, there are many curious facts collected by students in this field. There is first of all a consensus of Oriental traditions in regard to an ancient eastward migration from western Asia. There is also the testimony of a large body of folk lore common to Europe and Japan. Old Jap-

anese legends, manifest replicas of those anciently current in Europe, are, to cite one instance, the same as the Irish legend of Knock-grafton. Comparative mythology also reveals numberless examples of like trend. There are marked Persian elements in the Japanese traditional notion of the universe. In Japanese lore of the ancients will be found plain versions of the stories of Adam and Eve, of Cain and Abel, of the Greek myths of Orpheus, Mars and Venus. There is also a sharp line of demarcation between the Japanese language and the languages of the neighboring continent. The inference would be that the islands were acquired by their inhabitants through a migration distinct from that which peopled both northern and southern Asia proper.

There remains one ethnological field for consideration. It is the mooted point of physiognomical characteristics. This, from the scientific standpoint, is really the least important. From a popular standpoint it is more important than all the others combined because it is the foundation of a deep race-prejudice in the western world:

"The eyelids of the Japanese show the Mongol obliquity. Therefore the nation is of Mongol birth. That may have been the verdict of the ethnologist before he had command of all the data of his science; just as now it is that of those who have never studied it at all. To correct this impression, it is only necessary to consider that the Japanese are a long way from their original home, so long that they may have been centuries on their journey, during which time there could have been ample opportunity for admixture of alien blood. Tradition also assigns to their journey a route trending northward, and it is now known that obliquity of the eyelids merely suggests a long lingering in high latitudes, where nature protects the eyes of animals in the same way.

"As to complexion also, on the ground of which ethnologists used to jump at their conclusions, any one who has had opportunity to come into contact with the dominant race in the islands, the descendants of those who drove the aborigines into Yezo, must hold it to be a misnomer to call the race yellow, its complexion being actually as white as that of any of the peoples of southern Europe."

The aborigines in Yezo, to whom reference is thus made, are the well-known Ainus or Ainos. The word Ainu seems to mean a man. There seems little doubt that the Ainus are the original inhabitants of Japan, having been driven to their present refuge in the north by the race which now dominates the empire. The Ainos are taller than the Japanese, strong and very hairy. The cheek-bone is high, the nose flat and broad. The Ainus differ likewise in hair from the other Asiatic races as well as in their racial characteristics.

WHY WE LONG FOR THE DEATH OF OUR RELATIVES

IF ONE dreams of the death of a near and dear relative—an uncle or a mother—it is not at all necessary to draw the conclusion that the dreamer now has such a wish. He need merely have had it at some former time. To be sure, no son likes to admit even to himself that he wants his father to die. Yet such a wish is natural, instinctive, even if it become less acute with the passage of time and in the end be put down in the subconsciousness. The daughter, too, wants her mother's death. That is why she dreams of it at times so frequently. For that matter, we all want the death of our relatives, subconsciously if not consciously, however dear we deem them.

For an explanation of this circumstance we are referred by its discoverer, Doctor Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, the world's most renowned psychologist, to the conditions of child life.* The child up to a certain age is free from altruistic feelings. He lives in a simple egoism. It is erroneous to assume that the feeling of the child for its parents and brothers and sisters is from the beginning one of affection. On the contrary, there exists instead among the children of a family a certain rivalry. When a second child is born the first clearly shows jealousy. The younger child reacts in the same egoistic manner. It sees in the elder an oppressor. Normally these states of mind disappear to a certain extent, but they are never wholly uprooted from consciousness. This hostile attitude of the child towards the other finds its expression in the wish that the other were dead. The child really means that he wishes the other were away. But let us consider the wish of the child for the death of the father or the mother. Few laymen will admit the existence of such a thing normally. The most that will be granted refers to the abuse of the child by the parents—the idea being that this is an exceptional instance. Altogether different is the elucidation of Doctor Karl Abraham in the monograph on Freudian psychology just cited and which has been followed here:

"The dream of the death of the father or mother, as it occurs to everyone, contains the sought-for explanation. Freud shows from it that 'the dream of the death of parents is preponderantly common concerning that one of the pair of the same sex as the dreamer; so the son, for the most part, dreams of the death of the father, the daughter of the death of the mother.' This behavior is explained in part as due to an early sexual preference of the son for the mother, the daughter for the father. Out of this

preference grows a certain rivalry of the son with the father for the love of the mother, and a similar situation between daughter and mother for the love of the father. The son rebels earlier or later against the patria potestas, in some cases openly, in others inwardly. At the same time the father protects his dominance against the growing son. A similar relation occurs between mother and daughter. As much as culture may soften or change this rivalry, through piety towards the parents, through love of the children, still its traces cannot be extinguished. In the most favorable cases these tendencies become repressed in the unconscious. Straightway they express themselves in dreams. Children who are disposed to nervous or psychic disease show, already in the early years, a very strong love or a very strong repulsion towards the parents or towards one of them. In their dreams they show these tendencies especially clearly; not less clearly, however, in the symptoms of their later disease. Freud gives very instructive examples of this kind. He cites, among others, the case of a mentally ill girl who for the first time, in a period of confusion, expressed violent aversion for her mother. As the patient became clearer she dreamed of the death of her mother. Finally she no longer contented herself with repressing in the unconscious her feelings against her mother, but proceeded to over-compensate for that feeling by constructing a phobia, that is, a morbid fear, that something might happen to the mother. The aversion became transposed, the more the patient gained composure, into an excessive apprehension about her mother's goings and comings. I have myself lately observed a quite similar case.

"As complementary it may be mentioned that the dreams of adults not infrequently turn on the death of a child. Pregnant women who suffer from their condition dream of an abortion. Fathers or mothers who in the waking state tenderly love their child dream under special conditions that it is dead, for example, when the existence of the child interferes with the attainment of an object.

"The typical dream then contains wishes which we in our waking life will not admit. In the dream life these secret wishes find expression. These wishes, common to many or to all mankind, we meet also in the myths."

In Freud's opinion a very large proportion of the repressed wishes which realize themselves in the dreams of adults originate in early childhood. So much we learn in a study of the desire for the death of our relatives which Doctor William Brown, head of the psychological department at the University of London, makes in *The Lancet*. The repressed wishes of which Freud makes so much are, he thinks, conditioned by the sex of the child. Sex is a theme to which children devote their minds at a much earlier period than scientists have hitherto suspected. The child's ideas on the subject bring about a hatred of the

father or of the mother, attraction in one case being accompanied by hatred and jealousy towards the parent of the opposite sex. These are repressed under the influence of education and environment; but in later life they produce dreams of the death of the father or of the mother:

"The legend of Edipus, who unwittingly marries his own mother, Jocasta, and, tho guiltless in intent, pays the penalty for this unholy act, is a mythical representation of this general tendency in human nature. Freud would explain the mystery of Hamlet in the same way. Hamlet is unable to take vengeance on the man who has supplanted and murdered his father because he himself in his early youth had wished his father's death. The wish has been vigorously repressed and he is at present unconscious of it, but it still exists in him unconsciously and produces the inhibitory effects depicted in the play. Freud considers that repressed wishes of this nature are the principal factor in the production of all the psychoneuroses.

"If we bear in mind that children's ideas of death are very vague and in most cases correspond simply to 'permanent absence,' the theory is not so outrageous as it might otherwise seem to be. The 'naturalness' of family affection has undoubtedly been greatly exaggerated by earlier thinkers, and the passions of hostility aroused within the family circle are often very fierce. As the children grow up these feelings generally disappear and make way for the more conventional and intellectualized forms of sentiment; but deep down in the unconscious recesses of their souls persist the traces of earlier conflicts."

It may be thought surprising that such an immoral wish as that of the death of so near a relative should pass the "censor." The censor is that portion of the mental apparatus which stands on guard to repress thoughts we wish to hide. Two facts sufficiently explain the failure of the censor. In the first place the wish is the last in the world that we should ever consciously entertain; and for this reason the censor is unprepared for its appearance. In the second place the wish fulfillment is accompanied in the dream by a feeling of intense sorrow which seems to receive a sufficient explanation in the anxiety for the person's welfare which the dreamer has actually felt in recent times. Freud records the case of a woman who dreamed that she saw her fifteen-year-old daughter lying dead in a box. Psychoanalysis showed that the latent content of the dream was a wish dating back fifteen years that the child might die before it was born. This is a good illustration of the way in which wishes may persist for years in the consciousness, uninfluenced by later experience.

* DREAMS AND MYTHS. By Dr. Karl Abraham. (Berlin.) Translated by Dr. William I. White. New York Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company.

Religion and Ethics

THE MOST ESSENTIAL CONTRAST BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM

THE pessimism of the Buddhist doctrine of life and the optimism of Christianity have often been discussed, but never has the difference between the two great historic rivals been stated with more profound suggestiveness than by Professor Josiah Royce in a recent number of the *Hibbert Journal*. The Christian idea of salvation through communal love and loyalty, together with the atonement—the creating of “new good out of ancient evil” for the beloved community—according to Professor Royce’s stimulating interpretation, presents the deepest contrast to Buddhist quietism and the Buddhist doctrine of salvation through the extinction of the individual.

Professor Royce begins by enumerating the many and impressive ethical and religious features common to both Christianity and Buddhism. Some of the greatest life questions are answered by both religions in substantially the same way. He writes:

“Each of these two religions attempts, by a frank exposure of the centrally important facts of our life, to banish the illusions which bind us fast to earth, and, as they both maintain, to destruction. Each is therefore in its own way austere and unsparing in the speech which it addresses to the natural man. Each shuns mere popularity, and is transparently honest in its estimate of the vanities of the world. Each aims at the heart of our defects. Each says: ‘What makes your life a wreck and a failure is that your very essence as a human self is, in advance of the saving process, a necessary source of woe and wrong.’ Each of the two religions insists upon the inmost life of the heart as the source whence proceeds all that is evil, and whence may proceed all that can become good about man. Each rejects the merely outward show of our deeds as a means for determining whether we are righteous or not. Each demands absolute personal sincerity from its followers. Each blesses the pure in heart, requires strict self-control, and makes an inner concentration of mind upon the good end an essential feature of piety. Each preaches kindness toward all mankind, including our enemies. Each condemns cruelty and malice. Each, in fact, permits no human enmities. Each is a religion that exalts those who, in the world’s eyes, are weak.”

The familiar statement that Buddhism is pessimistic while Christianity is a religion of hope, Professor Royce regards as not particularly enlightening unless we undertake to explain the spirit of Christian optimism and appreciate justly the Buddhist’s pessimism. Nearer the truth he finds that other familiar contrast between the creative attitude which Christianity requires of the human will, as against the quietism of Buddha. “Buddhism has as its goal,” he says further, “a certain passionless contemplation, in which the distinction of one individual from another is of no import, so that the self, as *this* self, vanishes. Christianity conceives love as positively active, and dwells upon a hope of immortality. Nevertheless the concept of beatitude, as the Christian thought of the Middle Ages formulated that concept, sets the contemplative life nearer the goal than the active life, even when the active life is one of charity.” Thus, even in their more mystical moods and expressions, the two religions are more in agreement than partizanship on either side would admit.

It is a vastly more important difference, Professor Royce grants, that Buddhism aims at the extinction of the individual self, while Christianity assigns to the individual an infinite worth. Yet this importance again is unexplained, he continues, until we see why it is, from the Christian point of view, that the individual is of such worth. “One may answer in simple terms that, according to the teachings of Jesus, the individual is infinitely important because the Father loves him; while Buddhism, in its original Southern form, has nothing to offer that is equivalent to this love of God for the individual man.” Which brings us to the further question: “Why and for what end does the God of Christianity love the individual?” And here, at last, says Professor Royce, we reach the most essential contrast between the two religions:

“For God’s love towards the individual is, from the Christian point of view, a love for one whose destiny it is to be a *member of the Kingdom of Heaven*. The Kingdom of Heaven is essentially a Community. And the idea of this community,

as the Founder in parables prophetically taught that idea, developed into the conception which the Christian Church formed of its own mission; and through all changes, and despite all human failures, this conception remains a sovereign treasure of the Christian world.

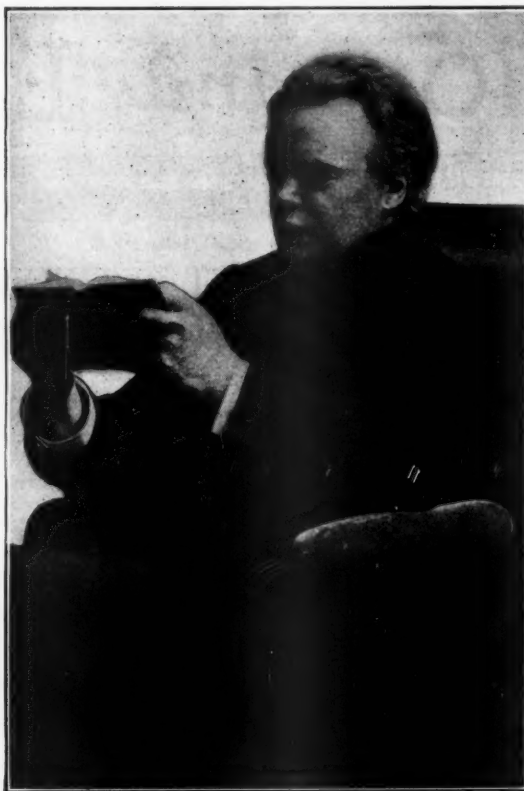
“The Individual and the Community: this, if I may so express a perfectly human antithesis in religious and deliberately symbolic speech—this pair of terms and of ideas is, so to speak, the *sacred pair*, to whose exposition and to whose practical application the whole Christian doctrine of life is due. This pair it is which, in the first place, enables Christianity to tell the individual why, in his natural isolation and narrowness, he is essentially defective, is inevitably a failure, is doomed, and must be transformed. This, if you choose, is the root and core of man’s original sin, namely, the very form of his being as a morally detached individual. This is the bondage of his flesh; this is the soul of his corruption; this is his alienation from true life; this fact namely, that by nature, as a social animal, he is an individual who, tho fast bound by ties which no man can rend to the community wherein he chances to be born or trained, nevertheless, *until* the true love of a community, and *until* the beloved community itself appear in his life, is a stranger in his father’s house—a hater of his only chance of salvation—a worldling and a worker of evil deeds—a miserable source of misery.”

Buddhism likewise knows and teaches that the root of bitterness is to be found in the inmost heart of the individual self. But the original Southern Buddhism, according to Professor Royce, never made as a positive part of its plan of salvation “*the simple and yet intensely positive devotion of the self to a new task—to its creative office as a loyal member of a beloved community.*” Its way of salvation is merely through the destruction of all that alienates the individual self from the true life. Professor Royce foresees in the ideal Christian community an objective reality which he defines as follows:

“The ideal Christian community is one in which compassion is a mere incident in the realization of the new life, not only of brotherly concord but also of an interminably positive creation of new social values, all of which exist for many souls in one spirit. The ideal Christian com-

munity of all mankind is to be as intimate in its enthusiasm of service as the daily life of a Pauline church was intended by the apostle to be, and as novel in its inventions of new arts of common living as the gifts of the spirit in the early Christian Church were believed to be novel. The ideal Christian community is to be the community of all mankind, as completely united in its inner life as one conscious self could conceivably become, and as destructive of the natural hostilities and of the narrow passions which estrange individual men, as it is skilful in winning from the infinite realm of bare possibilities concrete arts of control over nature and of joy in its own riches of grace. This free and faithful community of all mankind, wherein the individuals should indeed die to their own natural life, but should also enjoy a newness of positive life — this community never became, so far as I can learn, a conscious ideal for early Buddhism."

Still further removed from the Buddhist doctrine of salvation is Professor Royce's interpretation of the atonement. It is more than the reconciliation of good and evil through the genius of creative love. It is, in a way, a justification of the existence of evil. "Let no evil deed be done," he writes, "so deep in its treachery but that creative love shall find the way to make the world better than it would have been had that evil deed not been done." Professor Royce takes the Bible romance of Joseph and his brethren in illustration. The brothers sin against Joseph and their father. The deed is part youthful folly, part a maturely



HE LIGHTS THE WAY TOWARD A NEW IDEAL

The Christian conception of communal love and loyalty which never became a conscious ideal for early Buddhism, says Professor Josiah Royce, is an "interminably positive creation of new social values."

wilful treason. They assail not only their brother but their father's love for his lost son. It is a treason against father, son, and the whole family community. In the end, Joseph comforts his father, forgives his brethren, and atones for the sin in such a way that unity is restored.

"Here, then," says Professor Royce, "is felt to be a genuine atonement.

Wherein does it consist?" Not, he maintains, in the now generally discredited theories of "penal satisfaction"; nor in the more modern moral theories of atonement. "Joseph, having suffered and triumphed, set before his brethren (not without a due measure of gently stern rebuke for their past misdeeds) an example of love and forgiveness so moving that they deeply repented, confessed their sin, and loved their brother as never before." Such a theory, Professor Royce insists, misses the most obvious point of the tale, that, "through Joseph's work, all is made, in fact, better than it would have been had there been no treason at all."

"I submit that Joseph's atoning work consists simply in this triumphantly ingenious creation of good out of ill. That the brethren confess and repent is inevitable, and is a part of the good result; but by itself that is only a poor offering on their part. It is Joseph who atones. His atonement is, of course, vicarious. But it is perfectly objective. And it is no vicarious 'penal satisfaction' whatever. It is simply the triumph of the spirit of the family through the devoted loyalty of an individual."

Such a theory of atonement, Professor Royce concludes, could be applied to estimate the atoning work of Christ. "Atoning deeds are the most creative of the expressions which the community gives, through the deed of an individual, to its will that the unity of the spirit should triumph not only despite but *through* the greatest tragedies, the tragedies of deliberate sin."

THE RECOVERY OF MISSING VERSES IN THE GOSPELS

IT IS curious, as the New York *Independent* observes, that the American public should depend on a cabled abstract of an article in the London *Times* for information concerning an ancient manuscript of the Gospels purchased in Egypt six years ago by Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, edited by Professor Henry A. Sanders, of the University of Michigan, and now known in our public libraries as the Washington Manuscript. Mr. Freer himself knew nothing of the value of this old bundle of papyri, yellow with age and encrusted with the desert sand, until it was examined by Professor Sanders, whose final report and preparation of a facsimile with full critical and explanatory notes are now published. Eventually the original manuscript will

be transferred to the Smithsonian Institution.

Verses lost for centuries are herein found; and it is expected that on further study the many important corrections and verifications of disputed points in former manuscripts will add considerably to our knowledge of the Gospels. "With the purchase of these four Greek uncials a new period in American studies is marked," says the London *Times*. "A few cursive manuscripts, but none older than the eleventh century, exist at present in the United States, but they are of little importance. This happy find of Mr. Freer's places the United States on the list with Russia, which owns the Sinaiticus manuscript at St. Petersburg; with Italy and its Codex Vaticanus at Rome; with England's Alex-

andrinus at London and Codex Bezae at Cambridge, and with France's Ephrem palimpsest in Paris. Of these the Codex Vaticanus is perhaps the most important, and it is probable that this very old manuscript antedates the new Codex Washingtonensis by but a few years."

The Washington Manuscript contains three hundred and seventy-two parchment pages, mostly sheepskin badly yellowed, bound between two wooden panel covers, on which are painted in bright colors, after the manner of Coptic art, the four evangelists. The whole book is bound over with leather, and the covers are provided with metal chains attached by staples whose use can only be conjectured. The four gospels, in an unusual order — Matthew and John, Luke and Mark



THE LAST PAGE OF THE LAST GOSPEL

The subscribed prayer indicates the possession of this manuscript by the Church of Timothy in the Monastery of the Vine-dresser, which perished between 1208 and 1441.

(agreeing with the famous Codex Bezae)—are written in Greek uncials, almost entirely in one clear-cut hand, with brown ink, and the letters are well preserved. Everywhere, says Professor Sanders, the final text was decipherable. Interpolations occur in different hands.

An interesting part of Professor Sanders' labor has been to try and ascertain the source of these ancient papyri. His findings are based not on collateral records but on internal evidence of the manuscript itself. On the last page of the last gospel, which is Mark, the following prayer is subscribed, written by a later hand: "Holy Christ, be Thou with Thy servant Timothy and all of his." This indicates, according to a custom of the early Christian Church, says Professor Sanders, that the manuscript was in the possession of a certain Church of Timothy in the Monastery of the Vine-dresser. But there is also evidence that several names had been erased before Timothy was written in. Therefore Professor Sanders fixes the date of the new codex much earlier than the Church of Timothy, in the third or at the latest the early fourth century.

"The Monastery of the Vine-dresser," he writes, "was once burned by the Melchites, and it may well be that at its restoration, at the end of the fifth

and attitude of the figure of John must have been, as the remaining fragments show, practically identical with that of Mark. Traces of color in his hair show also that he was white or gray-haired like Mark.

"We have in these two panels definite portraits of the four Evangelists which should be of value to the student of Coptic iconography. This is particularly true of the figure of Mark, whose current type in Byzantine art is that of a man in the prime of life, with black hair and a full, round beard. Styzowski recognized the existence of the 'Paul type' of Mark in Coptic art—gray hair, head slightly bald, pointed beard—but this portrait is the first published monument to confirm the statement and to establish definitely the Coptic type of the Evangelist."

What is considered, however, the most important contribution of the new codex to the records of the Christian Church is the addition of verses to the text of the Gospels

or sixth century, manuscripts were begged or bought from various sources to make a complete Greek Bible for the use of those of the North African monks who understood Greek."

The painted covers of the Gospels are only second in interest to the manuscript. They are of later date.

The four Evangelists are here depicted in the same unusual order as the Gospels in the text. The picture of Mark is labelled by an inscription placed vertically beside his figure, *Márkos*, and to the left of Luke are discernible the last letters of his name, *âs*. Professor Charles R. Morey, of Princeton University, gives the following description:

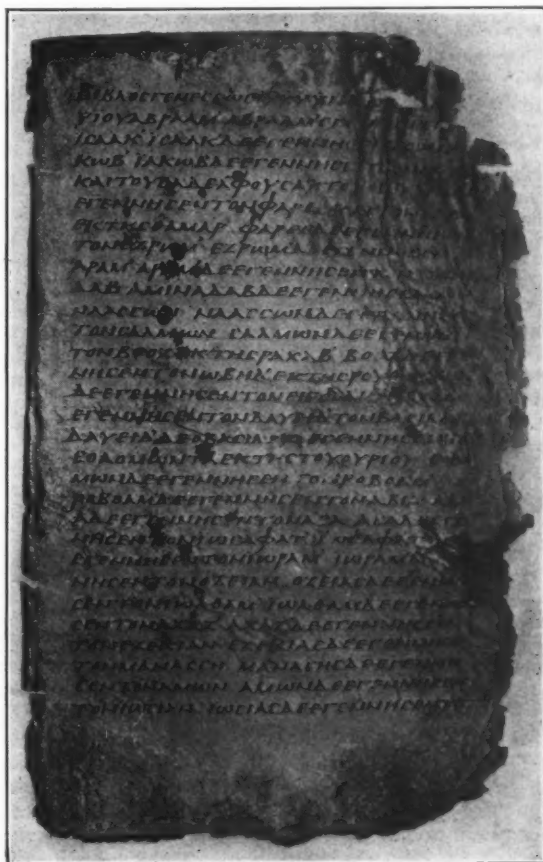
"The drapery, the color scheme

as compiled from the five great codices previously known. The Washington Manuscript reveals verses lost for centuries, says the *N. Y. Times*, whose value cannot yet be properly estimated. But the *Independent* warns us that we must not trust to such assertions, even from sober newspapers. It is hardly true, the writer adds, that the new codex adds to the verses of the Gospels. He agrees, however, with the *Times*, that the widely discussed interpolation after verse fourteen of the sixteenth chapter of Mark is interesting even if it does not prove to be very important. The present verses of our Revised Version of the New Testament, Mark 16: 16-20, are admittedly of doubtful authenticity. They do not appear in the Washington Manuscript. But after we are told, in verse 14, that Jesus appeared to the disciples as they sat at meat and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart because they had not believed that he was risen from the dead, the new codex reads:

"And they excused themselves, saying that this age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, who through the agency of unclean spirits suffers not the true power of God to be apprehended.

"For this cause," said they unto Christ, 'reveal now at once thy righteousness.'"

"And Christ said unto them, 'The limit



ONE MORE RESULT OF "GRUBBING EXPLORATION"

If the air and soil of Egypt can thus preserve papyri of the third century, is it not possible, asks the *London Nation*, that a fifth Gospel may yet be found?



THE WOODEN COVERS OF THE FREER GOSPELS

The figures of the Evangelists are painted in masses of ground color, still bright—reds, yellows and greens; and all the details of feature and drapery are overlaid upon this.

of the years of the power of Satan is not fulfilled, but is drawing near.' [Here the text is corrupt.]

"For the sake of those who sinned was I given up unto death, that they may return unto the truth and sin no more, but may inherit the spiritual and incorruptible glory of righteousness in Heaven."

The *Independent* makes the following explanatory comment:

"The conclusion of Mark's Gospel, verses 9-20, while old, was not written by Mark, but was added by another very

early writer to supplement the very abrupt ending of the Gospel at verse 8. It has been suggested by some—among them by Westcott and Hort—that the original ending of the Gospel, perhaps the last leaf of the manuscript, was lost in the first century. Two different endings are found in ancient manuscripts, one which in the Revised Version is separated from the rest of the Gospel by a blank space, and another shorter one which we translate as follows:

"But all the things which had been told to those with Peter they immediately proclaimed. And after these things Jesus himself through them sent out, from east

to west, the holy and uncorrupted proclamation of eternal salvation."

"The authority for this second ending, altho it is ancient, is much less than for the usual ending. . . .

"The interpolation in the Freer manuscript after Mark 16:14 is not found in any other manuscript, and yet there is evidence that it was known to Jerome. . . . It was added, we may presume, when the early Church had begun to give up the expectation of the speedy return of Christ to the earth, as an explanation of his delay, and is valuable simply as a record of the change of view in a very early period."

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S NEW THEORY OF MORAL PROGRESS

WHEN one of the greatest scientific discoverers of our age, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, after observing the evolution of society for more than three generations, declares, without qualification, that our "whole system is rotten from top to bottom," and that our present social environment "as a whole, in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen," even the most resolute of optimists must hesitate for a while to

talk about progress and take account of the facts as presented by Dr. Wallace in his latest book.* "It is a terrible arraignment," says the *Christian Commonwealth* (London), "and describes with unflinching truthfulness the various forms of social immorality which have accompanied the economic development of our civilization. But the book is inspired with a passionate faith in a future where brotherly co-operation and coordination for the

equal good of all will be the fundamental principles."

Dr. Wallace believes that we can initiate an era of true moral progress only through the most radical economic and social reforms, and particularly through a new form of natural selection,—the free choice in marriage of independent women. The different theories of eugenics, or any other direct interference with the freedom of marriage, he rejects as bungling and disastrous.

There is no proof, Dr. Wallace be-

* SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT AND MORAL PROGRESS. Published by Cassell & Company.

gins by stating, of any real advance in human character during the whole historical period. For such a change a new selective agency appears to be required. "As examples of great moral teachers in very early times we have Socrates and Plato about 400 B.C.; Confucius and Buddha, one or two centuries earlier; Homer, earlier still; the great Indian Epic, the Maha-Bharata, about 1500 B.C. All these afford indications of intellectual and moral character quite equal to our own; while their lower manifestations, as shown by their wars and love of gambling, were no worse than corresponding immoralities to-day."

The human intellect also has remained stationary. The idea that our recent discoveries and inventions in every department of science and art prove that we are wiser and more intellectual than mankind in the past, is, according to Dr. Wallace, totally unfounded. We are simply the inheritors, he says, of the "accumulated knowledge of all the ages; and it is quite possible, and even probable, that the earliest steps taken in the accumulation of this vast mental treasury required even more thought and a higher intellectual power than any of those taken in our own era." If Newton, for instance, had been born in Egypt at the time of the Pyramid builders, when there were no such sciences as mathematics, perhaps even no decimal notation, he could probably have done nothing more than they accomplished. We forget that in building up the sciences "each of the early steps was the work of a genius." Moreover, only recently papyri have been discovered which show conclusively that ancient residents of Egypt, people belonging to a period even earlier than that of the Great Pyramid, had social desires and aspirations very much like our own.

The material growth of the nineteenth century, our rapid increase of wealth and power over Nature, Dr. Wallace maintains, has succeeded only in putting "too great a strain upon our crude civilization and our superficial Christianity, and it was accompanied by various forms of social immorality almost as amazing and unprecedented." He points to the widespread inhumanity, cruelty and immorality of child labor in our industrial system, and the incalculable loss of infant life through the overwork, poverty or slow starvation of mothers. "Wealth," Dr. Wallace declares, "has been deliberately preferred to human life and happiness"; and one of the great defects of our system of law is that deaths due to preventable causes in any profit-making business are not criminal offences. "No thinking man or woman," he concludes, "can believe that this state of things is absolutely irremediable; and the persistent acquiescence in it while loudly boasting of our civilization, of

our science, of our national prosperity, and of our Christianity, is the proof of a hypocritical lack of national morality that has never been surpassed in any former age."

Altho it is a well-known and incontrovertible fact, Dr. Wallace affirms, that our commercial system is pervaded by a mass of dishonest practices and falsehood, by adulteration, bribery and stock gambling, the possessors of wealth thus acquired hold honored places in our society. To cure this a new industrial ethics is required. "If it were taught to every child and in every school and college, that it is morally wrong for any one to live upon the combined labor of his fellow-men without contributing an approximately equal amount of useful labor, whether physical or mental, in return, all kinds of gambling, as well as many other kinds of useless occupation, would be seen to be of the same nature as direct dishonesty or fraud, and, therefore, would soon come to be considered disgraceful as well as immoral."

Increasing deaths from alcoholism and from suicide, degeneration through sexual immorality, all these facts of our civilization, Dr. Wallace declares, should give us pause and "force upon us the conviction that there is something radically wrong in a social system which brings about such terrible evils." Most modern methods of dealing with these evils are fundamentally wrong and doomed to failure. But human nature is not a failure. It can always be regenerated. Dr. Wallace proposes for our future moral progress a radical change of social environment through the substitution of cooperation for competition in industry, economic brotherhood for economic antagonism, and complete equality of opportunity. He advances the original theory of moral progress through a new form of sexual selection made possible only by the economic and social freedom of women.

It is certainly of importance when the codiscoverer with Darwin of the law of natural selection and survival of the fittest tells us that this law has been misinterpreted to excuse the brutalities of our competitive system. "Others," writes Dr. Wallace, "are so imbued with the universality of natural selection as a beneficial law of Nature that they object to our interfering with its action in, as they urge, the elimination of the unfit by disease and death, even when such diseases are caused by the unsanitary conditions of our modern cities or the misery and destitution due to our irrational and immoral social system." But the transference of the action of natural selection from bodily structure to the mind of man, Dr. Wallace maintains, introduced a new factor—that of mutual help in human evolution, thus neutralizing profoundly the law of survival. This modification

of the theory was originally pointed out by Dr. Wallace in the *Anthropological Review* of 1864, and, tho apparently not attracting the attention of popular economists of that day, it received the approval of both Darwin and Spencer. What Dr. Wallace terms the "divine influx," which "at some definite epoch in his evolution at once raised man above the rest of the animals," created "a new being with a continuous spiritual existence in a world or worlds where eternal progress was possible for him." Mutual help became a factor in that progress.

Many readers and some writers of books, Dr. Wallace says, appear quite unaware that Darwin established two modes of selection, "natural" and sexual; the latter acting in two different ways, through the fighting of males for the possession of females, and the display of special male ornaments to attract the female. The second form, however, Dr. Wallace has long believed to be imaginary, and his views are generally adopted by evolutionists. He now discovers a third form of sexual selection in human society which he believes will initiate an era of moral progress. It is not eugenics. Dr. Wallace fiercely repudiates any connection with eugenic theories and regards them as fantastic. He says:

"It is in the highest degree presumptuous and irrational to attempt to deal by compulsory enactments with the most vital and most sacred of all human relations, regardless of the fact that our present phase of social development is not only extremely imperfect but, as I have already shown, vicious and rotten at the core. How can it be possible to determine by legislation those relations of the sexes which shall be best alike for individuals and for the race, in a society in which a large proportion of our women are forced to work long hours daily for the barest subsistence, with an almost total absence of the rational pleasures of life, for the want of which thousands are driven into wholly uncongenial marriages in order to secure some amount of personal independence or physical well-being? . . .

"Is it not a hideous mockery that the successive governments which for forty years have seen the people they profess to govern so driven to despair by the vile conditions of their existence that in an ever larger and larger proportion they seek death by suicide as their only means of escape—that governments which have done nothing to put an end to this continuous horror of starvation and suicide should be thought capable of remedying some of its more terrible results, while leaving its causes absolutely untouched?"

Free selection in marriage made possible by the independence of women is a form of selection far preferable to eugenics, in Dr. Wallace's opinion. There are those who would probably object that women could not be counted upon so to advance the morals of the



"OUR SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT IS THE WORST THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN"

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the discoverer with Darwin of the theory of natural selection, now declares that moral progress is possible only through radical social changes, including a new form of sexual selection.

race. No one has a right to make such a statement, says Dr. Wallace, without adducing very strong evidence in support of it. He continues:

"We have for generations degraded women in every possible way; but we now know that such degradation is not hereditary, and therefore not permanent. The great philosopher and seer, Swedenborg, declared that, whereas men loved justice, wisdom, and power for their own sakes, women loved them as seen in the characters of men. It is generally admitted that there is truth in this observation; but there is surely still more truth in the converse, that they do not admire those who are palpably unjust, stupid, or weak, and still less those who are distorted, diseased, or grossly vicious, tho under present conditions they are often driven to marry them. It may be taken as certain, therefore, that when women are economically and socially free to choose, numbers of the worst men among all classes who now readily obtain wives *will be almost universally rejected.*"

This mode of moral improvement by elimination of the less desirable has many advantages, Dr. Wallace maintains, over that of securing eugenic marriages of the more admired.

"What we most require is to improve the *average* of our population by rejecting its lower types rather than by raising the advanced types a little higher. Great and good men are always produced in sufficient numbers and have always been so produced in every phase of civilization. We do not need more of these so much as we want a diminution of the weaker and less advanced types. This weeding-out process has been the method of *natural selection*, by which the whole of the glorious vegetable and animal kingdoms have been developed and advanced. The survival of the fittest is really the extinction of the unfit; and it is the one brilliant ray of hope for humanity that, just as we advance in the reform of our present cruel and disastrous social system, we shall set free a power of selection in marriage that will steadily and certainly improve the character, as well as the strength and the beauty, of our race."

Dr. Wallace hopes and believes that the women of the future will prove equal to their high task of human regeneration. He writes in conclusion: "The certainty that this powerful selective agency will come into existence just in proportion as we reform our existing social system by the abolition of poverty and the establishment of full equality of opportunity in education and economic position, demonstrates that Nature—or the Universal Mind—has not failed or bungled our world so completely as to require the weak and ignorant efforts of the eugenists to set it right, while leaving the great fundamental causes of all existing social evils absolutely untouched."

"SABOTAGE" IN THE WOMAN MOVEMENT

IN HER novel, "The Convert," dramatized as "Vote for Women," Elizabeth Robins gave a sympathetic presentation of the beginnings of militancy in the English movement for woman suffrage. "Way Stations" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a collection now published of her articles and speeches on the subject, linked together by the first brief history, is an ardent defence of the women's resort to violence, or "direct action." Miss Robins finds sermons in stone-throwing, and an effective argument in the shattering of windows. It is only fair to add that her book was written before the more recent wild outbreaks. Nevertheless the principle of militancy, with all the possibilities which it involves, she bravely attempts to justify, and she refers to Christabel Pankhurst as "that spirit of air and fire."

When the English public, in 1905, was first "rudely reminded" of the existence of little groups of people who would fight for the principle of woman suffrage, Miss Robins confesses that she had little understanding

of and no sympathy with militancy. Her book, therefore, is designed to show how she and other like-minded persons have "traveled the road of enlightenment." Mounted policemen riding down little bands of women and girls publicly and peacefully assembled, unnecessary violence on the part of the government, finally leading to the first arrest of fifty-seven "bruised, dishevelled women," opened her eyes and sharpened her mind. The first women who went to prison, Miss Robins says, went for "a sign." "The question is: Can you read it?" She continues:

"Can you even discern the two strange and unexpected things that have come out of women's going to prison in the cause of Suffrage?

"First: a fact not easily given its due weight—the fact that through their suffering and voluntary acceptance of the badge of humiliation, they have come close to the poor. Second: most difficult, most precious gain of all, the poor have come close to them.

"In a democratic country this is a circumstance of the first magnitude. Well

may the most astute statesman be given pause when he reflects that there is no body of educated men in Europe to-day in such close touch with the hard-pressed, disinherited millions as the women who have gone to prison for the Vote."

The government refused to accord militant suffragists the rights of political prisoners. They were treated like common criminals; whereat they revolted by refusing to eat and were forcibly fed. "According to an array of medical authorities," writes Miss Robins, "this process, even when employed upon an unresisting patient, is painful and dangerous. When fought against it becomes a mode of torture. It can be persisted in only at the cost of reason or of life."

A sister of Mrs. Pankhurst's died shortly after her release from what is known as the "Hunger Strike." There is a horrible list of nameless martyrs to the cause. Miss Robins tells the true story of Lady Constance Lytton, whose complete self-immolation is hardly known as yet.

Arrested and discharged on some pretext or other, but really because

the authorities shrank from handling roughly a sister of Lord Lytton, Lady Constance determined to make herself a test case. She cut off her hair, put on spectacles and working clothes, and thus disguised led a party of women to the prison gates. There she told the public what was being done to the women inside, and demanded their release. To quote further:

"She was instantly arrested, and sentenced to fourteen days' hard labor. In prison she was forcibly stripped and dressed in prison clothes. When she had fasted for several days four wardresses entered her cell at the heels of the prison doctor. He did not so much as go through the form of testing that heart which had been an object of such solicitude in Newcastle Gaol, in the Home Office, and in the House of Commons. 'Jane Warton,' as the prisoner called herself, was bound and gagged. Under the disguise of the borrowed name, Lady Constance went through that 'living nightmare of pain and horror and revolting degradation'—forcible feeding.

"In a few days' time the Gaol officials became convinced that this prisoner was not a working-woman, and probably not even Jane Warton; that she was, in any case, a woman suffering from grave heart trouble, and likely to die on their hands. So they allowed her to take out of prison a broken body, and such a case against the conduct of the business of the Home Office as made its chief think South Africa preferable to Westminster."

Miss Robins presents picture after picture of martyrdom in her peculiarly vivid and dramatic style, reaching the conclusion that the first shattering of plate-glass by the militants came with an "intensity of relief." "We are told that the Militants 'miscalculated' the anger and resentment they had aroused," she writes. "No, not 'miscalculated'—for their calculating was occupied with another problem. They are indifferent to anger and resentment. When a section of the public comes to that frame of mind, the situation is serious. Those who love law and order owe more than they are aware to the Militant leaders. You know the acts the leaders have sanctioned. *You do not know the deeds they have prevented.*" To quote in conclusion:

"Unnerving as are the particular scenes under consideration, even to think about, there is in them an implication more unnerving still. For we have here hundreds of women ready to accept the disapproval (and all that may involve), not only on the part of the powers that be, and not only of the general public, but of their dearest friends and staunchest followers—if by that single sacrifice, or any other, they can break through the apathy that makes men and women permit the greater evils that afflict the world. "Persons of this temper can do without approval. Yet allies they never dreamed

of are found upon their side. A philosopher as grave and decorous as Emerson, for instance, with his assurance that 'every project in the history of reform, no matter how violent and surprising, is good when it is the dictate of a man's genius and constitution.'

"Very probably Emerson, as well as Burke and Mr. W. E. Gladstone, might hesitate to include women among mankind.

"The Creator seems not to have hesitated."

In a review of Miss Robins' book, written for the New York *Bookman* by Fola La Follette (Mrs. George Middleton), daughter of the Senator, the religious fervor of the militant movement is dwelt upon:

"Whether one questions the expediency of militant methods or feels sufficient provocation has not been offered to justify their extreme tactics, scarcely any reader of 'Way Stations' can fail to realize that these women have been motivated by a deeply religious fervor, by an intense consciousness 'of the penalty other women pay for our mean content with a better lot.' Miss Robins says the root idea of militancy is a rising up against evil, and 'few of us believe in peace at any price.' Scarcely any of us could stand unflinchingly and non-militantly by with Tolstoi while a child was tortured; we would consider the price of peace too high. Whether one is militant or non-militant in any cause is largely a question of the sensitiveness of one's imagination and the alertness of one's social consciousness."

A point of view contrary to that of Miss Robins is presented in *The Forum*, with equal earnestness and with an equal belief in the enfranchisement of women, by the well-known writer Mrs. Havelock Ellis. Mrs. Ellis deprecates the existence of militancy, but she neither belittles nor derides it. She pays tribute to the extraordinary if mistaken heroism which it has brought forth. "Whatever people may say or think about political militancy," she writes, "we must remember the fact that, but for the W. S. P. U. [Women's Social and Political Union], the apathy of the parasitic women in our midst and the ignorance of many men would have remained just where they were till now. Jog-trot methods were suddenly eclipsed in a dramatic onslaught of the militant suffragets. If the drama does nothing else, it generally keeps people awake. . . . The awakening was terrific in importance and magnitude. It spread like an infection—this rebellion of distinguished and cultured women in our midst—this apparent outrage on womanhood itself to gain a recognition of womanhood."

But even in the game of politics, Mrs. Ellis goes on to say, even unemancipated women should play fair; and it is not playing fair to break the laws of a country, to rob peaceful cit-

izens by destroying their property, and then to protest at not being allowed to starve to death, or to revolt violently at life being saved by the only means available. Such lawlessness and disorder are what women should wish to abolish. Why introduce new methods of old abuses? "The argument that the hunger strike was to enforce the proper treatment of prisoners as political offenders is illogical. Window-smashing is not a political offence any more than burglary. However honest the motive behind it, it still remains an anti-social act." Moreover, Mrs. Ellis points out, the winning of the vote is entirely secondary to the way in which it is won; the vote itself being "imperative" only because it is "one point in the circle of justice."

The more orderly and matronly sections of English suffrage societies are entirely nonplussed, Mrs. Ellis admits, by these fierce and warring spirits in their midst. They are weakening woman's cause and hindering her emancipation. In their milder and frequently grotesque propaganda she discovers a similarity to the first onslaught of General Booth upon conventional religion. To quote at length:

"The drum and fife of the Salvation Army woke many a lass and lad to the wonders of their own spiritual heritage. It made the public think; it aroused criticism. It was clever enough to appeal to the average in human nature, to the love of noise, to the inherent cry of the leader to lead and the followers to follow. Its autocracy, its definiteness, its dogma, its hero-worship and its capacity for collecting huge sums of money to save the lost were similar to this woman's movement in politics. It was vital and dramatic and made use of the need for sacrifice and martyrdom which is in the make-up of us all. . . . I remember well how the Salvationists cried in the streets in the first years of their propaganda: 'Why give tenpence a pound for lamb when you can get the Lamb of God for nothing?' It jarred terribly, just as militant tactics jarred; but the cry caught many a slum lad and lass, as militant tactics have taught many a half evolved man and woman to think out the woman question for themselves.

"Window smashing and such tactics have become as revolting to the general public to-day as that Lamb of God plea in the militant religious movement. The jar comes in, in both cases, because religion and womanhood are intimate and wonderful things and cannot be ultimately connected with vulgarity or rowdiness."

It is, then, as a passing and deplorable, if possibly necessary, phase that Mrs. Ellis regards militancy in the woman movement. Women have saner and yet sterner tasks before them. By spiritual and physiological laws, they are a constructive force in the world. When they become destructive agents of militancy and sabotage, they violate their own natures.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S DEFENCE OF PROTESTANTISM

THE controversy in Episcopalian circles over the Church's proposed change of name from Protestant Episcopal to Holy Catholic or American Catholic continues with unabated heat, and seems likely to do so until it culminates in the Episcopal General Convention to be held in New York City next October. Only by the margin of a single vote did the effort fail three years ago to drop the word Protestant, and now there is every reason to believe, according to a writer in the *New York Independent*, that even a bolder attempt will be made in the coming convention to draw the Episcopal Church nearer the Roman Catholic, and to separate it definitely from "dissenting Protestant sects."

An entire book is now published on the subject,* written by Dr. Randolph H. McKim, presenting forcibly the argument that the Ritualists who advocate a change of name are neo-Catholics who wish also to change the teachings of the Episcopal Church as given in the Prayer Book, and thus ally it to the Roman Catholic Church. This opinion, it is interesting to note, is shared by Roman Catholic writers, but in no spirit of approval. "At the root of the agitation for a change of name of the Protestant Episcopal Church, lies the desire on the part of many members of that Church to be more Catholic," says an editorial in *The Catholic World*. But the present name is its true name, the writer continues, for the Episcopal Church is essentially Protestant. "In its origin and its continued life," to quote further, "it is a protest against the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church owns the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, as its head. It believes him to be the Vicar of Christ upon earth; the supreme authority in all matters spiritual. The Protestant Episcopal Church does not believe this; has never believed it, and its genesis was owing to a protest against this very belief. The Protestant Episcopal Church believes in no visible power as an ultimate authority, infallibly protected by the power of the Holy Spirit, which we are obliged to accept and believe." Therefore, in the opinion of this Roman Catholic authority, the fifteen Protestant Episcopal rectors of New York City who have addressed to Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, an emphatic protest against a change of name are entirely right and historically consistent.

In the columns of *The Churchman*, Thomas Nelson Page, the novelist, argues most eloquently not only for a retention of the Church's name but for the loyal preservation of the spirit of

Protestantism. The important point in the present controversy, according to Mr. Page, is to know with what motives this proposal to change the name of the Church has been made. "Some," he writes, "undoubtedly are approaching it gravely and in a spirit becoming so momentous and far-reaching an act; others are approaching it from an esthetic motive; some in a spirit of dogmatism, and some for reasons less creditable." But, he goes on to say, "whatever sentiment may exist in favor of this change of name has been carefully worked up. It is not spontaneous—there is no dissatisfaction with the old name on the part of the people. It is the work of a small party."

To those who argue that the name Protestant Episcopal was never formally and properly bestowed on the Church, that it is an "illegal title," Mr. Page answers that no formal adoption by council, or any number of councils, can give the force to a name that the people give "when they dignify, incorporate, and fix in their speech the fundamental fact by which anybody, great or small, is known." Not only is the Episcopal Church in the United States Protestant, Mr. Page goes on to say, the country itself was made by Protestantism. Had it not been for the Protestantism of the English Church, we should be flying the Spanish flag to-day:

"Representative government is the fruit of Protestantism—of Protestantism English and American. Our forefathers gave their lives to both, and at a time when a considerable element of the clergy were against at least the former. I would no more think of permitting a change of name of the Church, if I could prevent it, than of the country. Those who advocate changing the name of the Church should be warned that they are on more dangerous ground than they are aware of. Their churches are half empty now. They may find them more empty yet before they get through with tinkering. What we request with great firmness is that they keep their hands off the Protestant principle of this Church. When the people get ready to change, it will be done, and only then. Meantime they are unsettling their affection not for the Church's name but for the Church's principles."

Mr. Page agrees with Dr. McKim that the present purpose of neo-Catholics within the Church threatens a serious schism. He admits the mystical allurements of terms like "The Historic Catholic Church" and "The Apostolic Church of the Ages" which they advocate. Such names have a romantic appeal, but they are not practical. "We may call ourselves 'The American Catholic Church,'" he writes, "but shall we persuade the world that we

are this, or shall we merely deceive ourselves?"

"The attractive argument of Church unity has been warmly pressed in this discussion. It is a dream—a beautiful dream but a fallacious dream. There can be no unity with Rome without complete and utter submission to her. The whole history of her past establishes the fact, and no part more absolutely than her recent past. Twenty years ago men began to talk of the liberty of the Catholic Church in America. It appeared as if it were destined to make a great name. Great ecclesiastics, honored of all men, like Archbishop Ireland and Archbishop Kean, stepped forward and took the lead with tongue and pen. Cardinal Gibbons appeared acquiescent; the great Educational Institution at the gates of the Capital fell into the movement. What happened? Rome said 'No.' The movement stopped as tho petrified to stone. The leaders were disciplined. Ireland found himself compelled to recant and lost his Cardinal's hat. Kean was called abroad and made Archbishop of Damascus where no active Christian Church had been for a thousand years. The University lost its 'distinguished head' and became quiescent if not reactionary."

Mr. Page proceeds to put the following crucial questions to the idealists who argue for Catholicism:

"Are you willing to submit to Roman Catholic absolutism? Are you ready to accept not only the fathers whose names are embalmed in the romantic history of the first centuries or shine from the darkness of medievalism, who indeed already belong to you as to her if you but assert your birthright, but also ready to accept the fathers who walk the streets of Rome to-day, with eager eyes ever turned toward this western field which Rome once claimed as all her own? You are ready to accept the Confessional, are you ready to accept the celibacy of the clergy and the unquestioned right to obedience of her hierarchy? Are you ready to accept the recent dogmas of Rome—the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Papal See? If you are not, then do not dream of unity with Rome. Rome has but one condition for unity—submission, submission of body and mind."

If Episcopalians want Church unity, Mr. Page concludes, let them join forces with the other Protestant bodies. Or, if they still prefer to maintain their middle position between Roman Catholicism and the dissenting branches of the Church, let them do so as declared Protestants. "We are broad enough to admit both, and herein lies our strength. If we surrender this point of vantage, gained at so incalculable a cost of toil and devotion, what shall we gain in its place? The hostility and contempt of the rest of Protestantism whom we shall have abandoned, and the contempt of the rest of Catholicism whom we shall have vainly endeavored to approach."

* THE PROPOSAL TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Literature and Art

Arnold Bennett's Glorification of the Novel.

ARNOLD BENNETT is certainly at his best as a critic when he is analyzing and explaining the art of fiction. His claim to be an expert along this line no one would care to dispute. Mr. Bennett, moreover, is the acknowledged leader of a whole young school of realistic novelists who are continually experimenting and bringing to light new values in their work. They are iconoclastic. Mr. Bennett himself ruthlessly destroys our domestic idols, Dickens and Thackeray; but he has his own gods,—Fielding and Dostoevsky. And who shall say they are not gods? When, however, he argues dogmatically, as he does in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, that the novel is preeminent over every other form of prose fiction because of its "comprehensive bigness," there is a small but insistent voice reminiscent of Poe that questions him: Has not the concentration and exclusiveness of the short story an equal if quite different value, as a form of art? Says Mr. Bennett:

"The novelist is he who, having seen life, and being so excited by it that he absolutely must transmit the vision to others, chooses narrative fiction as the liveliest vehicle for the relief of his feelings. . . . Of course, he is the result of evolution from the primitive. And you can see primitive novelists to this day transmitting to acquaintances their fragmentary and crude visions of life in the café or the club, or on the curbstone. They belong to the lowest circle of artists; but they are artists; and the form that they adopt is the very basis of the novel. By innumerable entertaining steps from them, you may ascend to the major artist whose vision of life, inclusive, intricate and intense, requires for its due transmission the great traditional form of the novel as perfected by the masters of a long age which has temporarily set the novel higher than any other art-form."

The Omnivorous Novelist.

NOTORIOUSLY, Mr. Bennett continues, the novelist, including the playwright, who, according to his classification, is only a sub-novelist, has been taking the bread out of the mouths of other artists. Moreover, in relation to the other arts, he has "poached, colonized and annexed" with a successful audacity that cannot be denied. "There is scarcely

any aspect of the interestingness of life," says Mr. Bennett, "which is not now rendered in prose-fiction—from landscape painting to sociology—and none which might not be." It is unnecessary to go back to the ante-Scott age in order to perceive the rapid aggrandizement of the novel. It has "conquered enormous territories" even since Zola's "Germinal":



HE REFUSES TO EXTÉRMINE THE HERO

Heroes in fiction can never die, says Arnold Bennett. The type changes, but the race persists.

"Were it to adopt the hue of the British Empire, the entire map of the universe would soon be colored red. Wherever it ought to stand in the hierarchy of forms, it has, actually, no rival at the present day as a means for transmitting the impassioned vision of life. It is, and will be for some time to come, the form to which the artist with the most inclusive vision instinctively turns, because it is the most inclusive form, and the most adaptable. Indeed, before we are much older, if its present rate of progress continues, it will have reoccupied the dazzling position to which the mighty Balzac lifted it, and in which he left it in 1850."

The Evolution of the Hero.

TO SAY that the hero has disappeared from modern fiction is absurd, according to Mr. Bennett. He has simply changed naturally with the times. The race of heroes can

never become extinct. They are essential to the art of the novel because interest must be centralized in the person of some individual, or individuals. But what makes the hero in the realistic novel of to-day is less his deeds than the understanding sympathy of the author. "When Thackeray wrote 'a novel without a hero,'" Mr. Bennett adds, "he wrote a novel with a first-class hero, and nobody knew this better than Thackeray. What he meant was that he was sick of the conventional bundle of characteristics styled a hero in his day, and that he had changed the type. Since then we have grown sick of Dobbins, and the type has been changed again more than once. The fateful hour will arrive when we shall be sick of Ponderevos."

"V. V.'s Eyes."

AFTER a discreet interval of two years, Henry Sydnor Harrison follows up his very remarkable success, "Queed," with a second novel (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) which, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, has qualities even superior to its predecessor. "As Mr. Harrison has conquered the difficulty born of success, so has he conquered the doubt born of admiration," in the graceful words of this writer. Moreover, Mr. Harrison has given us a new type of hero, and one that Arnold Bennett would commend, for he is made heroic not only by his actions but by the author's sympathetic understanding. Dr. V. Vivian ("V. V." for short) is a social worker of the "slums" and the settlement. He is our contemporary; but the heroine is old-fashioned, a passing type—the "superfine flower of successful commercialism," as the *New York Nation* observes. Her father is a cigar-manufacturer who, quite characteristically, smokes better cigars than he makes. To continue *The Nation's* acute, if flippant, description of the story:

"Mamma's social enterprizes are managed on the strictest business principles, and the damsel's own costumes bear the sign manual of the metropolitan modiste. But envy not her specious triumphs. Mr. Harrison, whom none of these things deceives, is about to reveal her to herself and us as nothing more nor less than a social parasite. Trained only in the pursuit and allurements of the opposite sex, she is expected to provide handsomely for herself thereby. Failing a brilliant match,

she becomes, in Mamma's plain English, a burden to her parents. The preservation of her social prestige costs an undesirable suitor's reputation and subsequent suicide. Her maintenance in the matrimonial market strains father's cigar factory (long and justly denounced as a homicidal institution) to the point of actual collapse. . . . A religious flavor is imparted to these humiliating revelations by the unworldly character of the apostolic V. V. He is lame, and, from a confirmed habit of giving to him who asks, perpetually shabby. His friends claimed for him the second largest practice in town, altho admitting that his habit of sending no bills might have something to do with that. On editorial pages his initials appeared appended to fiery denunciations of local factory conditions; but in personal encounter with the reprehensibly wealthy, compelling influences of childlike faith emanated from V. V.'s persuasive eyes. . . . By this modern incarnation of redeeming love, Carlisle [the heroine] is called to repentance. His sacrificial death, in the very act of instituting the long-needed factory repairs, completes her conversion, as it were, and we end with a pietistic note of sacred emotion—"Ecce Homo!"

The Value of Romanticism.

THE *Nation* charges Mr. Harrison with being a romantic moralist. If so, he has given us one of the most winning figures in contemporary fiction. It is inspiring to have a shabby young doctor for hero who can speak thus in language "not born of the pharmacopoeia": "Look at your job from a social standpoint. I tell you, it's just these Huns, these yellow-rich Heths and Magees and Old Dominion Pickle people who're rotting the heart out of this fine old town. And the root of the whole trouble's in their debased personal ideals, don't you see? 'Get on' at all costs, that's the motto: slapping their money in their neighbors' faces and shouting, 'Here's what counts!'—spreading their degraded standards by example through the community—yellow materialism gone mad. . . . Oh, I know!" And "V. V." not only knows and speaks but he dies for his faith. "All these . . . are they all . . . his friends?" asks the daughter of the cigar-manufacturer as she gazes at the company of mourners, men and women, young and old, gathered outside the dead young doctor's window. "There sprang a light into the Director's hawk-eyes, changing his whole look wonderfully. 'They're his mother,' he said, 'and his brothers and his sisters. . . .'"

The Evolution of the Heroine.

WHILE Arnold Bennett is talking about the changing hero, one of our American story writers, Inez Haynes Gillmore, the creator of those two cleverly ordinary young people, "Phoebe and Ernest" (Henry Holt & Co), describes a

similar change in the heroine. Altho as a popular fiction writer Mrs. Gillmore is inclined to be conservative in her expressions, as a critic she is very radical. We can measure the whole matter of progress in fiction, Mrs. Gillmore declared recently in the *New York Evening Post*, by the changing character of the heroine. After "Clarissa," who "didn't know how to do a thing except suffer,"—positively invited people to make her suffer, in fact,—the heroine in English fiction "got to be a little more upstanding." For a long time, however, she advanced no further than "Amelia the fathead, or Becky the devil, or childwife Dora, or Angel Agnes." All the way down to the present, Mrs. Gillmore continues, the thoroly alive and progressive woman was resisted and delayed in fiction. Nevertheless in time she appeared, and an entirely new heroine is now dimly discernible. "A woman who will not only suffer but do. Her doing may even make her suffer, but, here's a point, the new heroine will have learned to take even suffering in an upstanding way. You may visualize her as getting the 'knock-down drag-out blow' through her affections or through her mistakes of judgment, or through her sheer spirit of adventure—an almost unadmitted spirit in woman, but very much there—and then, as soon as she gets her

breath, refusing to stay knocked down, or to be dragged out. You may, in a word, visualize her as having become a conscious being, not afraid of life, and able to see life as opportunity all the way through."

The Heroine of the Future.

THERE is, it seems, to be a heroine of the future as well as a woman of the future, only, as usual, she will be a little late in getting into books. Mrs. Gillmore says: that at present she might be termed a "henid." "If a henid is a thought before you think it," she explains, "you might call the future heroine a henid, meaning what she is about to be before she is it." But the young man reader, "with the college degree and a lot of 'lit'ry feeling," whose business it is to keep the manuscripts moving on a magazine, "is going to be a good deal be-deviled" by the henid's first appearance, Mrs. Gillmore gives warning. He will not recognize her as the future heroine. "She won't be like Dodo, she won't be like Thackeray's women, nor Kipling's, nor Robert W. Chambers'." She will refuse to be placed. The reader may be a rare young man who happens to like heroines that are different, and possibly he will send her to the Chief. Mrs. Gillmore has no illusions. "That's an interesting experiment," the Chief will remark, "but the public is really not inclined to believe that sort of thing of woman. It won't sell." "But," Mrs. Gillmore concludes, "the public is all the while getting more and more inclined for the truth, and the time will come when the public will have become accustomed to the new heroine as true, and she will have stepped out of life into the books, while life itself becomes concerned with her successor."

Miss Glasgow's "Virginia."

MEANWHILE, Ellen Glasgow, in her masterly realistic novel (Doubleday, Page & Co.) of southern life, has prepared the way for the heroine of the future by gently extinguishing the heroine of the past. Miss Glasgow is no propagandist in her art, but when we read that the education of the lovely "Virginia" was founded "upon the simple theory that the less a girl knew about life the better prepared she would be to contend with it"; and that "the chief object of her upbringing, which differed in no essential particular from that of every other well-born and well-bred southern woman of her day, was to paralyze her reasoning faculties so completely that all danger of mental 'unsettling' or even movement was eliminated from her future," we know that Miss Glasgow not only intends to extinguish an individual but a type. Says the *New York Nation*:



SHE DISCERNs NEW HEROINES

Inez Haynes Gillmore looks far into the future, but writes of her contemporaries.

"In 'Virginia' a belated specimen of the old-fashioned southern lady lingers on into the era of feminine self-assertion—the fine flower of a vanished social order, by a miracle of spiritual force sustaining itself in a hopelessly altered habitat, only to fade at last among the encroaching ranks of a lustier, more aggressive womanhood, unregarded except by an affectionate son. Her daughters are modernly self-sufficient. Her husband, who belongs as completely to the future as she to the past, finds himself at forty-seven still a young man and very much at home in the intellectual atmosphere of the day. An unappreciated playwright in his twenties, he is now a popular one. Then he had adored his gentle, uncritical wife, now he discards her for the actress who has shared his success. If the reader were to trust his own impressions, he might conclude that he was witnessing a martyrdom. But Miss Glasgow betrays none of the natural indignation of the martyrologist. Does Virginia's suffering wring your heart? It is the pain of extinction in a vanishing type. Only at the last she halts a little, torn between recognition of her subject's essential beauty and the determination to justify its fate, and her study of a social type, like Mr. Galsworthy's in 'The Country House,' becomes, in effect, the reverently executed portrait of a lady."

An American Realist.

WITH "Virginia" Ellen Glasgow takes her place among the best realistic novelists of the day. She agrees with Arnold Bennett that the novel is the most complete artistic expression in fiction of our people and our times; and certainly her latest achievement goes far to prove it so. In a recent interview, Miss Glasgow is reported as saying: "The



MISS GLASGOW AS AN EXECUTIONER

Gently but firmly, and with consummate artistry, she kills the old-fashioned heroine.

drama cannot comprehend all of life as it is to-day. A larger canvas is needed to picture the greater complexity. The greatest drama was written in times when life was far more simple than it is now. The novel alone can take in its flow all of this complexity. I am ardently interested in the form of the novel. Its technique is more real."

The Voice of Upton Sinclair
Again Crying in the Wilderness.

MR. SINCLAIR is a true sensationalist. He is ever ready at the psychological moment to rack and torture us. His new novel, "Sylvia," will probably rival "The Jungle" in arousing horror. It is rightly timed, appearing just after the many revelations of the social evil and the successful production of a play by Brieux on the subject, "Damaged Goods." Its similar theme, therefore, is not so new that readers will reject it, and not so old that it will fail to thrill. Mr. Sinclair has been wittily, and perhaps unfairly, described as a writer with temperament but very little brains. His temperament is certainly serviceable. "Sylvia," his new heroine, is a maddeningly beautiful southern girl who is pressed into a marriage of convenience with a vile northern plutocrat. To quote from the *Chicago Evening Post*:

"We are left at the church door with 'a wild burst of chimes' and an ominous French phrase of the discarded mistress in our ears as Sylvia bestows her southern charms upon Van Tuiver. This is real melodrama. Sylvia has been brought to yield to Van Tuiver's spectacular courtship by means which, we reflect, are no less usual in novels than in life. . . .

"The story is not new—and the introduction of Harriet, Sylvia's friend, with the unnamed disease and the little gray dead child, points the Brieux moral that is to adorn the tale. But somehow we do not mind the hackneyed plot, or the melodrama, because we care about Sylvia. We are troubled by the tragedy that is waiting for her; and we will read it when it is recorded."

THE SYNTHETIC ART OF THE SUPER-DANCE

IT WAS bound to come. After twenty-eight kinds of tango have developed, with the list growing hourly; after dancing has begun to overflow not only the evening but the afternoon hours and to threaten the mornings, at last America is to be introduced to the super-dance. It comes from Hellerau, a garden-suburb of Dresden, where lives what Rothay Reynolds, in a letter to the *San Antonio Express*, calls "the most amazing community in the civilized world." This is the school of Emile Jacques-Dalcroze, where men, women and children learn to express the rhythms of life in gestures and attitudes of the body. "Eurhythmics" is the word coined to express the new system, but the underlying idea goes back to the Greek ideal of a beautiful soul expressed in a beautiful body. Goethe and Schiller dreamed of "living music," and Wagner, says Dane Heber in the *Boston Transcript*, tried to give

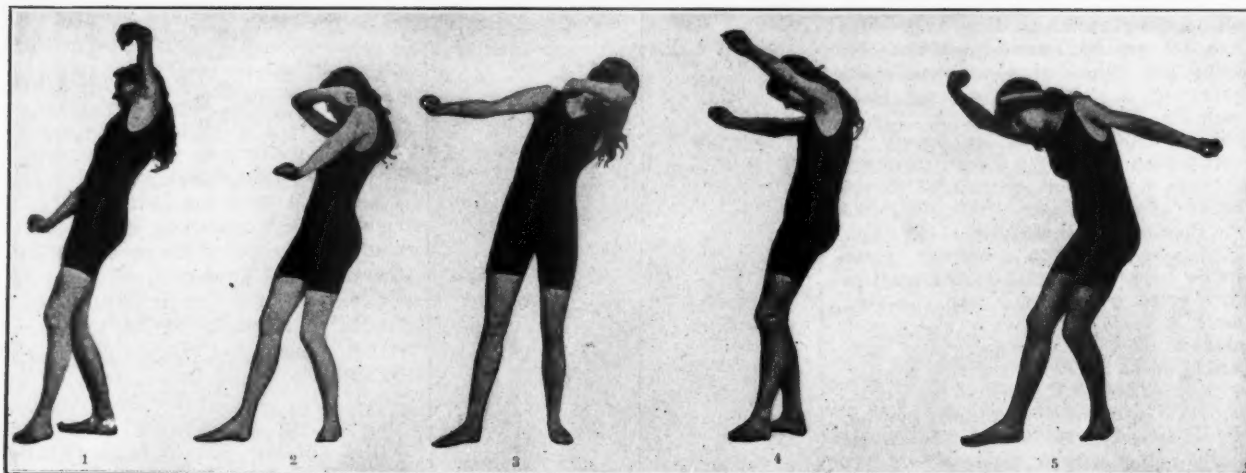
his stage music shape in human gesture, working six hours at a rehearsal of Rheingold in an attempt to correlate the downward motion of the violins and the sweep of the swimming

Rhine daughters. "But Art and Life broke apart when Greek civilization perished, and were not reunited until Dalcroze developed the system that, after a decade of European celebrity,



BEETHOVEN OR HAYDN?

In such groupings, the musical composition is supposed to become visible to the eye of a musician, while to others they are merely a series of dance pictures.



AN EXERCISE IN RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS

The individuality which M. Dalcroze develops is here well illustrated, for each girl is beating the same time, but quite differently from the others.

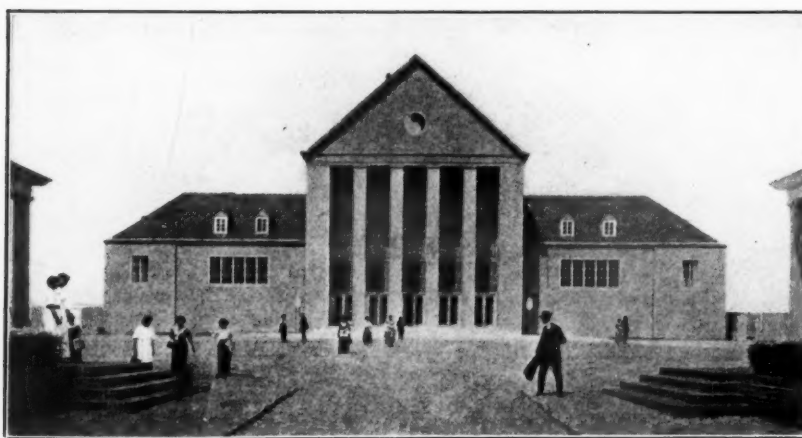
reaches American educators through his book just appearing in this country.*

The system originated as an aid to music study. Dalcroze, then professor of harmony at the Geneva Conservatory, found that not one in ten of the presumably advanced pupils who came to him played with any musical feeling. They could not recognize keys nor improvise even a few bars, nor had they a strong sense of rhythm. Given a piece of music without "marks of expression," they were at a loss how to play it. They had, in a word, no powers of expression, only of imitation. Now the first step toward feeling music is beating time. Children sing better so, and the most unlearned keeps time with head or foot when he is really enjoying himself. Acting on this hint, Dalcroze wrote a series of "Gesture Songs" for beginners that met with great success. By 1905 he had progressed along this line far enough to show results at a music-convention, rousing excited interest among not only musicians but educators in general, especially the psychologist

Claparede. The system had by this time outgrown its original purpose, and aimed at nothing less than the liberation of the spirit by establishing complete correlation between mind, muscles and nerve paths. "Unrhythmic" children were found to be generally awkward and over-excitable, growing up neurasthenic, due to the thwarted efforts of the mind to get its orders automatically executed. Were every part of the body as responsive as the trained pianist's hands, the mind would be free to express itself, and perfect poise would take the place of self-conscious awkwardness.

The Dohrn brothers, becoming converted to the idea, built for Jacques-Dalcroze the beautiful Greek temple at Hellerau, described in *Das Signal* as a perfect palace, for which architects and engineers invented reforms in stage building and lighting. There are 600 seats, an invisible orchestra of 60 pieces, and no curtain. Heavy hangings form the walls, through which a diffused and shaded light can be regulated to the finest shades. There is also a "hostel" where forty-five girl students live, and an equal number of young men come there for meals.

All day long they learn to "live music," to "be rhythmic." The distinctive feature of the system is the rhythmic gymnastics. Beats of the foot mark the various time-measures; motions of the arms, hands and head preserve order in the succession of time measures and mark the bars and pauses, while pauses of varying length in the marching teach the student to distinguish duration of sound. From simple marching the exercises become gradually so complex that the student marks one sort of measure with the hands and another with the feet, and changes at the word of command to entirely different time values. This trained concentration the students reach by an earnestness that made Mr. Reynolds, after a day spent with them, confess that "it took me hours to shake off the distressing conviction that I had neglected the one and only thing in life that matters." He describes the practice-dress worn at Hellerau as something like a black bathing suit—a sleeveless jersey with nether garments like football shorts; but in Paris, where a delegation has just appeared at the Physical Education Convention, the girls wore short flowing garments of a light mauve, legs and arms bare, hair flowing free. On this occasion six young girls danced a fugue of Bach, the second of the second part of the Well Tempered Clavichord, each couple representing the entrance and development of a theme by graceful time-beats of feet and hands, and by groupings swiftly formed and dissolved. The composition thus became visible to the eye of a musician, while to the uninitiate a series of lovely dance pictures were unfolding. Only this one fugue of all the fugues of Bach can be danced, said Jacques-Dalcroze in his opening remarks, to the desolation of the *Journal des Débats*, that longs to see the Inventions thus translated into nymphs. "The genius of old Bach, directing this



A TEMPLE OF ART

All day long, the pupils at Hellerau learn to "live music" and "be rhythmic."

* THE EURHYTHMICS OF JACQUES-DALCROZE. Published by Small, Maynard & Company.

living music, lives again in the movements of these young bodies. One may, said Pascal, represent anything under a human form. The contrary motions of a fuge, its imitations and responses, are they not the figures of a choir of spirits in an enchanted forest?"

The value of eurhythmics to art is interestingly defined by Michael T. H. Sadler. One of the most marked tendencies of modern esthetic theory, he says, is to break down the conventional barriers that have been erected between the various arts. Poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture and music have a common basis, one important element of which, perhaps the most important, is rhythm. Rhythm of bodily movement—the dance—is the earliest known form of artistic expression. It is usually accompanied by rude music to emphasize the beat and rhythmic motion with sound. Words are soon added, and from such beginnings come song-poems, and ultimately poetry as we know it to-day. Prose-writing as an art is only a further extension. Developing along a similar line, the rhythm of the dancing figure reproduced in rude sculpture and bas-relief leads to painting. "So we have, as it were," to quote Mr. Sadler, "a scale of the arts, with music at its center and prose-writing and painting at its two extremes. From end to end of the scale runs the unifying desire for rhythm."

In the teaching of Jacques-Dalcroze, Mr. Sadler finds a brilliant expression of the modern desire for rhythm in its most fundamental form. "The beauty of the classes is amazing," he writes; "the actor, as well as the designer of stage-effects, will come to thank M. Dalcroze for the greatest contribution to their art that any age can show. He has recreated the human body as a decorative unit. He has shown how men, women and children can group themselves and can be grouped in designs as lovely as any painted design, with the added charm of movement. He has taught individuals their own power of gracious motion and attitude."

In Munich, it appears, there is already a parallel development in painting shown by a little group of artists calling themselves mystically "Der Blaue Reiter" (The Blue Rider). One of the leaders, a Russian, Wassily Kandinsky, expresses their esthetic philosophy in both words and color. As M. Jacques-Dalcroze teaches the expression of music in bodily rhythm, so the Russian artist, according to Mr. Sadler, is realizing his attempt to paint music. To quote further:

"He has isolated the emotion caused by line and color from the external association of idea. All form in the ordinary representative sense is eliminated. But

form there is in the deeper sense, the shapes and rhythms of the *innere Notwendigkeit*, and with it, haunting, harmonious color. To revert to a former metaphor, painting has been brought into the center of the scale. As Kandinsky says in his book: 'Shades of color, like shades of sound, are of a much subtler nature, cause much subtler vibrations of spirit than can ever be given by words.' It is to achieve this finer utterance, to establish a surer and more expressive connection between spirit and spirit, that Kandinsky is striving.

His pictures are visions, beautiful abstractions of color and line which he has lived himself, deep down in his inmost soul. He is intensely individual, as are all true mystics; at the same time the spirit of his work is universal."

Kandinsky and Jacques-Dalcroze, Mr. Sadler maintains, are advancing side by side. They are leading the way to the truest art, "which is a synthesis of the collective arts and emotions of all nations, which is, at the same time, based on individuality, because it rep-



A QUARTET OF ISADORA DUNCANS

The Jacques-Dalcroze method, it appears, is little more than a systematization of Miss Duncan's artistic conceptions.

resents the inner being of each one of its devotees."

M. Dalcroze himself concludes a short sketch of his system by pointing out the intimate relations between rhythms in sound and rhythm in the body. He writes:

"Gestures and attitudes of the body complete, animate and enliven any rhythmic music written simply and naturally without special regard to tone, and, just as in painting there exist side by side a school of the nude and a school of landscape, so in music there may be developed, side by side, plastic music and music pure and simple. In the school of landscape painting emotion is created entirely by combinations of moving light and by the rhythms thus caused. In the school of the nude, which pictures the many shades of expression of the human body, the artist tries to show the human soul as expressed by physical forms, enlivened by the emotions of the moment. . . .

"In the same way, plastic music will picture human feelings expressed by gesture and will model its sound forms on those of rhythms derived directly from expressive movements of the human body."

For the body, M. Dalcroze says further, can become a wonderful instrument of beauty and harmony when it is trained to vibrate in tune with artistic imagination and collaborates with creative thought. "I have devoted my life to the teaching of rhythm," he adds, "being fully satisfied that, thanks to it, man will regain his natural powers of expression, and at the same time his full motor faculties, and that art has everything to hope from new generations brought up in the cult of harmony, of physical and mental health, of order, beauty and truth."



THE INVENTOR OF EURHYTHMICS

"Rhythm is infinite, therefore the possibilities for physical representations of rhythm are infinite," says Monsieur Jacques-Dalcroze.

THE "AMAZING CANDOR" OF STRINDBERG'S SELF-REVELATIONS

NOW that Strindberg has been sufficiently reviled as a repulsive woman-hater and a creator of pathological drama, or pitied as the victim of an abnormal psychology, we are beginning to consider him more seriously as one of the great forces in modern literature. "One greater than I," Ibsen is reported to have said, as he regarded a portrait of the Swedish dramatist; and a German critic has lately remarked that Ibsen is now a spent force, whereas Strindberg's writings contain germs which are still undeveloped.

The present appearance in England and America of four new translations of his works,* comprizing two of the autobiographical novels, his most famous collection of short stories, and the meditations of his old age, is the occasion of a new attempt at critical appreciation. Edwin Björkman, in a valuable estimate of Strindberg's achievement, has made a count of his main works. They include fifty-five plays, six novels, fifteen collections of short stories, nine autobiographical novels, three volumes of verse, nine historical and scientific works, and seventeen collections of miscellaneous essays!

Augustine, Rousseau, and Tolstoy, says Strindberg's English translator, Claud Field, have not "laid bare their souls to the finest fiber with more ruthless sincerity than the great Swedish realist." His autobiographical works of fiction should be regarded as segments of an immense curve "tracing his progress from the childish pietism of his early years, through a period of atheism and rebellion, to the somber faith in a 'God that punishes' of the sexagenarian. In his spiritual wanderings he grazed the edge of madness, and madmen often see deeper into things than ordinary folk." To quote further:

"All his life long he had to struggle with four terrible inner foes—doubt, suspicion, fear, sensuality. His doubts destroyed his early faith, his ceaseless suspicions made it impossible for him to be happy in friendship or love, his fear of the 'invisible powers,' as he calls them, robbed him of all peace of mind, and his sensuality dragged him repeatedly into the mire. . . . He never relapsed into the stagnant cynicism of the out-worn debauchee, nor did he with Nietzsche try to explain away conscience as an old wife's tale. Conscience persistently tormented him, and finally drove him back to belief in God, not the collective Karma of the Theos-

ophists, which he expressly repudiated, nor to any new god expounded in New Thought magazines, but to the transcendent God who judges and requites."

First in the list of autobiographical novels comes "The Son of a Servant." Strindberg's mother was a serving-maid who had brought three children into the world before her marriage to their father, which took place shortly before August was born. The father was a shopkeeper absorbed in the struggle for a bare subsistence, and the mother was ignorant and narrow-minded, tho not unkind. Strindberg's acute and torturing mind tears at every detail of his adverse youthful environment. Fear of punishment made him a liar. His whole character was warped and twisted by domestic tyranny. He grew morbid and rebellious. He felt himself unloved. At eighteen, his own mother—the worn-out servant—being dead and a step-mother added to the household, he left home for the University of Upsala, with nothing more from his father than the exhortation to help himself. The story is incomparably told. It concludes:

"What, then, had he of his own? Nothing. But he had two fundamental characteristics, which largely determined his life and his destiny.

"The first was Doubt. He did not receive ideas without criticism, but developed and combined them. Therefore he could not be an automaton, nor find a place in ordered society.

"The second was—Sensitiveness to pressure. He always tried to lessen this last, in the first place by raising his own level; in the second by criticizing what was above him, in order to observe that it was not so high after all nor so much worth striving after.

"So he stepped out into life—in order to develop himself, and still ever to remain as he was!"

"The *leitmotif* of Strindberg's childhood," says Edwin Björkman, "was built out of two jarring notes: misunderstanding and isolation." "For the sympathetic reader," according to Henry Vacher-Burch, "it will represent the history of a temperament to which the world could not come in easy fashion, and for which circumstances had contrived a world where it would encounter at each step tremendous difficulties. . . . Revolt was the only possible attitude for 'The Son of a Servant.' And Strindberg in early life was a social revolutionist.

The collection of short stories now translated as "Married," but usually referred to as "Marriage," is a series of acute and intense criticisms of the

whole institution. The book was confiscated on its appearance in Sweden in 1884, and criminal proceedings were brought against the publisher on the charge that it spoke offensively of rites held sacred by the established religion of the country. "Everybody knew," writes Mr. Björkman, "that this was a mere pretext, and that the true grievance against the book lay in its outspoken utterances on questions of sex morality. Urged by friends, Strindberg hastened home and succeeded in assuming the part of defendant in place of the publisher. The jury freed him, and the youth of the country proclaimed him their leader and spokesman. But the impression left on Strindberg's mind by that episode was very serious and distinctly unfavorable. As in his childhood, when he found himself disbelieved tho telling the truth, so he felt now more keenly than anything else the questioning of his motives, which he knew to be pure."

Strindberg, in these stories, ascribes much of the sin and misery of the world to the fact that men cannot earn a large enough income to support a wife and children when they are young. "The men and women of them may not often be pleasant persons," says the London *Bookman*, "but they are amazingly natural. Strindberg paints life almost as somberly as Ibsen did, tho in one story he makes delightful fun of Ibsen's philosophy. One wishes that the tales had a little more of the joy and sweetness of human experience in them, but of their truth, within their limits, and the insight and power with which they are written, there can be no question."

Strindberg had wandered through many years of spiritual torture before he came to the writing of "The Inferno," which Edwin Björkman claims is one of the most remarkable studies in abnormal psychology in the world's literature. Mr. Vacher-Burch, however, does not agree with Mr. Björkman. He considers such an interpretation shallow. Dante wrote his Divine Comedy, Strindberg his Mortal Comedy, and the one, he thinks, is no more abnormal than the other. The following is taken from Mr. Vacher-Burch's very remarkable analysis of what is, perhaps, Strindberg's most self-revelatory work.

"The first part of his *Inferno* tells of his Purgatory; the second part closes with the poignant question, Whither? If, for a moment, we step beyond the period of his life with which this study deals, we shall find him telling of his Paradise in a mystery-play entitled *Advent*, where he, too, had a starry vision of 'un simplice lume,' a simple flame that ingathers the

* THE SON OF A SERVANT. THE INFERNO. ZONES OF THE SPIRIT. Translated by Claud Field. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MARRIED. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. Published by John W. Luce & Company.

many and scattered gleams of the universe's revelation. His guide through Hell is Swedenborg. Once more the note is that of the anchorite; for at the outset of his acceptance of Swedenborg's guidance he is tempted to believe that even his guide's spiritual teaching may weaken his belief in a God who chastens. He desires to deny himself the gratification of the sight of his little daughter, because he appears to consider her prattle, that breaks into the web of his contemplation, to be the instrument of a strange power. From step to step he goes until his faith is childlike as a peasant's. How he is hurled again into the depths of his own Hell, the closing pages of his book will tell us. Whatever views the reader may hold, it seems impossible that he should see in this *Mortal Comedy* the utterances of deranged genius. Rather will his charity of judgment have led him to a better understanding of one who listened to the winds that blow through Europe, and was buffeted by their violence."

When Strindberg was nearly sixty, he began to collect and arrange the notes of his experiences and investigations in what he entitled "*Das Blaue Buch*" (*The Blue Book*), a strange work now translated as "*Zones of the Spirit*," and best described as follows by the Norwegian writer Nils Kjaer:

"More comprehensive than any modern collection of aphorisms, chaotic as the Koran, wrathful as Isaiah, as full of occult things as the Bible, more entertaining than any romance, keener-edged than most pamphlets, mystical as the Cabbala, subtle as the scholastic theology, sincere as Rousseau's confession, stamped with the impress of incomparable originality, every sentence shining like luminous letters in the darkness—such is this book in which the remarkable writer makes a final reckoning with his time and proclaims his faith as pugnaciously as tho he were a descendant of the hero of Lützen."

A critical estimate diametrically opposed to the foregoing is made by Paul H. Grumann in the literary quarterly, *Poet Lore*. Mr. Grumann thinks it would be proper to pass over Strindberg in the silence to which a madman is entitled were it not for the prominence he has unaccountably attained. He has no sympathy with the efforts of Edwin Björkman and the English critics to interpret the larger aspects of Strindberg's work, preferring to dwell on those personal perversities and idiosyncrasies which distorted it. Since Strindberg always felt that he was the "misunderstood martyr," Mr. Grumann declares, "he became unable to face an issue squarely and fight it out. He lacked the courage for deeds. Bad as this was in his earlier years, it became absolutely pathetic during the period when he was completely deranged. Suffering from persecution mania, he fled from place to place before his imaginary enemies. Mere life was a thing to be saved at any cost, and he was

utterly unable to make that life tolerable by means of healthy self-assertion. This course culminated in a gigantic fiasco. He wrote three volumes of autobiography with the intention of committing suicide, and then lived on in violation of the plan."

To regard Strindberg as a serious critic of the institution of marriage, or of women, Mr. Grumann further insists, is little less than absurd. His own notorious misadventures in the matrimonial field, and his confession that he had never formed the acquaintance of a self-respecting woman, invalidate his conclusions. Mr. Grumann writes:

"Three marriages and as many divorces constitute his record. In one case he disrupted a marriage, and married the wife of a man with whom he had been on very friendly terms. He claims that he was the victim of a plot, but it is difficult to see how a self-respecting man could involve himself in such a situation. He states that he made an honest attempt to dominate his emotions, but this only proves his miserable weakness. With this woman he had a number of children, and the marriage was not altogether without happiness. He explains his divorce on the ground that she was morally perverse. If we accept all the revolting things which he prints about this woman, we are forced to ask how a man of any decency could live with her a single day. But he has no difficulty in exonerating himself. He attributes his conduct to his delicate emotions, which drove him back to her again and again. He forgets that a self-respecting man is in little danger of becoming the victim of a sexually perverse woman. The fact that he reports this experience with so little self-reproach shows that he himself was perverse. He was a miserable weakling or he has maligned this woman unspeakably."

"Far more serious was his last marriage. In this case a woman, many years his junior, made advances to the recognized man of letters. Her advances flattered him, and it did not even faintly occur to him that it was his duty to shield this young life against an utterly foolish temptation. How any woman—saint or sinner—could maintain her reason in his company, is more or less of a mystery."

As a writer, Mr. Grumann grants that Strindberg was an unflinching realist with extraordinary powers of mechanical observation; but his works demonstrate perfectly that realism alone does not constitute literature.



MADMAN OR GENIUS?

August Strindberg, according to an American critic, is "one of the most repugnant and pathetic figures in literary history."

"The moment he attempts any kind of synthesis, his lack of sanity manifests itself and blurs the picture." Not possessing the higher spiritual insight, Mr. Grumann continues, the world became confusion to Strindberg, and it is not surprising when he exclaims: "He who can thrive here is a pig." The surprising thing is that he should have been able to maintain his position as a writer of eminence.

Superficial readers have feared the influence of Ibsen, Mr. Grumann says, because he boldly presented complex moral problems. They accused him of pruriency, when, in reality, he was preaching a gospel of greater restraint. The man of straw which has been labeled Ibsen, he thinks, should now be rechristened Strindberg.

If Strindberg had avoided dabbling in many sciences, and had studied psychology thoroughly, he might have been able to discount his idiosyncrasies and prejudices. As it is, Mr. Grumann concludes: "These are dragged through the dreary maze of his dramas, histories, novels and biographical writings. . . . As a repentant sinner, Strindberg remained a picturesque figure to the last, and that added its quota of popularity. As documents of a pathological mind, these works will probably always have a certain value. The author is too petty to maintain his position as a curiosity of literature; to be admired because he was unique."

RECENT POETRY

I DON'T know anything about the poetry of the future," says Edwin Arlington Robinson, in a recent interview, "except that it must have, in order to be poetry, the same eternal and unchangeable quality of magic that it has always had. Of course, it must always be colored by the age and the individual, but the thing itself will always remain unmistakable and indefinable. It seems to me a great deal of time and effort is now wasted in trying to make poetry do what it was never intended to do."

Just what poetry in general is intended to do, Mr. Robinson does not undertake to say; but he does tell us what his poetry is intended to do: "If a reader doesn't get from my books an impression that life is very much worth living, even tho it may not always seem to be profitable or desirable, I can only say that he doesn't see what I am driving at."

We wish more poets took the same view. Many of them in these days seem especially anxious to convey the impression that life is not at all worth the living. The net result on the mind from reading the poetry of the month is sometimes very doleful, especially if it is a month when the sociological poets are particularly active. What the world really needs from our poets now as always is the gospel of beauty, presented in convincing terms. Failing in that, poetry is a bankrupt, and the world will get along without it, or, rather, will hark back to the poets who saw the beauty of life and who make us see it, even if they do so at times by indirection and contrast.

The following poem appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*, with semi-apologetic comment by the editor. It is a poem of syndicalism and the tone of it is decidedly somber. Yet it carries its own message of beauty and the message is a sincere and (artistically) convincing one. The author is the man who, with Ettor, was tried and acquitted of inciting violence in the Lawrence strike. The poem (of which we print only about one-half) was one of a number written in the jail while Giovannitti was awaiting trial.

THE CAGE.

By ARTURO M. GIOVANNITTI.

In the middle of the great greenish room stood the green iron cage.

All was old and cold and mournful, ancient with the double antiquity of heart and brain in the great greenish room.

Old and hoary was the man who sat upon the faldstool, upon the fireless and godless altar.

Old were the tomes that moldered behind him on the dusty shelves.

Old was the painting of an old man that hung above him.

Old the man upon his left, who awoke with his cracked voice the dead echoes of dead centuries; old the man upon his right who wielded a wand; and old all those who spoke to him and listened to him before and around the green iron cage.

Old were the words they spoke, and their faces were drawn and white and lifeless, without expression or solemnity; like the ikons of old cathedrals.

For of naught they knew but of what was written in the old yellow books. And all the joys and pains and loves and hatreds and furies and labors and strifes of man, all the fierce and divine passions that battle and rage in the heart of man, never entered into the great greenish room but to sit in the green iron cage.

Senility, dullness and dissolution were all around the green iron cage, and nothing was new and young and alive in the great room, except the three men who were in the cage.

Throbbled and thundered and clamored and roared outside of the great greenish room the terrible whirl of life, and most pleasant was the hymn of its mighty polyphony to the listening ears of the gods.

Whirred the wheels of the puissant machines, rattled and clanked the chains of the giant cranes, crashed the falling rocks; the riveters crepitated; and glad and sonorous was the rhythm of the bouncing hammers upon the loud-throated anvils. . . .

But in the great greenish room there was nothing but the silence of dead centuries and of ears that listen no more; and none heard the mighty call of life that roared outside, save the three men who were in the cage.

All the good smells, the wholesome smells, the healthy smells of life and labor were outside the great room.

The smell of rain upon the grass and of the flowers consumed by their love for the stars.

The heavy smell of smoke that coiled out of myriads of chimneys of ships and factories and homes.

The dry smell of sawdust and the salty smell of the iron filings.

The odor of magazines and granaries and warehouses, the kingly smell of argosies and the rich scent of market-places, so dear to the women of the race.

The smell of new cloth and new linen, the smell of soap and water and the smell of newly printed paper.

The smell of grains and hay and the smell of stables, the warm smell of cattle and sheep that Virgil loved.

The smell of milk and wine and plants and metals,

And all the good odors of the earth and of the sea and of the sky, and the fragrance of fresh bread, sweetest aroma of the world, and the smell of human sweat, most holy incense to the divine nostrils of the gods, and all the olympian perfumes of the heart and the brain and the passions

of men, were outside of the great greenish room.

But within the old room there was nothing but the smell of old books and the dust of things decayed, and the suffocated exhalation of old graves, and the ashen odor of dissolution and death.

Yet all the sweetness of all the wholesome odors of the world outside were redolent in the breath of the three men in the cage. . . .

But one of the three men in the cage, whose soul was tormented by the fiercest fire of hell, which is the yearning after the Supreme Truth, spoke and said unto his comrades:—

"Ay, brothers, all things die and pass away, yet nothing is truly and forever dead until each one of the living has thrown a regretless handful of soil into its grave.

"Many a book has been written since these old books were written, and many a proverb of the sage has become the jest of the fool, yet this cage still stands as it stood for numberless ages.

"What is it, then, that made it of metal more enduring than the printed word?

"Which is its power to hold us here?

"Brothers, it is the things we love that enslave us.

"Brothers, it is the things we yearn for that subdue us.

"Brothers, it is not hatred for the things that are, but love for the things that are to be, that makes us slaves.

"And what man is more apt to become a thrall, brothers, and to be locked in a green iron cage, than he who yearns the most for the Supreme of the things that are to be—he who most craves for Freedom?

"And what subtle and malignant power save this love of loves could be in the metal of this cage that it is so mad to imprison us?"

So spoke one of the men to the other two, and then out of the silence of the eons spoke into his tormented soul the metallic soul of the cage. . . .

"While I was hoe and plowshare and sword and ax and scythe and hammer, I was the first artificer of thy happiness; but the day I was beaten into the first lock and the first key, I became fetters and chains to thy hands and thy feet, O Man!

"My curse is thy curse, O Man! and even if thou shouldst pass out of the wicket of this cage, never shalt thou be free until thou returnest me to the joy of labor.

"O Man! bring me back into the old smithy, purify me again with the holy fire of the forge, lay me again on the mother breast of the anvil, beat me again with the old honest hammer—O Man! remold me with thy wonderful hands into an instrument of thy toil,

"Remake of me the sword of thy justice, Remake of me the tripod of thy worship,

Remake of me the sickle for thy grain,
Remake of me the oven for thy bread,
And the andirons for thy peaceful hearth,
O Man!
And the trestles for the bed of thy love,
O Man!
And the frame of thy joyous lyre, O
Man!"

Thus spake to one of the three men, out
of the silence of centuries, the metal-
lic soul of the cage.

Love, it was then that I heard for the
first time the creak of the moth that
was eating the old painting and the
old books, and the worm that was
gnawing the old bench, and it was
then that I saw that all the old men
around the great greenish room were
dead.

They were dead like the old man in the
old painting, save that they still read
the old books he could read no more,
and still spoke and heard the old
words he could speak and hear no
more, and still passed the judgment
of the dead, which he no more could
pass, upon the mighty life of the
world outside that throbbed and
thundered and clamored and roared
the wonderful anthem of Labor to
the fatherly justice of the Sun.

After forty years of continuous
service, Robert Underwood Johnson
has resigned his position as editor of
the *Century Magazine*. That maga-
zine has had but three editors in the
forty-three years since it was started as
Scribner's Monthly, and all three have
been poets of repute—J. G. Holland,
Richard Watson Gilder and Mr. John-
son. The new managing editor, Robert
Sterling Yard, if not a writer of
poetry, is an enthusiastic admirer of it,
and was one of the charter members
of the Poetry Society of America. We
shall hope to see more in the future
than in the immediate past from Mr.
Johnson's lyric pen. We reprint the
following from the *N. Y. Times*:

THE CALL TO THE COLORS.

By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

On the blood-watered soil of the Balkans
A Bulgar lies clenched with a Turk,
And the task of the cannon and rifle
Will be finished by fist and by dirk.
And the last word of hate ere the rattle
Of death bids their enmity cease—
Is it call to the banners of battle
Or a call to the colors of Peace?

In the purlieus of sin-befogged cities,
Slow food of neglect and of pest,
How many a mother lies dying,
With to-morrow's pale scourge at her
breast!
And the bread-cry that serves for the
prattle
Of orphans—(oh, when shall it
cease?)—
Does it call to the banners of battle,
Or call to the colors of Peace?

I hear from my window this morning
The shout of a soldiering boy;
And a note in his proud pleasure wounds
me
With the grief that is presaged by joy.
I hear not the drum's noisy rattle
For the groan of one hero's release;
Is it call to the banners of battle,
Or a call to the colors of Peace?

O ye of the God-given voices,
My poets, of whom I am proud,
Who sing of the true and the real
When illusions are dazzling the crowd:
Go, turn men from wolves and from
cattle,
Till Love be the one Golden Fleece.
Oh, call us no more unto battle,
But call to the colors of Peace!

The following poem was read and
discussed before the Poetry Society
prior to its publication (in the *Smart
Set*), and criticized by some for its
concluding line. The line is, to our
mind, entirely defensible in itself, but
coming after the high note struck in
the last two lines of the preceding
stanza, it gives to the poem the effect of
an anti-climax. The poem is, never-
theless, a striking piece of work.

TO A YOUNG POET WHO KILLED HIMSELF.

By JOYCE KILMER.

When you had played with life a space
And made it drink and lust and sing,
You flung it back into God's face
And thought you did a noble thing.
"Lo, I have lived and loved," you said,
"And sung to fools too dull to hear me.
Now for a cool and grassy bed
With violets in blossom near me."

Well, rest is good for weary feet,
Altho they ran for no great prize;
And violets are very sweet,
Altho their roots are in your eyes.
But hark to what the earthworms say
Who share with you your muddy
haven:
"The fight was on—you ran away.
You are a coward and a craven."

The rug is ruined where you bled;
It was a dirty way to die!
To put a bullet through your head
And make a silly woman cry!
You could not vex the merry stars
Nor make them heed you, dead or
living.
Not all your puny anger mars
God's irresistible forgiving.

Yes, God forgives and men forget,
And you're forgiven and forgotten.
You might be gaily sinning yet
And quick and fresh instead of rotten.
And when you think of love and fame
And all that might have come to pass,
Then don't you feel a little shame?
And don't you think you were an ass?

The poem which we reprint below
was the last thing written by the
author before his death. It was found
in his room scrawled on the back of

old envelopes. We were not aware
that "O. Henry" wrote poetry; but he
could not have written this without
having had considerable practice in the
art. It is not great, but it shows no
little skill as a craftsman. It was pub-
lished in the *N. Y. American* without
a title. We take the liberty of giving
it one.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

By O. HENRY.

Hard ye may be in the tumult,
Red to your battle hilts;
Blow give blow in the foray,
Cunningly ride in the tilts.
But tenderly, unbeguiled—
Turn to a woman a woman's
Heart and a child's to a child.

Test of the man if his worth be
In accord with the ultimate plan
That he be not, to his marring,
Always and utterly man.
That he may bring out of the tumult,
Fitter and undefiled,
To woman the heart of a woman—
To children the heart of a child.

Good when the bugles are ranting
It is to be iron and fire.
Good to be oak in the foray—
Ice at a guilty desire.
But, when the battle is over
(Marvel and wonder the while),
Give to a woman a woman's
Heart and a child's to a child.

This from *Collier's* has a fine swing
to it, with its ante-penultimate rhymes,
and it has a dash and vim that are
very fetching.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

By BERTON BRALEY.

Here we are, gentlemen; here's the whole
gang of us,
Pretty near through with the job we
are on;
Size up our work—it will give you the
hang of us—
South to Balboa and north to Colon.
Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you—got any pref-
erence,
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the
moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat
again,
We who have shattered a continent's
spine;
Office work—Lord, but we couldn't do
that again!
Haven't you something that's more in
our line?
Got any river they say isn't crossable?
Got any mountains that can't be cut
through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

Take a good look at the whole husky
crew of us,
Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel
men;

Taken together you'll find quite a few
of us

Soon to be ready for trouble again.
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is
blistering,

Chockful of energy, vigor, and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in
history,

Who has a job for this Panama gang?

The temptation to moralize when
writing a poem about death or the
grave is usually an irresistible one.
The writer of the poem below is a well-
known writer of hymns and might
have been expected to yield readily to
such a temptation. Instead, she gives
us a fine lyric that has no likeness to
either a hymn or a sermon. We quote
from *Harper's Magazine*:

THE MARBLE HOUSE.

By ELLEN M. H. GATES.

This is a curious house indeed;
No person stands in sight;
And all have everything they need,
If it be day or night.

And no one asks another one
If he be ill or well;
And no one speaks of work begun,
Or has a tale to tell.

And no one sings a pleasant song,
And love no more may plead
Forgiveness for a word of wrong,
Or some too careless deed.

There is one window and one door
In this most peaceful home;
And they who dwell here ask no more
Through wider fields to roam.

A lonesome name is plainly writ
Across the lintel high;
One word—you scarce would notice it
If you were passing by.

And rose may bloom and snow may drift,
But pink or white the lawn,
No lip will move, no eyelid lift,
No curtain be withdrawn.

The spirit of the crusader is evident
in Miss Gale's stanzas in the *American
Magazine*; but the spirit of the poet
is equally evident. It is a very moving
plea, but it is the sort of a plea that
could not be made in any other than
the poetic form without losing its ef-
fectiveness.

WOMEN.

By ZONA GALE.

They looked from farmhouse windows;
Their joyless faces showed
Between the curtain and the sill—
You saw them from the road.
They looked up while they churned and
cooked

And washed and swept and sewed.
Some could die and some just lived and
many a one went mad.

But it's "Mother, be up at four o'clock,"
the men-folk bade.

They looked from town-house windows,
A shadow on the shade
Rose-touched by colorful depths of room
Where harmonies were made.
Within, the women went and came
And delicately played.

Some could grow and some could work,
but many of them were dead.

"We must be gowned and gay to-night
when the men come home," they
said.

They looked from factory windows
Where many an iron gin
Drew in their days and ground their days
On the black wheels within,
Drew in their days and wove their days
To a web exceeding thin.

And they suffered what women have
suffered over and over again.

And it's "Double your speed for a liv-
ing wage, ye mothers and wives
of men!"

They looked from brothel windows
And caught the curtain down.
A piteous, beckoning hand thrust out
To summon or clod or clown.
They named them true, they named them
true,

The Women of the Town.

Some could live and some just died and
most of them none of us know.

And it's "What if the fallen women
vote!" from the men who keep
them so.

Faint from without the windows
In many a fallow land
There sounds a trample of feet, and a
light
Is flashed from hand to hand.
And out of the dark grow a frightened
few
Who dimly understand.

Some are wise and some are less and
many more are in doubt.

But it's "This is death! And where
lies life? We charge you to find
it out!"

What is the news from the windows
now?

At some the faces throng
And the cries: "Come soon or we wait
in vain,

We who have waited long."
From some a curious glance is flung
With the bars of a careless song.

Some are open and some are closed and
some are hung for a feast,

And some stare blank as a harem wall
curtained against the east.

Dear God, to watch the women look!

From task and game they turn,
Some are afraid of losing men
And some of what they earn.
Some light the sacrificial flame
And dare not watch it burn.

Some are scornful, some bar the door
at the sound of the first alarms.

But it's "Mother, beware! It is we
you chain!" And the babes leap
in their arms.

All swift the cry comes down the world:
"Take task and take caress,
But, by our living spirits, we
Have other ways to bless.
Now let us teach the thing we've learned!

In labor and loneliness.

We strive with none. We fold men
home by the power of a great new
word.

We who have long been dead are alive.
We too are thy people, Lord!"

Here is another woman poem, but
not the poem of a crusader. Anyone
who *can* write about woman at the
present time, either in prose or verse,
without becoming controversial, is a
rarity. We quote from *Munsey's*:

WOMAN'S LIFE.

By FAITH BALDWIN.

Hers is the calm love, hers the boon
Of hushing baby cries, of home life
sweet;

Hers is the round of duty, all in tune
With childhood's laugh and tiny tod-
dler feet.

Yet in the twilight as she sits at rest,
Her heart with unformed longing still
is rife;

The thought of mad love, strange lands,
stirs her breast;

She sighs and murmurs: "That, per-
chance, is life!"

Hers is the wild love, hers the thrill
Of new worlds, cities light-bedecked
and gay;

Hers are the dancing feet, the song, until
The jeweled night has faded into day.
Yet in the dawn soft echoes call apart,

And, musing on her years of fame and
strife,

She feels a baby hand tug at her heart,
And ponders sadly: "That, perchance,
is life!"

Last month, by a curious blunder,
we printed the poem below with three
stanzas from an entirely different
poem added to it. It is too beautiful
a poem to be thus mistreated, and we
print it again, with apologies to our
readers and to the author.

NODES.

By ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON.

The endless, foolish merriment of stars
Beside the pale cold sorrow of the moon,
Is like the wayward noises of the world
Beside my heart's uplifted silent tune.

The little broken glitter of the waves
Beside the golden sun's intent white blaze,
Is like the idle chatter of the crowd
Beside my heart's unwearied song of
praise.

The sun and all the planets in the sky
Beside the sacred wonder of dim space,
Are notes upon a broken, tarnished lute
That God will some day mend and put in
place.

And space, beside the little secret joy
Of God that sings forever in the clay,
Is smaller than the dust we cannot see,
That yet dies not till time and space
decay.

And as the foolish merriment of stars
Beside the pale cold sorrow of the moon,
My little song, my little joy, my praise,
Beside God's ancient, everlasting runs.

THE WOMAN WHO THUMPED HER LAP—A SKETCH

The following amusing sketch was published in the London *Nation* a number of weeks ago. The author, James Stephens, is "one of the three S's of Ireland"—Synge, Shaw, Stephens—pronounced by Shan F. Bullock "the three most creative writers of the period." We noticed in our May number Mr. Stephens's recent novel "The Crock o' Gold," and we have had occasion to print his poems from time to time.

SHE was tall and angular, her hair was red, and scarce and untidy, her hands were large and packed all over with knuckles, and her feet would have turned inwards at the toes only that she was aware of and corrected their perversities.

She was sitting all alone, and did not even look up as I approached.

"Tell me," said I, "why you have sat here for more than an hour with your eyes fixed on nothing and your hands punching your lap."

After I had spoken she looked at me for a fleeting instant, and then, looking away again, she began to speak. Her voice was pleasant enough, but so strong that one fancied there were bones in it.

"I do not dislike women," said she, "but I think that women seldom speak of anything worth listening to, nor do they often do anything worth looking at. They bore and depress me, it is true, and men do not."

"But," said I, "you have not explained why you thump your lap with your fist."

She proceeded: "I do not hate women, nor do I love men. It was only that I did not take much notice of the one, and that I liked being with the other; for, as things are, there is very little life for a person except in thought. All our actions are so cumbered by laws and customs that we cannot take a step beyond the ordinary without finding ourselves either in jail or in Coventry."

Having said this, she raised her bleak head and stared like an eagle across the wastes.

After I had coughed twice, I touched her arm, and said "Yes?"

"One must live," said she, quickly. "I do not mean we must eat and sleep: these mechanical matters are settled for many of us; but life is thought and nothing else, and many people go from the cradle to the grave without having ever lived differently from animals. Their whole theory of life is mechanical. They eat and drink, they invite one another to their homes to eat and drink, and they use such speech as they are gifted with in discussing their food and whatever other palpable occurrence may have chanced in the day. It is a step, perhaps, towards living, but it is still only one step removed from stagnation. They have some interest in an occurrence, but how it happened and what will result from it does not exercise them in the least, and these, which are knowl-

edge and prophecy, are the only interesting aspects of any occurrence."

"But," said I, "you have not told me why you sit for a full hour staring at vacancy, and thumping your knee with your hand."

"Sometimes," she continued, "one meets certain people who have sufficient of the divine ferment in their heads to be called alive; they are almost always men. One flies to them as to one's own. One abases one's self before them in happy humility. We crave to be allowed to live near them, in order that we may be assured that everything in the world is not nonsense and machinery—and then, what do we find—?"

She paused and turned a large, fierce eye upon me.

"I do not know," said I and I tried vainly to look anywhere but at her eye.

"We find always that they are married," said she; and she lapsed again to a tense and worried reflection.

"You have not told me," said I, "why you peer earnestly into space and thump at intervals on your knee."

"These men," said she sternly, "are surrounded by their wives. They are in jail and their wives are their warders. You cannot go to them without a permit; you may not speak to them without a listener; you may not argue with them for fear of raising an alien and unnecessary hostility, scarcely can you even look at them without reproach. How, then, can we live, and how will the torch be kept alight?"

"I do not know," I murmured.

She turned her pale eye on me again. "I am not beautiful," said she, and there was just a tremor of doubt in her voice, so that the statement became packed with curiosity, and had all the quality of a question.

"You are very nice indeed," I replied.

"I do not want to be beautiful," she continued, severely. "Why should I? for I have no interest in these things. I am interested only in living—that is, in thinking, and I demand access to my fellows who are alive. Maybe I did not pay those others enough attention. How could I? They cannot think, they cannot speak. They can make a complicated verbal noise, but all I am able to translate from it is that something called lip-salve can be bought in some particular shop one penny cheaper than it can in a certain other shop. They will twitter for hours about the way a piece of ribbon was stitched to

a hat which they saw in a tram-car. They agitate themselves, wondering whether a muff should be this size or that size. I say they depress me, and if I do turn my back on them when men are present I am acting sensibly and justly. Why cannot they twitter to each other, and let me and other people alone?"

She turned to me again.

"I do not know," said I, meekly.

"And," she continued, "the power they have, the amazing power they have, to annoy other folk! All kinds of sly impertinences, vulgar evasions, and sneering misunderstandings. Why should such women be allowed to take men into their captivity, to sequester, and gag, and restrain them from those whom they would be naturally eager to meet?"

"What," she continued fiercely, "had my hat to do with that woman, or my frock?"

I nodded my head slowly and grievously, and answered, "What, indeed?"

"A hat," she continued, "is something to cover one's head from the rain, and a frock is something to guard one's limbs against inclement weather. To that extent I am interested in such things; but they would put a hat on my mind and a black cloth on my understanding."

We sat in silence for a little time, while she surveyed the bleak horizon as an eagle might.

"And when I call," said she, "their servants say, 'Not at home,' and they close the doors on me."

She was silent again.

"I do not know what to do," said she.

"Is that why you beat your lap with your hand, and stare abroad like a famished eagle?"

"What shall I do," she said, "to open these doors?"

"If I were you," I replied, "I'd cut off my hair, I'd buy man's clothes, and wear them always. I'd call myself Harry, or Tom, and I'd go wherever I pleased, and meet whoever I wanted."

She sat looking fixedly at herself in these garments and under these denominations.

"They would know I wasn't a man," said she, gravely.

I looked at her figure.

"No one in the world would ever guess it," said I.

She rose from her seat, she clutched her reticule to her breast.

"I'll do it!" said she, and she stalked away gauntly across the fields.

Finance and Industry

Applied Psychology in Business.

PERHAPS the most important development of the new century in the science of business is the application of the new psychology to business. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, Dr. Leonard P. Ayres, director of the division of education of the Russell Sage Foundation, Professor James E. Lough, of New York University, and other psychologists of note, are constantly experimenting in this direction. At the suggestion of Professor Münsterberg the administration is even now considering the creation of a special bureau dealing with relations between employer and employee from the point of view of industrial psychology. Individual factories are already consulting the psychologist as one consults a physician. Burton J. Hendricks tells in *McClure's* of a fascinating experiment in scientific management undertaken on a large scale by a great western manufacturing plant. If, he remarks, it were possible for the employer of labor to order human material according to exact specifications, as he does lumber, or iron, or steel, the greatest problem of modern industry would be solved. An expert chemist can determine the exact strength of a plate of steel or the exact power of a dynamo; but no specific test has yet been invented accurately measuring human muscles and brains. What modern industry needs is a chemist of human qualities, who can take a man, look him over, and determine whether he meets certain requirements. A few years ago this would have seemed fantastic. To-day it is a practical possibility. The problem is to find some method of determining a man's quali-

fications without going through the laborious and expensive process of several weeks' or months' trying out. Harrington Emerson, the expert on scientific business methods, thinks he has found such a method; and his collaborator, Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, is the business doctor selected by the western plant for its prodigious experiment.

The Woman with the Pad.

THE corporation in question seeks to fit each one of its six thousand employees, from its highest executive officer to the gangman in the yards, into the particular niche that nature intended him to fill. Every day, in the busy season, large masses of humanity swarm into the company's offices. They are members of the army of the unemployed. Each in turn is examined by Dr. Blackford and her assistants. It is significant of the trend of the times that a woman should be the first commercial business psychologist. Dr. Blackford has made a life study of human nature. By correlating the laws of anthropology, physiology, anatomy, biology and ethnology, she has developed certain principles of the utmost value in assessing character as well as capacity. The most astounding questions are hurled at applicants for work. Many considerations hitherto undreamed of enter into the determination of availability.

"Are you a brunet or a blond? Is your bodily texture coarse or delicate? Is your skin leathery or fine? Is your hair wiry or silken? Are your hands rigid or flexible, firm or flabby? Is the shape of your face convex or concave—that is, does it bulge out sharply to a point at the nose, or does it bend inward, making almost a bow from forehead to chin? Is

your head narrow or broad, high or low? Does your face, when observed from the front, suggest in its outline a triangle, a circle, or a square? In other words, do you belong to the mental, the vital, or the motive type? Are your characteristics those of a Wilson, a Taft or a Roosevelt?"

You will be tested by these points and many others besides, if you ask for work. Under old conditions men seeking employment would be treated in the most haphazard way. Chance, or the caprice of a foreman, would decide their fate. In many cases the foremen were grafters. There is, Mr. Hendricks goes on to say, no essential reason why foremen should select their workers. A foreman does not purchase the iron with which he works. Why is it taken for granted that he should select the men who turn it into a finished product? Instead of meeting a scowling, puffed-up department head, the applicant in the business regulated by the new psychology meets a smiling, sympathetic young woman with a pad.

Vivisectioning the Applicant.

THE methods of vivisection applied by Mrs. Blackford to job-hunters are decisive but gentle. "Will you take a seat?" she asks, taking care to place the applicant so that the light shines clearly upon his face, while she herself remains in the shadow. She gives him a pink slip of paper and asks him to fill out certain blank spaces. The slip calls for name, address, nationality, religion, any union to which he may belong, his height and weight, his marital condition, and the number of people dependent on him for support. This is comparatively simple, but

(Continued on page 62.)



Courtesy of McClure's

JUDGING MEN'S BRAINS BY THEIR PROFILES

Profiles, according to Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, business psychologist, are a criterion of character. The man with a convex profile is aggressive, alert, energetic. The man whose profile is concave is calm, judicial, self-controlled. The first profile in this series is a striking example of the convex type. The profiles decrease in convexity until, with the fifth, we reach a slightly concave profile, characteristic of the plodding analytical type. The remaining profiles show various combinations of the two fundamental types.



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and a Victor-Victrola



An impromptu dance with
a Victor-Victrola

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A Grain of Wheat



A grain of wheat contains all the elements that are needed to completely nourish the human body and to sustain at top-notch efficiency all the mental and physical powers. It has been man's staff of life for over four thousand years. It is the most perfect food given to man.

But when you eat a wheat food be sure you get all the wheat in a digestible form. You need all the material in the wheat grain—the carbohydrates for heat and fat, the protein for making muscle, phosphates for brain and bone, the bran coat for keeping the bowels healthy and active. In making

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we make all these elements digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking into crisp, golden brown biscuits, or "little loaves."

Shredded Wheat is not flavored, treated or compounded with anything. It is a natural, elemental food. You flavor it or season it to suit your own taste. Delicious for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal in combination with berries or other fresh fruits.

All the Meat of the Golden Wheat

Made only by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

(Continued from page 60.)

the applicant gives a sudden start when he discovers in four rows the following words, each followed by a question-mark:

Careful?	Memory?
Courteous?	Obedient?
Punctual?	Orderly?
Accurate?	Cheerful?
Industrious?	Patient?
Careless?	Forgetful?
Discourteous?	Disobedient?
Tardy?	Disorderly?
Inaccurate?	Gloomy?
Lazy?	Impatient?

"What shall I do with this?" asks the surprised job-hunter.

"Just check the qualities that you think you possess. What we want is your frank opinion of yourself."

"But you don't expect me to say I'm lazy and careless when I'm hunting for a job, do you?"

"If you think you are, yes," replies the employment head. "Don't be afraid to tell the truth; it won't hurt you."

By this time, Mr. Hendrick goes on to say, the applicant has revealed far more than appears upon the record.

"There is scarcely anything about him which the employment supervisor has not painstakingly observed. The very walk with which he enters the room speaks volumes. A quick, firm tread indicates alertness and decision; a scurrying, rapid, and somewhat shuffling gait sometimes betrays the braggart—the man who is attempting to force himself ahead by virtue of a bold front. On the other hand, a slow, deliberate, and sure-footed stride usually expresses the corresponding mental qualities. A man's clothes are likewise eloquent not only of his financial condition and previous success, but of his character. Selfish people are usually dressed well, even luxuriously; the man of refinement shows it in his well-fitting, carefully brushed attire; the coarse, careless, vain materialist is given to flaming socks and neckties and startling effects in waistcoats. On the other hand, carelessness in dress may be merely an indication of a character so energetic and vital, as in the famous case of Gladstone, that it never gives a thought as to wherewithal it is clothed. In this, as in all details, however, one must remember that the rules are made to fit the average—not the exceptional man or genius."

Business Psycho-Analysis.

THE way in which a man shakes hands or signs his name is an indication of his character. Nose, eyes, nostrils, all bear unmistakable marks of his efficiency or the lack thereof. The condition of the skin may betray ill health and habits of living. The man whose eyes shift continually is not apt to be trustworthy. There are some men who are conscious of this weakness and who make heroic attempts to overcome it. In that case, however, the glance, instead of being frank and direct, usually becomes a

brazen stare. By the time the applicant has finished with his blank, a cross-examination begins that resembles the psycho-analytical methods employed by Professor Freud, of Vienna. Unobtrusively a stenographer makes a permanent record of what follows. "In how many places have you lived?" This is the chance to get a line on the man's stability. "What do you read?" This brings the applicant up with a sharp turn.

"Perhaps he reads nothing but the yellow journals. The particular newspaper or magazine he reads shows his intellectual tastes about as clearly as anything can. 'When you open a paper, what do you read first of all?' is another question that leads directly into one's innermost mind. One man strikes first for the sporting page, another first for the stock quotations, another first for the editorials. There are people whose only real journalistic enthusiasm is the advertizing section. Some applicants at once show that they read only for amusement—popular novels. Others, even men applying for humble positions, go in for history, biography, even philosophy or science. A man who spends his spare time poring over books dealing with mechanics, agriculture, shop practice, electricity, has tendencies that, in a large industrial establishment, may be usefully developed.

"Here are other questions that strike deep into character, the answers to which are made a permanent record:

"What kind of work do you like best?"

"If you could have any position you wished for, what would it be?"

"What, besides pay, is important to you in a job?"

"According to your observation, by what methods is advancement usually won?"

"Through what means do you hope to secure advancement?"

"What are you doing to improve yourself?"

"Can you manage people well? Give the evidence."

"How many times have you lost your temper in the last year? What were the causes? What did you do?"

"Can you take a joke on yourself?"

"Can you joke others?"

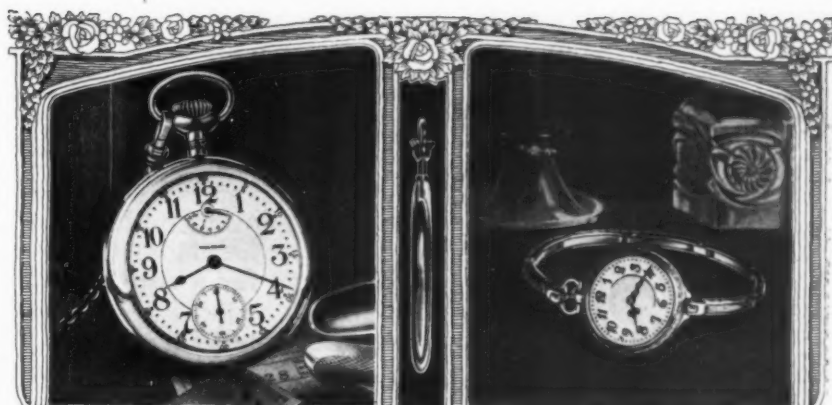
"Do you like to be with people?"

"How many intimate friends have you?"

"Do you make acquaintances readily?"

Compiling the Catalog of a Man.

WHILE the man himself is engaged in filling out his blank, Dr. Blackford has been busy making queer marks upon another sheet of paper. This is known as the analysis, and is unintelligible to the uninitiated. To one experienced in the system, however, the marks reveal a clear insight into the character of the applicant. Here, for instance, are the emblems that sum up the whole business:



At both extremes of size and in between

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have the supreme instrumental excellence

The Watch on the left is the Waltham "Vanguard", the most widely used railroad watch in the world. In every country you will find trains running, and running promptly on Vanguard time. But we do not consider this the height of Waltham achievement, for the reason that large size watches such as railroad men use are not particularly difficult to manufacture.

A more severe test of watch-making occurs in the thinner and smaller models such as the lady's watch pictured above, the movement having the same diameter as

a nickel 5-cent piece. It is our sincere opinion that Waltham offers the first ladies' watches which can really be considered as serious dependable timepieces.

Most ladies' watches are made to be worn in the bureau drawer; Walthams are designed for actual use and accurate use at that.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Waltham Riverside model. It is worth a hundred "toy watches."

Riverside Watches are described and illustrated in a booklet, sent free upon request. Please mention "The Riverside Family."

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Mental, 1.
Motive, 2.
Vital, 3.

This indicates that the person under examination is predominantly mental in his make-up. Dr. Blackford arranges humanity into these three classifications. A mental man is one whose cerebro-nervous system is the dominant factor in all his operations. A motive man is one whose life is largely regulated by the activity of his muscular system. A vital man is one whose strongest hold on life is through his digestive processes. The mental type is the thinker, the motive type is the doer, the vital type is the compeller—the type of those who make others do.

"In physical build, the mental man is usually slight and tall, with small bones and slender musculature, and nervously rapid in all his movements. The motive man is more thickset and athletic; he has broad and square shoulders, from which his whole figure tends to taper down to his feet; his whole person suggests ruggedness and angularity. The vital type is inclined to corpulency, the body is widest around the waist, from which it tapers in both directions—toward the head and toward the feet. Each type likewise reveals himself in the shape of his face. The mental man is high in the forehead, tapering almost to a point at the chin—the whole contour suggesting a triangle; the motive man in facial outline approximates a square; while the vital man's face is oval or round.

"In the minor positions in a large corporation, the mental type becomes an office clerk, the motive type a salesman, the vital type one of the smaller executives. In the larger organization, the mental type is the financier, the motive type the hard-driving general manager, the vital type the head of one of the great departments. For mentality, activity, and vitality have all their several degrees; according to this system, everybody's capacity, whatever its extent, takes one of these three several directions.

"In cataloging a young man as 'mental,' therefore, the employment supervisor does not mean that he is an intellectual giant, but that whatever ability he has will be along that line. He is a born bookkeeper rather than a salesman or an executive."

Resurrection of Phrenology in Business.

ANOTHER entry upon the analysis blank determines the color of a man's hair and skin. According to the Blackford system a man's coloring is of the greatest consequence. Dr. Blackford has analyzed well-nigh twelve thousand individuals, and finds that, as a general rule, there are decidedly blond and decidedly brunet temperaments. A man possessing a high degree of blondness is likely to work rapidly, to jump over obstacles, to force others and to force himself. He likewise has all the faults of his char-

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Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Guatemala City, Guatemala.
Puebla, Mexico.
London, England.

acter. He is not always dependable, constantly makes mistakes, jumps to conclusions. The brunet type as a rule is steadier and more dependable. He is the plodder; his efforts, if less brilliant, are apt to be more sustained. Dr. Blackford pays even more minute attention to the shape of the head and rehabilitates, to a certain extent, the quasi-science of phrenology. When the modern paleontologist discovers a new prehistoric skull, he determines its age and the state of civilization it represents usually by its size and relative brain capacity. Dr. Blackford, Mr. Hendrick explains, does exactly the same when examining applicants for jobs. A high forehead, in her system, indicates an idealistic temperament; a low forehead, the animalistic and materialistic—the self-seeking, cunning, destructive mind. High-headed men are the ones who accomplish really important things for humanity; the low-headed man is more interested in pushing his personal fortune.

"The long-headed man is more far-seeing; the short-headed man thinks mainly of temporary gain. Narrow heads indicate a mild, easy-going disposition; broad-headed men, like broad-headed animals—the cat, the lion and the tiger—are destructive, grasping and combative. Square-headed men are prudent and careful; round-headed men tend to impulsiveness and cunning. But it is the shape of the face, as seen in profile, that is chiefly significant. The Blackford system divides humanity into two great classes—the convex and the concave. If your face is convex or bulging, the



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Milk from Jersey cows carries more butter fat and protein than the milk from any other breed of cattle. These are the principal food elements of milk. They nourish the whole body and are active in replacing tissue. Jersey milk is 30% richer in flesh-building solids than any other milk—that means a corresponding absence of water.

See that your milk is Jersey milk. If your milkman isn't supplying you with Jersey milk, it will pay you to change milkmen.

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Nabisco Sugar Wafers meet every demand for a dainty dessert confection. Whether served with ices, custards, fruits or beverages, they are equally delightful. The sweet, creamy filling of Nabisco—the delicate wafer shells—leave nothing to be desired. Truly are they fairy sandwiches.

In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA:—Another dessert confection of enchanting goodness. Alluring squares in filled sugar-wafer form.

FESTINO:—A dessert sweet, shaped like an almond. A shell so fragile and toothsome that it melts on the tongue, disclosing a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

chances are that you are aggressive, fond of leadership, keen, alert, and energetic. You make up your mind quickly, even impulsively, and immediately tend to translate your ideas into action. A man whose profile is concave, on the other hand, is more mild and passive; he thinks deliberately, weighs the evidence, is calm, judicial, and self-controlled. The convex-faced man is erratic and frequently bad-tempered; the concave-faced man has definitely thought out reasons for what he does, and is perennially good-natured. Convexity and concavity, of course, are relative terms; some faces are extremely pointed, others are extremely drawn in, and there are all kinds of variations between the two extremes."

There are, we are not surprised to learn, corresponding variations in temperamental qualities.

Rendering the Verdict.

CLEARLY a man who combines the motive type of musculature, blond coloring, the square face, and the convex profile would be an extremely combative and aggressive person. His character would be all positives. Colonel Roosevelt, according to the Blackford system, is the most perfect illustration of the blond-motive-convex type. Mr. Taft represents the opposite extreme. Clearly it is not sufficient to analyze candidates minutely without practical application of the knowledge so gained. A man's points frequently contradict each other—just as there are people of strongly contradictory temperaments. Combining all these points with the result of her oral examination, the supervisor writes

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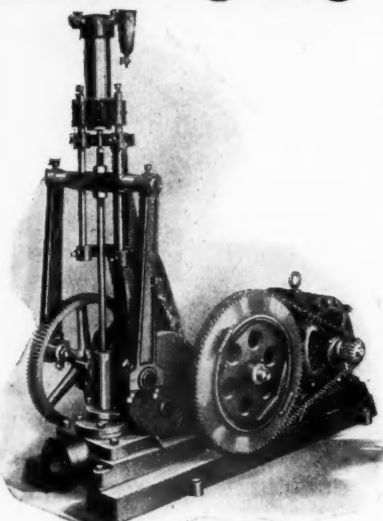
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conclusions, such as the following, at the bottom of the record:

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Whenever a foreman or a department head sends in a requisition for a man possessing particular qualities, the employment department usually has little difficulty in supplying the demand. Whatever, concludes Mr. Hendrick, one may think of the scientific basis of this system, and it is, of course, seriously subject to controversy,—the fact remains that these analyses, in the vast majority of cases, are accurate. "The foremen and executives, who were at first skeptical and scornful, now accept them on their face value. The employment department has demonstrated wonderful skill in sizing up men. It has picked men for several of the highest positions in the company, who have proved to be brilliant successes."

The Tumbling of a
Railroad Pyramid.

THE failure of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway lends sinister significance to the charges reiterated by Charles Edward Russell, the Socialist leader and one of the most noted of the "muckrakers" against our railroad dynasties. American railroads, he asserts, resemble too often financial pyramids standing on their apex. He gives us a description in sombre colors of the Rock Island system and its capitalization. One hundred and eighty millions in the Rock Island system, he claims, writing in *Pearson's*, represent no tangible value save water. There is an intricate net of companies, subsidiary companies, holding companies, and holding companies holding the holding companies. This huge financial pyramid is reared upon the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company, the operating company that runs the trains and keeps the bridges from falling. The money actually invested in this concern, Mr. Russell claims, is less than forty-four million dollars. The net income on the money thus actually invested was 44 per cent. for 1911. New Zealand, Mr. Russell points out, limits railroads to net profits of 3 per cent. on the principal actually invested. When the profit exceeds this figure, the rates to the public are automatically reduced. If the New Zealand rule prevailed in the United States, the balance sheet of the Rock Island would look as follows:

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Passenger rates could be cut in two and freight rates reduced 25 per cent. on such a showing. Instead of this, the railroad, we are told, has a colossal debt. "Many years," remarks Mr. Russell, "have been required to build this marvelous pyramid, and the greatest skill has been used to keep it from toppling over. All the time it has been rising higher and higher, and every year the prophets and wise men have said: 'Now the old thing will surely fall with a loud crash.' But it is still standing—or at least it was this morning."

Fixing the Blame for the
Collapse of the Frisco
System.

BOTH a Committee of Congress and the Interstate Commerce Commission will investigate the peculiar circumstances attending the sudden collapse of the Frisco system. There will be independent investigations by various committees of bondholders and stockholders. Germany and France, who are hit hard by the failure of the company, will insist on a probe to the core. Meanwhile, one of the receivers of the railroad, Mr. H. S. Priest, closely affiliated with the management, has given to the newspapers what is no doubt the version of the case that is endorsed by Mr. Yoakum, Chairman of the Board of Directors. The railroads, he declares, are in a peculiar position.

"The price of everything that enters into the cost of operation, including taxes, has increased. The price of commodities they haul has increased. They have not been allowed to advance the price of transportation. If these great arteries of exchange and distribution are strangled or starved to death the result must inevitably be disastrous to every other business. The trend of legislation has been and is to protect private capital until it is invested in railroads, when it ceases to be private capital and becomes property subject to legislative exploitation, both State and federal.

"Under such conditions no one is anxious to invest money in any form of railroad securities and *does so only under speculative conditions or in taking the gambler's chance.* All business is in a halting attitude because all business seems to be more or less the subject of legislative control. This discourages enterprise and progress. Business needs emancipation from legislative influence. It has been pursued until it is a nervous wreck."

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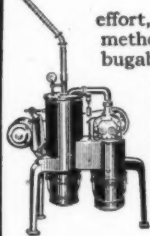


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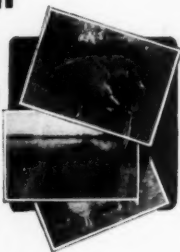
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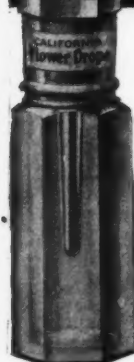
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Speyer & Company, as late as April, \$3,000,000 of new bonds to foreign investors is being commented on bitterly. At the time of that transaction the Company issued a statement pointing to the large increase in the gross earnings over the previous year. Only a day or two before he turned the property over into the receiver's hands, Mr. Winchell, the President of the road, assured investors that all obligations would be met. Insiders evidently thought differently. Before the failure was announced the 5 per cent. general lien bonds dropped 12 points. When Mr. Yoakum decided to call for the receiver without previously consulting with the two financial factors in New York most intimately connected with his railroad, the entire market was shocked.

Mr. Yoakum's Mistake.

THE bonds of the St. Louis and San Francisco were usually classed as semi-speculative. They were known as "businessmen's investments" or "businessmen's risks." Yet the road, as has been said, presents the spectacle of a property owned not by its stockholders but by its creditors. The bonds outstanding outnumbered by many millions the stock issued. The St. Louis and San Francisco resembles an over-mortgaged house. The property itself would be on a paying basis were it not for its many poor relations, properties purchased for their probable future value but at present worthless as sources of income. Such properties are called "feeders," but in this case they had not yet developed out of the class of "suckers." The salaries paid to the President and other officers were not justified, it is claimed, by the resources of the railroad. The bankruptcy of the road, so the *New York Times Annalist* remarks editorially, is owing to the fact that it has been for years "the worst financed big railroad in this country." In every financial squall it had to go to the pawnbroker. In 1908 "it paid a bankrupt's price for a little credit." The schedule of its funded debt is "a crazy patchwork," covering nine pages in *Poor's Manual* and embracing more than fifty items. There is, the writer goes on to say, a kind of man with the vanity of mechanics who, if he have charge of a machine, will put it in the pink of condition before turning a wheel. There is another kind of man who is intent upon motion. He will make slight repairs and tie his machine together with a rusty wire until suddenly it falls apart. Mr. Yoakum, it seems to the *Annalist* editor, was the second kind of man.

"He had been holding the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad together with pieces of wire and believing more in op-

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timism than in bankers until financial makeshifts were no longer possible. He was the leading exponent of the economic ills of the railroads. He could apply potato statistics to a question of rates most amazingly; unfortunately he could never apply statistics of accounting to the science of finance. The failure of the Frisco was a sporting event in Wall Street. Wagers were laid that he would hold it together another time, having succeeded so often before. But the pawnbrokers were unyielding. They could not see the equity. Those who bet their money on Yoakum's past performances in tight financial places lost. They are willing still to wager that he will emerge from the wreck an optimist uncontrollable, and be found once more holding a lot of railroad mileage together by sheer moral strength."

Giving a Black Eye to
Our Credit Abroad.

THE optimism of Mr. Yoakum is, however, not shared by foreign investors. In France, in Germany, in Holland, where large blocks of the bonds of the St. Louis and San Francisco have been absorbed recently, the old distrust of American finance has again been revived. The failure of the road so shortly after the placing of the bonds by James Speyer and the encouraging report of the President of the road is regarded as nothing less than a scandal. The incident has given a black eye to Uncle Sam's credit abroad that may take years in healing. "The United States," remarked M. de Verneuil, head of the Paris stock brokers, to a representative of the New York Herald, "is a great country, and its resources are immense and inexhaustible. I have not changed my opinion regarding the values of the country, but I have changed my view of the moral worth of some of its citizens. The methods of some American financiers have done a great harm to investors, whose assistance they have often solicited and who have been only too ready to open their pockets to foreign enterprizes. I am very much afraid that as a result of the ill-advised conduct of these American financiers other American stocks, even those above suspicion, will no longer be accepted by the French public." If the information gained by the impending inquiry is what M. de Verneuil believes it to be, no more American stocks will be admitted on the floor or the curb of the Paris Bourse. "Your bankers," thundered the president of one of the big banks of the French capital, "and not the least of them, come to us and explain, backed by figures which we believe to be trustworthy, that the loan they solicit is for an absolutely sound affair. A spokesman for the Frisco system declared to us here that 'the guarantees of the loan were unique and the earnings of the system were the



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best registered by the Frisco line since its foundation.' A few days afterwards the company was placed in the hands of a receiver." The French banker angrily characterizes the proceeding of the American bankers as bordering on dishonesty. "Let it be known," he goes on to say, "that American credit, so far as the Paris market and your financial issues here are concerned, is dead, and that it is your bankers who killed it. In view of such facts and in view of such financial morals permit me to confess that I now understand President Wilson's aggressive policy toward finance and especially toward American financiers. He will be forced to clean the Augean stables, but will he succeed?" Two hundred and eighty thousand of the 5 per cent. general bonds, with a face value of twenty-eight million dollars, have been placed

in France in the last four years. A large amount of this issue was absorbed by German investors.

The entire Frisco collapse marked the beginning of violent declines in the stock markets. Many investment stocks, regarded as gilt-edged and seasoned dividend payers, were actually below panic prices. Frisco quotations shrunk to 3 for the common stock of the company. There are many, however, who believe that the receivership will eventually benefit the system because its bankruptcy will lead automatically to a divorce of the line from its poor relations. Meanwhile, Mr. Yoakum is target of censure from all sides. He dreamed a gigantic dream, but his mind outran reality. He anticipated the future, but he deserted the ground of sound finance in chasing a rainbow.

Japan's Economic Interest
in California.

THE root of all wars and dissensions between nations is, in the last analysis, economical. This holds true of the present difference of opinion between the government of the Mikado and the government of the United States. There are admittedly 55,000 Japanese in California to-day. The Asiatic Exclusion League places the number at 100,000. Each Jap, according to the peculiar custom of his country, has the privilege to send his photograph to Japan and marry it to a wife. This means a possible immediate increase of the Japanese element in Japan to 110,000 or 200,000. The picture bride, we are told in *The World's Work*, to which we are indebted for the following information, is not permitted to leave Japan until her photograph husband has provided a place for her. This accounts partly for the desire of the Japanese to hold or to lease farm-land. Of the 55,000 Japanese recorded in California, 20,000 are enumerated as farm-hands; 4,500 are given as farmers.

"The total number of farms owned by Japanese in 1912 was 312, with an acreage of 12,726 and an assessed valuation of \$609,605 (real value probably about \$1,000,000). The number of farms had increased in three years from 208 to 312, and the acreage from 10,791 to 12,726. Japanese owned 218 town lots, with an assessed valuation, including improvements, of \$235,675. This was an increase of \$60,981 in three years. There were 319 recorded leases, in November, 1909, covering 20,294 acres, and 282 leases were recorded from that date to December 12, 1912, covering 17,596 acres.

"These figures must, however, fall considerably short of the amount of land actually farmed by Japanese in California. Even the Japanese estimates allow 4,500 'farmers,' and here are only 631 farms, including farms owned and leases recorded, for them to farm. . . .

"In the distribution of land ownership, the largest amount is in Fresno County, where 4,776 acres are owned by Japanese. The three central counties of the San Joaquin Valley (and of the State), Fresno, Madera and Tulare, are the only ones in which the Japanese own more than 1,000 acres. In Tulare County there are 1,053 acres and in Madera 1,049. This is the raisin grape district. The eight San Joaquin Valley counties contain 8,347 acres of the 12,726 owned by Japanese. Curiously enough, this district is not the one in which anti-Japanese agitation is most acute. Possibly this is because here is a region in which there is plenty of room. It is a great plain, with counties as large as eastern States, and with a very cosmopolitan population, accustomed to making allowances for national and racial differences. The most intense feeling comes from a few circumscribed districts in northern California in which even a



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comparatively few Japanese farms may produce a miniature of Hawaiian social conditions."

The Dreaded Orientalization of California.

THE distribution of leaseholds is very different from the distribution of ownership. The largest mass of leaseholds is in the three counties of San Joaquin, Sacramento, and Contra-Costa, in the delta of the confluence of two rivers. Here is the headquarters of George Shima, the "potato king," the richest Japanese in California, who controls several thousand acres of land and operates his own fleet of boats to handle his crops. When the present plans for the reclamation of the district from its extensive swamps are completed, rice culture will be introduced, and the region will, no doubt, be still further Orientalized.

"The typical object-lessons of conditions as they might become are small districts, like the Vaca Valley, north of San Francisco Bay, or the Florin and Elk Grove districts, near Sacramento, where the Japanese have 'taken the country' to the extent of moving in in such numbers that white men, by race repulsion, are moving out. These conditions, if they became general, would spell the Hawaiianization of California. The present fact is that they are confined to a few spots, and the Japanese authorities offer their good offices to induce the dispersion of these. Compared with the total industries and farms of the State, these Japanese enterprizes are, of course, insignificant. If it were not for the race question, they would be forgotten. But it is quite otherwise with farm labor. Here the principal production of the State is really dominated by the Japanese."

How the Japs Crowd Out White Labor.

THE Japanese by their mere presence crowd out white labor. In California there is a harvest going on almost every month of the year somewhere. Oranges, for instance, ripen in midwinter, grapes in the autumn, deciduous fruits in the summer, while the spring is blessed with berries. There is plenty of work, but not in one place. Hence labor must be largely migratory, and much of the work, such as the thinning of sugar beds or the cutting of raisin grapes, must be done by squatting. Oriental labor adapts itself easily to both conditions, and since Chinese laborers have grown few and old, Japanese laborers have taken their place. The Japanese may not represent an inferior race, but they are a different and physically unassimilable race. As soon as an occupation becomes known as a "Jap job" (like "nigger work" in the South), the quality of the white men who can be

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induced to enter it becomes distinctly lower.

"The darker race can monopolize almost any occupation it enters, even without underbidding, simply by the retirement of white men from it. White men shun an occupation in which Orientals are generally engaged, just as they shun a neighborhood in which Orientals largely reside. Indeed, underbidding is the least part of the Japanese problem in California. In the squatting occupations, in which the Japanese surpass white men in efficiency, they also earn more money. In other occupations, the difference in wages is probably not much greater than the difference in efficiency."

Different Standards of Business Ethics.

FROM the superficial American standpoint, the Japanese are less popular than the Chinese whom they have displaced. For, as the writer in *The World's Work* goes on to explain, they are less docile and less fitted to the status of human mules which the American wishes the Oriental to occupy. Their moral and business standards are also more difficult for the white man to grasp.

"It is a common observation that the Chinaman's only virtues are business virtues, whereas the chief faults of the Japanese are business faults. Therefore the American business man, understanding no standards but business standards, judges the Chinese by his virtues and the Japanese by his faults.

"American and Chinese civilizations are built on contract. Japanese civilization is built on personal honor and loyalty. So when the American business man sees the Chinese keeping his contract, he discovers in him the one virtue he knows how to appreciate. But when a Japanese finds himself in a contract which changed conditions have now made burdensome, he wonders uncomprehendingly how an honorable gentleman could desire to impose on him terms which are now unjust. And the honorable gentleman understands only that the Japanese wants to sneak out of an honest bargain. The two moral standards are incommensurable. The Japanese who may evade a business obligation but who will sacrifice his life to a punctilio of honor or patriotism—he is a mystery. But the Chinese who will rob his government or perjure the member of a rival tong to the gallows, but whose business word is inviolable—he is easy to understand."

It is perhaps easy enough to understand after all this why the Chinese profess to despise the people of the Japanese empire. The latter adopt the old pagan view that the test of conduct is aesthetic, as the Greeks used the word. The Chinese seem closer to the old Roman idea that what was nominated in the bond must be given up. Thus in their ethics these Orientals differ as did the Greeks from the Romans.